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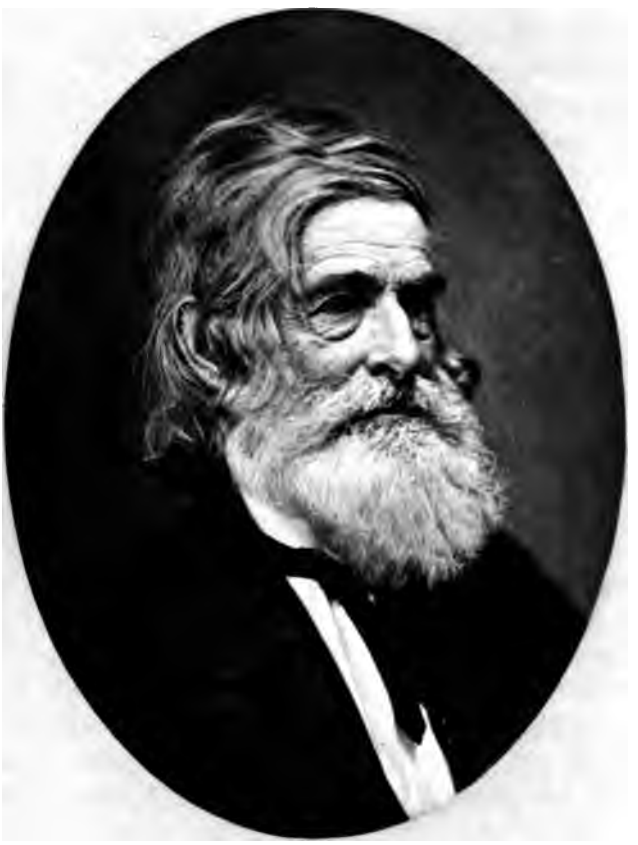
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Samuel Gridley Howe

Photogravure from a Photograph

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe

Vol. II.

The Servant of Humanity

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe

Edited by his daughter

LAURA E. RICHARDS

The Servant of Humanity

With notes by

F. B. SANBORN



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A Memorial Tribute

(1876.)

I

Leader of armies, Israel's God,
 Thy soldier's fight is won!
Master, whose lowly path he trod,
 Thy servant's work is done!

No voice is heard from Sinai's steep
 Our wandering feet to guide;
From Horeb's rock no waters leap,
 No Jordan's waves divide;

No prophet cleaves our western sky
 On wheels of whirling fire;
No shepherds hear the song on high
 Of heaven's angelic choir.

Yet here as to the patriarch's tent
 God's angel comes a guest;
He comes on Heaven's high errand sent,
 In earth's poor raiment dressed.

We see no halo round his brow
 Till love its own recalls,
And like a leaf that quits the bough,
 The mortal vesture falls.

In autumn's chill declining day,
 Ere winter's killing frost,
The message came; so passed away
 The friend our earth has lost.

205509

Still, Father, in thy love we trust;
 Forgive us if we mourn
The saddening hour that laid in dust
 His robe of flesh outworn.

II

How long the wreck-strewn journey seems
 To reach the far-off past
That woke his youth from peaceful dreams
 With Freedom's trumpet-blast!

Along her classic hillsides rung
 The Paynim's battle-cry,
And like a red-cross knight he sprung
 For her to live or die.

No trustier service claimed the wreath
 For Sparta's bravest son;
No truer soldier sleeps beneath
 The mound of Marathon;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave
 In front of angry foes;
To lift, to shield, to help, to save,
 The holier task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,
 And lo! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind
 He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll
 No traveller's foot has found,
But mapped the desert of the soul
 Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire throne,
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first through depths unknown
His doubtful pathway felt,

Who sought the slumbering sense that lay
Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening thought the ray
Of reason's morning star!

Where'er he moved, his shadowy form
The sightless orbs would seek,
And smiles of welcome light and warm
The lips that could not speak.

No laboured line, no sculptor's art,
Such hallowed memory needs;
His tablet is the human heart,
His record loving deeds.

III

The rest that earth denied is thine, —
Ah, is it rest? we ask,
Or traced by knowledge more divine,
Some larger, nobler task?

Had but those boundless fields of blue
One darkened sphere like this;
But what has heaven for thee to do
In realms of perfect bliss?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,
No rugged path to smooth,
No struggling soul to help and cheer,
No mortal grief to soothe!

Enough; is there a world of love,
 No more we ask to know;
The hand will guide thy ways above
 That shaped thy task below.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Note

The letters in this volume being mostly written in haste, amid the pressure of multifarious duties, the dates are often imperfect. Sometimes my father omitted the month, sometimes the year. I have tried to rectify the dates, but I fear that many errors may still be found.

L. L. L.

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leave unsaid. This is a story that people never tire of hearing. It has been told over and over, and over again: by Charles Dickens, in the "American Notes;" by Horace Mann, in a eulogy of my father written in 1861; by my mother, in her all-too-brief Memoir; by Mr. Sanborn, his friend and co-labourer in many fields of philanthropy; by Michael Anagnos, his son-in-law and successor in the work; most lately and most fully by my sisters, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Elliott, in their book entitled "Laura Bridgman, Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil, and What He Taught Her."

There are, however, many other aspects of my father's life far less familiar than this; moreover, the scope and purpose of these volumes is different from that of any that have preceded them. The others tell, more or less fully, of his work; but his work lives after him, and may be seen of men. My object is to bring back, so far as may be, himself; to make my readers see him, in the "brave and noble manhood," the "honour without stain," of which Whittier speaks.

To this end, and because I must keep within reasonable limits of time and space, I shall omit much that is of importance in itself, and shall whenever it is possible use my father's own words.

The first volume of this work ends with my father's deliverance from the Prussian prison, in April, 1832. In the autumn of the same year he returned to America, and instantly set about his new task. Many years later, writing to Horace Mann of this time, he says:

"In 1832 I put the Institution for the Blind into operation, and have administered it ever since. As soon as I had taught two or three children,[1] which I did in my father's house, — for the Institution was then poor and had no

[1] There were actually six.

quarters, — I went about the State and about New England with them, giving exhibitions and raising money."

These two brief sentences stand for a good deal, but to my father the matter was perfectly simple. The thing was to be done; the Institution was to be founded. There was no place and no money? very well! there must be a place, and one that would cost nothing. He took the children home, and the obstacle was overcome.

I have often wondered how this new flight of their Black Swan appealed to the quiet, somewhat conventional family in Pleasant Street. They accepted it, one and all. The sisters, now young women grown, were of great assistance to my father, lending their aid in many ways and during many years; and I have never heard that Grandfather Howe made any objection or protest. Yet it must have been somewhat startling for an elderly gentleman of settled habits, and of no special philanthropic proclivities, to have his house, spacious though it was, suddenly turned into a school for the blind. I have always admired Grandfather Howe for this forbearance.

In his Report for 1874 (which he thought would be his last), my father describes in detail the beginning of his work for the blind.

"In the year 1832, while inquiring for blind children suitable for instruction in our projected school, I heard of a family in Andover in which there were several such, and immediately drove out thither with my friend and co-worker, Dr. John D. Fisher. As we approached the toll-house, and halted to pay the toll, I saw by the roadside two pretty little girls, one about six, the other about eight years old, tidily dressed, and standing hand in hand hard by the toll-house. They had come from their home near by, doubtless to listen,

as was their wont, to gossip between the toll-gatherer and the passers-by. On looking more closely, I saw that they were both totally blind. It was a touching and interesting scene — that of two pretty, graceful, attractive little girls, standing hand in hand, and, though evidently blind, with uplifted faces and listening ears, as if brought providentially to meet messengers sent of God to deliver them out of darkness. If there were depth of soil enough in my mind to nourish superstition, the idea of a providential arrangement of this meeting would have taken deep root. It would indeed be hard to find, among a thousand children, two better adapted, irrespective of their blindness, for the purpose of commencing our experiment. They were shy of us at first, but we gained their confidence with some difficulty; after which they led the way to their home in a neighbouring farmhouse. They were two of a numerous family, the parents of which were substantial, respectable people, and particularly good samples of the farming class of New England. The mother was especially intelligent, and devoted to her children, and much concerned about the barrier which blindness placed in the way of educating the five who were blind. She was much interested in the novel plan for educating the blind, which we explained to her. She had never thought of instructing children through any sense but that of sight; but she soon saw the practicability of the thing, and being satisfied about our honesty, she consented with joy and hope to our proposition of beginning with her two girls, Abby and Sophia Carter. In a few days they were brought to Boston, and received into my father's house, as the first pupils of the first American School for the Blind.[1] The children were naturally so bright and docile, and apt at

[1] *I. e.* the first to be incorporated. The New York school, though incorporated two years later than the Boston one (1831), actually opened a few months before it, in March, 1832. The following year saw the opening of the Philadelphia school. These three are known as the pioneer schools.
See also note, p. 50.

learning, that they easily comprehended our purpose in making them feel of strange signs or types representing the letters of the alphabet, and tried eagerly to learn. These metal types each bore, upon one end, the raised outlines of a letter, or of an arithmetical or geometrical figure. The children soon learned that by being placed in certain relative positions, these types represented an apple, or a chair, or some other substantive thing. They soon comprehended that these signs were twenty-six in number. They learned to set them upright in a metal frame perforated with square holes, so that the sign upon the end protruded above the surface of the frame, and could be felt above it with the finger.

"They then learned that there were ten other types, with differently shaped tangible lines upon them, and that they represented the ten arithmetical digits, or figures, one, two, three, etc. Also four others, representing the stops, and others for marks of interrogation and exclamation; so that by forty-six different types, placed in horizontal lines upon the plate, and in various juxtapositions, they could spell out the names of things, ask questions, and express their thoughts concerning the qualities and quantities of all things; for they had learned their native language as other children do, by the ear.

"They soon understood that sheets of stiff pasteboard, marked by certain crooked lines, represented the boundaries of countries; rough raised dots represented mountains; pins' heads, sticking out here and there, showed the location of towns; or, on a smaller scale, the boundaries of their own town, the location of the meeting-house, of their own and of the neighbouring houses, and the like; and they were delighted and eager to go on with tireless curiosity. And they did go on until they matured in years, and became themselves teachers, first in our school, afterwards in a

private school opened by themselves in their own town. They have continued, up to this day, maintaining excellent characters, supporting themselves comfortably, and helping to support their parents as they declined in strength."

I remember Sophia Carter well, as a comely middle-aged woman, with regular features and side-curls. She was one of the familiar figures of my childhood, the "Institution" being to her, as to many others, a second home.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the sister-in-law of Horace Mann and Nathaniel Hawthorne, in an article written after my father's death, describes a visit to the "infant institution" in 1833.

"When we first became acquainted with Mr. Mann, he took Mary (afterwards Mrs. Mann) and me to a small house in Hollis Street" (Miss Peabody's memory fails her here; it was in Pleasant Street), "where, in the simplest surroundings, we found Dr. Howe, with the half-dozen first pupils he had picked up in the highways and byways. He had then been about six months at work, and had invented and laboriously executed some books with raised letters, to teach them to read, some geographical maps, and the geometrical diagrams necessary for instruction in mathematics. He had gummed twine, I think, upon cardboard, an enormous labour, to form the letters of the alphabet. I shall not, in all time, forget the impression made upon me by seeing the hero of the Greek Revolution, who had narrowly missed being that of the Polish Revolution also; to see this hero, I say, wholly absorbed, and applying all the energies of his genius to this apparently humble work, and doing it as Christ did, without money and without price."

We have it also on Miss Peabody's authority that before beginning his work for the blind, my father spent some time

with bandaged eyes, that he might acquire the view-point of his future pupils.

My father's forty-third Report, from which I have quoted the account of the birth of the "infant institution," is so filled with his own spirit, that I should like to incorporate it bodily in this work, and then say, "Behold the man!" Since this may not be, I trust I shall be pardoned for quoting somewhat freely from it.

"Nearly half a century ago," (he says,) "circumstances made me feel a special interest in the blind as a class, and called me to work in their behalf. During this time I have striven to call public attention to their condition and wants; to show that the nature and consequences of their infirmity have not been generally understood; that they have been regarded in all ages and countries as hopelessly dependent, and have been ministered to in a spirit of mere pity, and humiliated by being assigned the beggar's post, and by the reception of alms. I have claimed for them a full share of the essential characteristics of humanity, and have maintained that they merely lack certain accidentals, and are therefore fully entitled to receive, with other youth, the advantages of a kind of education by which the consequences of those accidentals should be reduced to their minimum. I have shown that there are certain compensations by which the disadvantages arising from their infirmity may be lessened; that by special culture of the remaining senses they can attain such excellence as almost to compensate for the lack of one. I have pointed out their equality with other men in all moral attributes and capacities; and have acknowledged my indebtedness to some of them who have been to me exemplars of patient resignation under misfortune, of a courageous struggle against difficulties, and of a feeling of tender interest in the welfare of friends, and warm desire

for the promotion of human happiness. I hope and trust that I am better for the acquaintance of some such blind persons.

"But while advocating their claim to special advantages in the matter of education, and to certain social privileges, as matters of right and justice, not of pity or indulgence, it has sometimes been my duty to express opinions concerning the blind as a class, which jostle and offend that peculiar sensitiveness and large self-esteem which are unduly developed in many of them by mistaken kindness. I have been constrained to speak of them as they have ever been, and ever must be, as one of the *defective* classes of society; to show that their lack of one important sense does necessarily, and in spite of compensations, imply bodily inferiority, which is almost necessarily followed by deficiencies in the force and variety of mental faculties and capacities."

In an article in the *New England Magazine*, published in 1833, my father gives some account of the first months of the school's existence.

"The infant Institution crept on all fours for six months, entirely unknown to the public. In January, 1833, the trustees found that they had expended all their funds, and were several hundred dollars in debt. . . . They then prepared to exhibit the result of the six months' instruction upon the children, — confident that they would plead for their blind brethren in irresistible language. Accordingly Dr. Howe[1] gave an exhibition of the pupils before the Legislature, which made such a powerful impression as to induce the two houses to vote, almost by acclamation, the sum of six thousand dollars per annum to the Institution, on the

[1] My father in his Reports often speaks of himself in the third person.

condition that it should educate and support twenty poor blind from the State gratuitously.

"This exhibition was followed up by others made before the public in Salem, and in Boston, which excited great interest. . . . The ladies of Salem first suggested the idea of a fair; and assisted by those of Marblehead and Newburyport, they got up a splendid fête, which resulted in a net profit of $2,980.

"Resolving not to be outdone, the ladies of Boston entered the field with great ardour, and opened a bazaar on the first of May in Faneuil Hall. . . . The net profits of this fair amounted to $11,400."

This was the first fancy fair ever held in Boston, and it was long remembered as a most brilliant and delightful occasion. Boston seems to have been fuller even than usual of beautiful women, lovely girls and splendid matrons; and one and all entered heartily into the spirit of the fair, giving their time, work, and influence in the cause of the blind. At one table was the stately Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, then in the prime of her matronly beauty, perhaps as she appears in the portrait now to be seen in the collection of the Bostonian Society at the Old State House; at another Emily Marshall, whose name is like the fragrance of a rose, with her scarcely less beautiful sister Marion; the list is a long one, and includes all the prominent women of the day.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, speaking at my father's centenary in 1901, thus recalls this fair.

"I suppose that I am perhaps the only person in this hall who was in Faneuil Hall, oh, now a great many years ago when the fair was held, which people spoke of as being the first great charity fair in Boston. I was a little boy, and I was caught by the enthusiasm — everybody was caught by

the enthusiasm of the moment. I wish anybody would look into her mother's storehouse of treasures and see if that mother, perhaps, bought a copal heart which I had cut out of gum copal with my jack knife and which my mother had strung on a gold string that it might be sold at the fair, — certainly my first contribution, as almost my last, to any great charitable enterprise. And I had the satisfaction of knowing that the whole town of Boston, from the stevedore on the wharf to John P. Cushing, the great Canton merchant, and Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, and Fanny Inglis, who wrote funny accounts of the fair — that the whole of Boston was interested, as I was, in this new institution for the blind. That was the magic of this man. He waved his wand and everybody wanted to help forward the work which he undertook."

The Institution was now well established in public favour; the next step was to find it a fitting habitation. Grandfather Howe's house might do for six pupils; it certainly would not do for the coming twenty, much less for the ever-increasing number to which my father looked forward.

At this juncture Colonel Thomas H. Perkins came forward with the offer of his fine house and garden in Pearl Street, to be a permanent home for the Institution, on condition that fifty thousand dollars should be raised toward its support.

Fifty thousand dollars was a large sum in those days, but perhaps money was never more freely and gladly given than for this cause. Jonathan Phillips gave $5,000; others followed suit as they could; Deacon May and other good men giving their time to the collection, while my father took his six blind children and " went about the State and about New England with them, giving exhibitions and raising money " to swell the fund. The sum was soon made up, and the school moved to the big house in Pearl Street, with

its pleasant garden where the little blind children romped and played, often with the "Doctor" as their companion and playfellow.

This was a great triumph; but the way was not all strewn with roses and laurel.

"The romance of charity," says my mother, "easily interests the public. Its laborious details and duties repel and weary the many, and find fitting ministers only in a few spirits of rare and untiring benevolence."

So it was now. People threw up their caps and cried "Hurrah!" and gave the money; it remained for my father to carry on the work.

It was pioneer work. First he must make each path himself, hew and cut and clear the way; then he must lead his assistants in it, drilling and instructing, fashioning as it were with his own hands the machinery with which he and they were to work. Again, he must keep the cause always before the eyes and mind of the public, and gain for his school its place among the permanent institutions of the State. Last, (and first, and always,) he must direct every detail, watch over every child, teach, admonish, cheer and comfort.

His rules were simple and strict. Early hours, cold bathing, simple food, fresh air and exercise; these were his *materia medica.*

In a later chapter I shall try to show him at his work in the Institution; meanwhile, to give an idea of the principles on which that work was founded, I quote from the Report of 1874 his *Counsels to Parents of Blind Children, for their guidance in the treatment of a blind child, from birth to the time of his being sent to school.*

"The real and practical education of all children begins as soon as they are born. The nursery is a school-room. The cradle is a nest in which to learn to lie and swing. The high chair a desk at which to learn to sit. The toys and playthings are apparatus by which to learn to use the arms and hands. The other rooms are fields of travel to be first explored. Every article of furniture and every ornament is to be examined and studied, and the senses exercised by observing the form, colour, weight, hardness and other qualities of each one. The yard is a field for early journeying; and the premises outside are to be explored by a more venturesome tour.

"The amount of thoughtful care and attention which is bestowed upon teaching the infant and child in these early lessons, will have great influence upon its intelligence and powers of self-direction during all its after-life. Unfortunately, it is only in very rare cases that any care or thought is bestowed upon the matter; the little scholar's school-room is without order or discipline, and his spontaneous efforts to get knowledge are as apt to bring upon him cuffs and reproofs as approbation and assistance. All this needs to be changed and improved, and the first schools and first lessons systematized and adapted for all children. How much more is this needed in the case of children whose condition, disposition and requirements are modified by infirmities, such as blindness, deafness, imbecility, and the like!

"The blind child needs especial care and peculiar training. The mother, the sister, the brother, the little companions, can all be very useful to him as teachers, and can give him valuable lessons of various kinds. They can encourage him to leave his couch or rocking-chair, and to have courage and self-reliance. They can encourage him to keep on his feet as soon as he can toddle about; can help him to explore the room, house, and yard; to climb stairs and ladders; to scale

fences; to creep through holes; to hunt hens' eggs, and the like. They can give him opportunities to feel of dogs, cats, hens, horses and cattle; and can teach him much of the ways and habits of domestic and other animals.

"Do not be over-anxious about him. Do not watch him too closely. Do not smooth away all difficulties and carpet his walk of life. If he is groping his way across the room, and a stool or other article chance to be in his path, do not scream to warn him, nor hasten to remove it, but let him trip and tumble over it; the pain will be well paid for by the lesson. And so with a hundred little things. He had better pinch his fingers slightly with a pair of nippers, or with the nut-crackers, or in the joints of the tongs; he had better jam them a little with the hammer, or wound them with a screw-driver, than never handle these articles.

"And so with other common articles. Let him use the corkscrew, and drive the common screw, and bore with gimlet and bit, and cut with the hatchet, and split wood with the axe and cut it with the saw, rather than abstain from knowing and using those articles lest he should wound himself. All your anxieties and precautions will not save him from wound and bruise and hurts of various kinds. He must incur and bear them; all children have to do so; so that your alarms do not save him, but probably have the effect of increasing his danger by preventing him from relying upon himself, and so lessen his presence of mind and activity in self-defence, when a sudden difficulty presents itself.

"Do not prevent your blind child from developing, as he grows up, courage, self-reliance, generosity, and manliness of character, by excessive indulgence, by sparing him thought and anxiety and hard work, and by giving him undeserved preference over others. If he lounges in the rocking-chair, or on the sofa-cushions, don't pat him and say, "the poor dear child is tired;" but rout him out and up just as you

would do with any boy who was contracting lazy habits. Much may be done for his advantage by judicious firmness, by resolutely insisting that he shall learn to do everything for himself and for those about him which it is possible to do without actually looking at things. You yourself don't hesitate about going into the cellar, if need be, for an armful of wood, or a basket of potatoes, without a lantern, even though it is dark; why should your blind boy be deterred by obstacles which you and the other children meet and overcome?"

The *Counsels* follow the blind child step by step up to manhood, and end with these words.

"As he approaches manhood, he should assume and perform all the relations and duties attendant upon that age. He should put himself forward and take on all civil rights, and offer to perform all civil duties which do not absolutely require eyesight. He should attend primary parish meetings; seek to fill places on voluntary committees for benevolent purposes; attend caucuses and political meetings, and discuss political questions and the qualifications of candidates for office, from that of hog-reeve to that of governor. In short, forgetting that he is blind, he should associate with his fellow-citizens, and labour with the most intelligent and virtuous of them for the promotion of the public weal."

Talking once with a woman who has given many years of her life to philanthropic work, she said to me: "I have been reading your father's reports, and find that most of the reforms in these matters (the methods of dealing with defective classes) which we are trying to bring about to-day, were suggested by him fifty years ago. He was half a century ahead of his time."

In studying my father's life, I am constantly reminded of this saying. Many of the measures for which he pleads so earnestly are — largely in consequence of his efforts — matters of course to-day. Make the blind self-respecting, self-supporting? lighten the idiot's darkness? of course! how should we not? But it was not so in the days of which I am now writing; and if ever there was a voice crying in the wilderness, "Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!" it was that clear voice of his.

A notable example of this is to be found in his Report for 1874. "I have had satisfactory proof," he says, "of the practicability and usefulness of sending blind children to the common schools. . . . I availed myself of an opportunity of sending select pupils to a neighbouring school, and with good results. I trust that others, with more zeal and vigour than I have left, will put this into practice, until it shall be the custom to send to the common school such blind children as do not need the special attention and instruction which can only be had in institutions calculated to meet their wants. The practice of training and teaching a considerable proportion of blind and of mute children in the common schools is to be one of the improvements of the future. It will hardly come in my day; but I see it plainly with the eye of faith, and rejoice in the prospect of its fulfilment."

In this case it has taken forty years for our To-day to overtake his Yesterday.

We are apt to think of a report as something that we ought to read as a matter of duty. It was not so with these reports of my father's. In this country and in Europe, people were on the look-out for them. They were eagerly sought, eagerly read, translated into foreign languages, and no wonder. Here is no mass of dry details, no droning repetition, no general effect of moral sawdust. The clear presentment, the

vivid and luminous description, the impassioned plea, seize and hold the attention from first to last; here, as elsewhere, it is the flash of the sword. We must look, whether we will or no. In his generation, these flashes startled, often alarmed, the pedagogues and reformers of the time; in our own, we find them almost without exception the common light of every day.

We have seen my father (through Miss Peabody's eyes) laboriously gumming bits of twine on scraps of cardboard, making the first raised alphabet known in this country; that was the first in a long series of experiments, the final outcome of which we see to-day in the Howe Memorial Press, that most beautiful and fitting monument raised in his honour after his earthly work was done.

The school being now established on a firm footing, and growing steadily in strength and in grace, my father was able to devote more time than ever to the study of means and appliances to help his pupils. They could learn to read; therefore reading must be made easy for them. They must have printed books, a printing press. The lack of it was the next obstacle to overcome.

In his Report for 1839, my father says:

". . . It will be recollected by those gentlemen who were trustees in 1833, the first year of the operation of our Institution, that though our pupils succeeded in learning to read, the success seemed little worth, because there were but *three* books in the school. These were, a book of extracts from English authors, published in Paris; *The Gospel of St. John*, printed at Edinburgh, and one small volume from the same place. These were all the reading books for the blind then in existence in the English language; there was also a collection of mathematical diagrams, executed at York, England, and these made up the whole library of the blind.

It was obvious that more books should be printed, but the first object seemed to be to find a method which would diminish their bulk and expense; for if the French, the Scotch, or the German methods had been followed, a volume like *The New Testament* would have formed twelve ponderous folios.

"After hesitating a long time whether to use a new phonetic alphabet, or a series of stenographic characters, or the common alphabet, I adopted the latter; not, however, without adhering to the opinion that one of the others must eventually be used in printing for the blind. Having decided to use the common alphabet, slightly varied, I endeavoured to reduce the bulk of each letter to the minimum size which the blind could feel.

"With this view all the unnecessary points, all the mere ornamental flourishes, were cut off; the interlinear space was reduced by making the bottom of the line straight; that is, carrying up such letters as *g*, *p*, etc., which run below the bottom of the line.

"The bulk was further reduced by using a thin paper expressly prepared, and by reducing the height of the face of the type.

"Having ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt that any blind child of common capacity could easily read this print, I commenced printing; and as the funds of the Institution were small, I resolved not to ask any aid from the treasury, but appeal to the benevolent here and abroad. This appeal was not in vain; generous aid flowed in, and the press was put into active operation. All the money raised was put at once into the treasury, and only drawn out upon exhibition of proper vouchers for expenses.

"The cost of apparatus, paper, etc., has been, up to this date, about $8,000. One of the first objects was to print *The New Testament*, which had never been done in any

language. This was soon effected; then followed *The Book of Psalms*, and successively *twenty-one* editions of books."

"This appeal was not in vain." My father's appeals never were in vain. I have often been told by his contemporaries of his extraordinary power in this respect. No one could say him nay. He did not deprecate or deplore; he did not cajole or threaten; he simply stated his case, and then said, "Mr. So-and-So, I want you to give me a thousand dollars;" and Mr. So-and-So gave it.

As with individuals, so with masses of men. Conquering the reluctance to public speaking which never left him, he spoke in churches, in halls, in the State House. He wrote to the Bible Societies — for his great desire was to see the Bible in the hands of the blind — and to benevolent individuals past counting. And as he says, help flowed in. Two hundred dollars from Park Street Church, when he had spoken there; a thousand dollars from the Massachusetts Bible Society; eight hundred from the New York Female Bible Society; while the stream of private beneficence ran like a brook in spring.

The work was actively carried on. A few years later, through the generosity of the American Bible Society, the entire Bible was placed in the hands of the blind. The plates for the whole work cost some $13,000, and it forms a noble monument to that benevolent and far-seeing association.

Mr. John A. Simpson, of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, says of this work:

"I find the old double-leaf Bible, prepared by Dr. Howe, more agreeable to the touch than any embossed book since published."

Book followed book. *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Re-*

gained; Hamlet and *Julius Cæsar, Pilgrim's Progress,* histories of England and the United States; selections from Pope, from Byron, from Baxter and Swedenborg. With his own hands my father compiled, for the use of his beloved pupils, an encyclopædia, an atlas, a dictionary of astronomical terms, and several other educational works.

The library of the Perkins Institution now contains nearly two thousand books in raised print.

The printing-office of the Institution has changed greatly since the days when my brother and I used to seek it as one of our happy hunting grounds, but I love to think of it as it was in the early sixties. The large, light room, full of cheerful busy-ness and admired disorder; the great wheel whirling steadily, the snowy sheets flowing out in swift, mysterious silence; the skilful hands of the blind workers, tending the machine, gathering the sheets, folding, sewing, binding; it was all delightful to watch. Then there was the untiring interest of trying to read the raised print, with shut eyes and investigating finger. We never could; and we felt very humble when in the class-room next door we saw the little blind boys reading as swiftly and as correctly with their fingers as we could with our eyes.

My father's efforts to bring reading within the reach of the blind were by no means limited to his own institution. It was his dream to see a national printing-press for the blind established on a solid and permanent basis, and for this he laboured in season and out of season, all his life long.

As early as the winter of 1836-7, he went to Washington in the hope of interesting Congress in the cause he had so deeply at heart. On Jan. 30th, 1837, he writes to Dr. Sewall of Washington, concerning this visit:

"I have but small hope that Congress will do anything for the unfortunate blind. I ought to have remained, and been a thorn in the side and a bore in the ears of members

until I had importuned them into action; but I could not. The object, however, is too good, the stake too important, and my feelings too deeply engaged in it to let me abandon it without another effort; and you will probably see me in Washington another winter."

Though my father never did abandon the plan, he was forced to postpone further action for some time; and his second visit to Washington was not made until April, 1845, when he went thither in company with Mr. William Chapin of the New York, and Mr. William Boggs of the Philadelphia, institution. Each of the three principals took some of his most talented pupils with him, and they gave several exhibitions before Congress and the public, in the hope of procuring the foundation of a national press and library for the blind. The exhibitions made a deep impression; Congress and the public were amazed and delighted; but the time was not yet ripe, and my father was not to see the fruit of this sowing.

It was not till 1879 that Congress appropriated $250,000 for printing books in raised type. The income of this sum is spent in the publication of books which are distributed among the Institutions for the Blind throughout the country.

The following letter outlines the plan for a third visit to Washington.

BOSTON, March 7, 1846.

William Chapin, Esq., Supt. Inst. for the Blind, Columbus, O.

DEAR SIR: — I have after various inquiries come to the conclusion that it is expedient to make an attempt to obtain from the Congress a grant of land or money for the purpose of obtaining a National Library for the Blind.

I believe there is a reasonable prospect of success in this attempt, if all the Institutions for the blind in the country and all their friends will co-operate.

It is reasonable to hope that Congress will do as much for the whole of the blind of the United States as it did for the deaf-mutes of *one* State: and we need not ask for more than that.

I propose therefore the following plan. Each of the seven Institutions shall send a select class of five or six pupils to Washington. All the classes to be formed into one: to practise together a few days in order to form a choir and a band, and to have their different parts assigned for an exhibition to be given in the Hall of the House of Representatives. Private exhibitions should also be given; and the feelings of members of Congress should be enlisted by a personal intercourse with the pupils at the boarding houses, and in as many ways as possible.

Each Institution should endeavour to procure the strongest recommendations from home (and from their respective Legislatures if possible) to their Senators and Representatives in favour of the plan. All due preparations having been made, a grant of money should be asked for, say $50,000 or $100,000 which, if obtained, should be appropriated as follows:

The Institutions should furnish a list of books, agreed upon among themselves, to be printed under the direction of the Committee on the Library of the States. An edition of —— copies to be printed; fifty to be sent to the Executive of each State in which there is a school for the blind; and the remainder to be retained at Washington for future disposal.

Such are the outlines of my plan, of which, doubtless, many modifications would be suggested afterwards.

For myself, I make no stipulations whatsoever: I am willing to perform my part, even the humblest. One of the dearest objects that remains to me in life is the final accomplishment of the plan upon which I have so long laboured,—

the creation of a Library for the blind; and I shall hail it with pleasure, by whatever honourable means and through whatsoever agency it may be brought about. I ask one thing, however, most earnestly: that no apprehension of failure may discourage us from the attempt at Washington. I once gave an exhibition there, under favourable circumstances, and such was its effect that I am confident that if I could have followed it up, and especially if I could have had the coöperation of other Institutions, I could have obtained a grant, even then. Some Members of Congress who had frankly told me they could not consistently vote for a grant from the National Treasury, came up after the exhibition, with tears in their eyes, and declared their readiness to vote for anything which would give light and happiness to the blind.

The greatest difficulties are not in Washington, but in the preparation, in the coöperation, in the submission of all individual feeling and all local interest or prejudice to the one grand object, the creation of a National Library for the blind. Let this be overcome and we will carry Congress by such an appeal to the hearts of the members as will cause them to forget that they are politicians.

Will you do me the favour to lay this communication before the proper authorities of your Institution, and to give it all the countenance and support that you can? If the plan finds favour, I should like to know immediately whether your deputation could be in Washington by the first of May, because, although I am fearful that we cannot make the attempt this session, still it is possible that we may; and these are good reasons for immediate action.

I am with great respect
Very truly yours,
S. G. Howe.

Another important part of my father's work almost from the first was visiting other States, with the object of rousing interest in the blind and promoting efforts in their behalf. Sometimes alone, sometimes with two or three of his pupils, he went north, south or west, wherever the need might be; appeared before the Legislature of the State, told his story, showed his proofs, made his plea, and departed.

> "The world would thank the service done,
> He cannot stay for gold or praise."

But in most, if not all cases, the visit was followed by the founding of a State school for the blind.

"I went over the United States," he says briefly, "addressing seventeen Legislatures in order to induce them to provide for the education of the blind."

And Mr. Sanborn, in his "Life," notes that in November, 1841, my father was "cruising in behalf of the education of the blind in South Carolina, where he was in after years to be execrated as an Abolitionist."

Some years later (in 1854) the printer who had worked under my father at this early time claimed the credit of the invention of the "Howe type," and my father was asked for the facts of the case. In his reply he says:

"The degree of credit to be attached to any individual for services rendered in this cause has never seemed to me of much consequence. The great object has been to get at the best system of tangible characters, and to print the most books for the blind. So that they got the books, I cared little about the credit. I have taken little pains to put upon record my own part in the work; for I never thought it

would be necessary to bring proof of my having devised, contrived, and brought into use the system generally known as 'Howe's' or the Boston type; but I am a little disturbed by an imputation of having allowed the public and my friends to give me, during twenty years, the credit which belonged to another man.

"I have always innocently supposed that the contrivance was entirely my own; and am greatly surprised to learn from your letter that Mr. —— claims the paternity of this system or method; for it does not deserve the name of invention. It is in reality only an improvement (though certainly a great one) upon the system of the Abbé Haüy of Paris, who is the real inventor of printing in tangible letters. To him belongs the title of 'inventor;' *suum cuique.*"

The Trustees of the Perkins Institution, in their Report for 1836, thus briefly summarize my father's services in this matter of printing for the blind.

"When it is considered that the improved formation and arrangement of the characters by Dr. Howe enable us to give the same quantity of matter in volumes of half the bulk formerly required, and at one fourth the expense, we have reason to believe that these improvements will be of general application and use in sister institutions, both in our own country and Europe."

Those were happy years in the big house in Pearl Street. Here, as in Corinth, my father "laboured day and night, in season and out, and was governor, legislator, clerk, constable, and everything but patriarch." Here, too, he wrote letters, sometimes twenty of them before breakfast; from now to the end of his life the letters flow on in a swift, full stream. Looking them over, one might think it would have been a

man's work merely to write these letters, if he had done nothing more; yet I cannot remember that my father ever spoke of his letter-writing, or ever let it interfere with the full work of his arduous day. It was done "between-times."

The letter-books, faithfully treasured in the Institution for which he laboured, are rusty, faded volumes; the ink has faded too, and the hasty writing is crabbed and difficult; but the page blazes as one reads, with fervour of appeal, with intensity of purpose, with the white fire of an unconquerable faith in humanity.

"I cannot but think that there is humanity enough in your Legislature to grant the just claims of the blind for a participation in those benefits of education which they give to all;—to all but those whom God in his mysterious Providence has made dependent on their more favoured fellow-beings, and the neglect of whom he will reckon an offensive sin."

"Mankind and our age have too many sins of omission to answer for, to allow any more; and surely no sin of omission is greater than the neglect of those whom God has made our dependents, and whose affliction he intended should draw out and develop our kindness and best qualities: for without sorrow, affliction and pain—where would be pity and benevolence and pleasure?"

"I should no more think of refusing to help one of my fellow-mortals on account of the colour of his skin, than the colour of his hair; and I know too well the liberal and philanthropic spirit which actuates our Trustees not to feel justified in asserting that they will provide every facility for educating all blind children, black, white or red, who may apply to them."

He is constantly urging parents and guardians of blind children to give them every chance for development. Again and again we find such words as these.

"He has learned enough to convince him that he can learn a great deal more; to give him confidence in his own powers, and to make him put out at interest his four talents, and not bury them in despair because others have five."

Again and again writing of dull or deficient children:

"But the one talent must have just as much care as if it were ten."

And again, to an over-anxious and over-tender mother:

"It is often one of the parent's hardest lessons, to learn to yield up timely and gracefully the authority which was once necessarily despotic, but which should soon become responsible, and soon after be abdicated altogether. The inner man will not go long on all fours, any more than will the outer man; it will get up, and insist upon walking about. If it cannot go openly and boldly, it will go slyly, and this of course makes it cowardly. You may as well refuse to let out the growing boy's trousers, as refuse larger and larger liberty to his growing individuality."

In 1841 he writes to Mr. A. Penniman,[1] superintendent of the School for Blind, of Columbus, Ohio:

"I believe it will be found in every case where more than one child in a family is born blind or becomes so by disease,

[1] The School for Blind at Columbus was one of my father's "godchildren." In December, 1836, he appeared before the legislature of Ohio with three of his pupils; in April, 1837, the act incorporating the institution was passed; on July 4th, 1837, it was publicly opened.

that there has been blindness or strong tendency to it in the immediate or remote predecessors.

"It is amazing however to witness the ignorance of people on this subject, and the obstinate self-delusion of others. Not long ago a blind child was brought to me by his father and mother. I asked the usual question, whether there had been any blindness in the family, and both parents exclaimed lifting up both their hands in marvel, 'Oh, no! never!' 'But,' said I, 'has there been no imperfection of vision, no *partial blindness*?' — 'Oh, no! mercy no!' said the mother, who squinted most horribly all the time; and 'Oh, no!' said the father, who opened his *single eye* in wide amazement at the question.

"My object is to get at the truth, which is always valuable, and I would not spare any pains or expense to come at it. It will not do, however, to conclude because the children or parents say they are ignorant of any cases of blindness in their families, that therefore there are none, because often they will think of cases among their cousins, aunts or uncles, upon their being pushed with questions, which otherwise would not occur to them."

In 1841, writing to the secretary of the American Bible Society, he says:

"I have often applications from this country and from the old world for the Old Testament. Sometimes they are from persons who having had both our books and those of Glasgow, prefer to send here to get ours. I have this moment an earnest request from a lady in Holland for the Old Testament, for she had read the New in our print.

"Many of the applications are attended by circumstances truly touching. One blind old English soldier in Hindustan had learned to read some sheets of ours, on which was the

Lord's Prayer in large print, and sent out for the Testament. He found however that the print was too small for his hard fingers to decipher, and that while he had his hands upon the holy word, the light could not reach his mind. But he was not to be daunted. He put blisters upon his fingers, and found the new skin which formed was more sensitive. He renewed the blisters, and soon was enabled to read easily."

In writing to a young man whom he has just engaged as a teacher, he says:

"I need not impress upon you the importance of considering that the labour you would undertake would be one of love: that you could not do the duties unless you so considered it; and that unless your heart were in the work, your head and your hands could do but little. I have tried the head and hand system enough: I must henceforth have more aid from the hearts of my *collaborateurs* (to use a French word) or must give up myself."

The following letter relates to printing:

BOSTON, APRIL 8, 1845.

Hamilton Murray, New York.

MY DEAR SIR: — I am indebted to you for your communication of the 6th instant.

Your Board has acted wisely and well by *resolving* to undertake printing for the blind and I trust they will carry out the resolution with efficient and persevering action. I must confess however that I was a little disappointed by the communication of your Corresponding Secretary dated April 5th. . . . For my own part I should not hesitate to order

at least ten copies and probably twenty of any useful book of moderate cost, for aid to the publication of which this Institution might be called upon to subscribe. Such a book certainly is the work on Natural Philosophy which I purpose to publish by subscription. It is a book the like of which your Institution will certainly need; and to print one hundred copies will cost you at least $500. As there can be no sale, except to Institutions (and perhaps a dozen blind persons in the country who are in easy circumstances), I looked round to the friends of the cause to take copies at what would be the actual cost, — if five hundred copies were sold, but of which not one hundred will be sold, — and your Institution comes forward and subscribes for one copy at $2.

. . . As for the Cyclopædia, I did not expect any Institution would take more than two or three copies. However, I have carried almost the whole weight of the printing for the blind in this country on my own shoulders heretofore, and though I may stagger under the Natural Philosophy and the twenty volumes of the Cyclopædia, I shall make a desperate effort to carry them through to completion, though I shall have to beg very hard. Moreover I am determined that my own pupils shall have the advantage of access to every book that may be printed in raised characters anywhere; and I hereby authorize you to send me ten copies of any books which you may print, at the ordinary prices, or an equal quantity of printed matter in books from our press to be selected by you; provided always that you do not reprint anything which has already been printed in raised characters. I limit the order to a year solely because I do not wish to tie up my successor if death or other cause should remove me from my post.

I am decidedly of opinion that you should try Howe's press, for I am not at all pleased with the disposition of Mr. —— to make so much money out of everything connected

with the printing for the blind, and his charge for his press seems to me most extravagant. As for the patent upon it, I do not value it a rush, and if I were disposed to build a new one I should do so without any hesitation. I dislike the miserable device of patents; it is only the key by which Mammon locks up light, that he may peddle it out for his own profit: knowledge and truth are profaned by being brought down into the market place and bought and sold like merchandise. However, I should respect the law of the land and never infringe a patent; but, in justice and equity, the whole value of the press in question belongs to this Institution; because all the experience necessary to make it was gained by Mr. —— while in our service; he made experiments and tried different presses and various devices, for all of which he was paid over and above his regular and very high salary.

This Institution therefore has a perfect right in equity and justice to build as many presses upon this plan as it chooses; and if your Institution chooses to build one, I am sure all concerned in ours would wish you success. The idea of paying such a price as he asked is preposterous, and it is far worse than preposterous when one considers that the money would have to be taken from a sacred fund of charity.

I would, with great pleasure, send you a "forma," but you can obtain what is still better for your purpose of an experiment, by getting from the Bible Society one of their stereotype plates of the Bible which was printed here three years ago. You will have no locking up to that. I send you however what is quite as important, a couple of sheets of paper of the proper quality. And let me tell you here, that you have got to fight your way through a hundred obstacles attendant upon a new business, — the press — the types — the paper — the drying — the folding — the binding, all are

different from common works, and all have required of us a series of costly experiments. Whatever knowledge I can give you, I will contribute with great pleasure; you can send a man here to see our works in operation or I will lend you a man for a week or two to set you going.

All I have to say now is, that having the right kind of paper you must have it "wetted down" *slowly*, that is, laid between a pile of wetted paper for twenty-four hours; that you must have an india-rubber, or some very elastic blanketing, and you must put on great pressure perfectly perpendicularly, and force the surface of the paper down flat to the face of the plate. If your platina can be heated so much the better, though there is some craft quackery about this.

Please send me a specimen of the impression that you may obtain.

You must have in mind that "printing for the blind" is a misnomer, — it should be embossing; if you talk to mechanics about it, you will mislead them by saying you want them to "print." Any press will print; but when it comes to "embossing," look out for your "arch!"

Ever truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

In 1854 he writes to William Langhorne, a benevolent gentleman of Virginia who had consulted him on the practicability of higher education for the negroes of the South:

"The plan seems to me to be fraught with grave if not insurmountable difficulties;[1] nevertheless I would never discourage anyone from entering upon any work of beneficence by dwelling upon the obstacles. My experience leads

[1] *I. e.* under existing circumstances.

me to doubt the capacity of the blacks for such attainments as you look to. Like all of God's children, however, they have capacities capable of improvement. He forbade us to bury even the one poor talent in a napkin, and He will reward you for any honest and earnest effort in behalf of the unfortunate even if it should not be crowned with earthly success."

And in 1853 he writes to Miss Abby May.

"It is very desirable for the blind child that his claim upon his parents, friends, neighbours, or bondsmen, should be kept alive. This is done in part by insisting that they provide him with clothing, and take him home at vacations. It is found, especially with the ignorant of our own and foreign population, that if a blind child is taken off their hands, fed and clad, and kept in an Institution, after a few years they come to look upon him as a stranger having no claim upon them; whereas if they had been obliged to provide him with shoes, and to receive him at home during vacations, the relationship would have grown and strengthened. It is for the interest of the children therefore that we act, when we insist that the parents, or lacking parents, the relations, or lacking these, the neighbourhood in which they are born shall be held responsible for them. . . ."

The following letter speaks for itself.

BOSTON, April 8, 1853.

J. L. Caffelain, Esq., Actuary and Sec. Albion Life Insurance Office, London.

SIR: — Your letter of the 1st ult., was addressed to me, probably because you found my name in a list of the medical men of this city.

I practised army surgery in youth, but never could get faith enough in medicine to practise that, and for many years I have had no other relations than social ones with the faculty here. Perhaps therefore my opinion of medical men may not be worth any thing to you, but as your object, statistical information, interests me, I will send a line, *valeat quantum*. My researches into the causes of blindness and of idiocy have been pretty extensive. My inference from these and from other observations is that the physical peculiarities of each individual (and duration of life is one) depend upon his original organization, more than upon any other cause. Individuals are *wound up*, at birth, to run, some a year, some a score, some an hundred years, just as clocks are wound to run, a day, a week, or a month; and under ordinary circumstances they do run their allotted time.

Passing influences have comparatively little effect.

Temperance and intemperance even, make less difference than is usually supposed. There is usually given a wide *margin of oscillation*, and a man may sadly abuse his constitution without materially shortening his life. But, beside this, the original physical organization of a man goes far to decide whether he shall be a temperate or an intemperate man, and whether he shall be economical or lavish in the expenditure of his vital force, which is his physical capital in life.

In a word, each individual organization is endowed, *ab ovo*, with a certain amount of vital force which will enable it to resist disorganizing forces, under ordinary circumstances, during a certain number of years.

Having the direction of the State School for idiotic children, I am often applied to for an opinion touching the probabilities of improvement in children of feeble intellect.

I never give one without consulting very carefully the genealogical history. It would be the same with regard to the probabilities of duration of life.

Now I do not know many physicians here who think much about this principle, which it seems to me underlies your subject, but there may be more than I suppose there are. I would name Dr. Edward Jarvis, of Dorchester, author of a valuable work on Physiology; but, what is more to your purpose a very conscientious man. The last sentence of my letter will be found by you, perhaps, to be the only one worth your notice.

Faithfully,

S. G. Howe.

In March, 1850, Dr. John Fisher, the early and faithful friend of the Institution, died, lamented by all who knew him. This good man was of such an inveterately modest and retiring disposition that he is not so widely remembered as he should be. At a memorial meeting held in his honour, my father, after a few words of earnest and affectionate appreciation, offered the following resolutions.

"Resolved, That by the death of Dr. John D. Fisher, this community has lost a benefactor — the medical profession an ornament — the wide circle of his patients a skilful physician, a wise counsellor, and a kind friend; — that we all recognize in him a man, who, by his early and long-continued interest in various institutions of charity, and his gratuitous labours for their improvement, showed himself to be a practical philanthropist; who by tender solicitude for the health of his numerous patients in the humblest walks of life, and by unwearied efforts to promote their welfare in every way, proved himself to be a real friend of the poor; who, by his modest and quiet way of doing good, studiously shunned notoriety; who was ever sowing good deeds, like seeds in his pathway of life, but quickly covering

them up from the public eye; and, therefore, it becomes us, who knew his virtues, to commemorate them, not so much to do him honour, as to lead others to imitate his blameless life and his good deeds; for which end —

"Resolved, That a committee of six persons be appointed by the Chair to take such measures as shall seem to them most suitable for paying a proper and lasting tribute to his memory.

"Resolved, That a committee of twenty-five be appointed by the Chair to raise the necessary funds for carrying into execution the purpose of the foregoing resolve."

The following letter gives added testimony to my father's high opinion of Dr. Fisher.

To Hon. T. C. Cary.

BOSTON, May 12th, 1850.

DEAR SIR: — I like the inscription which you propose for the Fisher Monument; and if I suggest any change, it is with great hesitation and deference. In such matters things of equally good taste seem very unequal to their respective authors.

For the front I should prefer the last of your suggestions; "To the memory of J. D. Fisher, M. D. The contribution of those who loved him for his virtues."

How would this read for the front? "Built in memory of the virtues of J. D. F. by many of those who knew and loved him."

The inscription for the rear I like the least, — "The Philanthropist!" The word is not of English origin; it is hackneyed and perverted from its true meaning. A man may be a philanthropist in the ordinary sense of the meaning without being kindly to those around him. Your qualification of cheerful would indeed keep our gentle friend out of

the category of philanthropists turned sour or gone mad. How would it do to say on the rear, "He went about doing good?"

On the side, "The Physician and friend of the Poor." I shall not try to gild that gold.

On the Reverse side, "The Advocate of the Education of the Blind." That will not satisfy those of his friends and relatives who will not see the truth of what you say, that to call him the founder of this Institution would be attributing to him too much. *Suum cuique!* Fisher was the first proposer, earliest advocate, and ceaseless labourer in this cause, He laboured with Brooks, Prescott and others, himself holding the "bow oar," but alone he could have done little.

I do not see that any *one* can be fairly considered as the founder of this Institution; though Fisher *more* than any one.

In 1832, a few days after my return from Europe, while riding with him,[1] the subject of the education of the blind came up incidentally and he told me of the difficulties in the way of getting up and organizing an institution. Though they had been incorporated nearly four years, no direct attempt had yet been made to instruct a blind child. I proposed to undertake the work, and in ten minutes we agreed upon measures subsequently approved by Brooks, Prescott and others, and in less than a week I was on my way to Europe to procure teachers, books, etc. From this time Fisher did not hold the "bow oar." But this is hardly to the purpose. I would propose this:

The early and ever earnest { Advocate / Promoter / or / Friend } of the Institution of the Blind.

[1] It will be seen that this account differs slightly from that given in the first volume of this work, p. 389.

Such are my thoughts. I am content to leave this matter to your good taste and do not see the necessity of a formal meeting of the Committee.

Faithfully yours,

S. G. Howe.

Dr. Fisher's portrait still hangs in a place of honour in the Perkins Institution.

My one personal association with his name, beside this portrait, is his learned work on smallpox, of which Dr. Channing speaks with admiration. Illustrated with portraits from life of every stage of the hideous disease, this book was at once a terror and a fascination to my childhood. The "confluent stage" never failed to send me away shuddering, yet the next time I passed the dreaded gray folio I could not resist peeping again.

The Institution throve and grew; in a few years it had outgrown the Pearl Street house, and my father looked about for larger quarters. The Mount Washington House at South Boston was in the market, and offered many of the necessary requirements: space, fresh air, a commanding situation; briefly, in 1839 the Institution was transplanted thither, and found a permanent home.

The history of the Perkins Institution might fill many volumes. Its record has been one of steady growth and development. My father soon felt the necessity of making provision for the graduates of the school, and for other adult blind workers, while at the same time he felt that they should be separated from the pupils. Accordingly in 1840 a department was added "for the purpose of providing employment for those pupils who have acquired their education and learned to work, but who could not find employment, or carry on business alone." This grew into the Workshop for the Blind, which to-day gives employment to some twenty

persons in making mattresses and pillows, mats, brooms, re-seating chairs, etc., etc.

The musical training which he always considered an important factor in the education of the blind led easily and naturally to the establishment of the department of piano tuning which has given support to so many blind persons; and many other developments have followed. In one of his latest reports my father was able to say that "at least seventy-five per cent. of all the pupils of the Institution had become independent men and women, taking part with their fellows in the busy world."

My father felt from the first the disadvantages of large institutional buildings; and it will be seen that he never ceased to fight against the "Asylum" idea in theory and practice. In 1857 he writes thus to Mr. Chapin, of the Philadelphia Institution for the Blind.

"The more I reflect upon the subject the more I see objections in principle and practice to *asylums*. What right have we to pack off the poor, the old, the blind into asylums? They are of us, our brothers, our sisters — they belong in families; they are deprived of the dearest relations of life in being put away in masses in asylums. Asylums generally are the offspring of a low order of feeling; their chief recommendation often is that they do *cheaply* what we ought to think only of doing *well*."

But it was not until 1870 that he was able to carry out his long-cherished idea of introducing the family or cottage system, into the Institution. From the first he had made a point of keeping the male and female pupils apart; now he built four cottages, in which the girls were installed, the boys remaining in the large building, which has always been called the "Institution" proper.

The Perkins Institution has always been a favourite child of the Commonwealth, and has received many benefactions, public and private; yet there were times when my father had to put forth all his powers to obtain the money needed to carry on the work in its fulness: as when in 1858 he writes to Mr. Charles Hale, evidently in answer to a question:

"I am sorry for what you say. I can only answer now, — that the annual expenses of this Institution have been for many years *greater* than the income; and that it strikes me that the State should act as a Christian gentleman does when forced to control his expenses: try *first* to get along by curtailing his other expenditures, and leave his charity list to the very last."

There are many hundred *institutions* in this great country; but to many people in New England, the word means this one place; this lofty, rather bare building, with its superb outlook over the harbour, its countless windows, its playgrounds and attendant cottages. It has been all my life a familiar place, full of kindliest associations; to hundreds of blind persons it has been a second home, hardly less beloved, perhaps, than their own. I remember once saying something in jest about the bareness of its marble-paved corridors, in the presence of some ex-pupils, and being instantly taken up. "Ah! Mrs. Richards, you must not say any thing against this Institution!" and indeed I never meant to do so, for I have never visited that temple of cheerful labour without bringing away some good and happy thought.

The early years at the Perkins Institution were years of romance as well as of toil. The whole place was fired with my father's spirit; teachers and pupils worked in a flame of enthusiasm, feeling his eye upon them, his step always in

advance, his hand always outstretched to lead and guide them onward. Moreover the interest inspired by the new undertaking was intense, and wise and great, simple and curious, flocked to see. In the spacious rooms of the "Doctor's Wing," many notable gatherings were held. Every distinguished stranger must see Dr. Howe and his blind pupils, and having seen, must spread the tale abroad so that others might come to look on the sight, so strange then, so familiar now, of blind children at school, learning "just like other children."

Here came also the good and great of my father's own city and State, who were his friends; Sumner, Mann, Parker and the rest, whose names are a jewelled rosary round the neck of the Commonwealth. Here he and they devised plans for the betterment of that humanity whose servants they were. Small wonder that the pupils of those days imbibed a portion of the spirit that breathed around them, and — in many cases — bound themselves in their turn to the same service.

NOTE: — The following extract from an address delivered by my father at a convention held at the New York Institution for the Blind in August, 1853, fitly supplements the note on page 14.

"It seems but yesterday (though it is really more than twenty years) that I undertook to organize and put in operation an institution which had been incorporated four years before in Massachusetts, and I then looked around the country in vain for some one practically acquainted with the subject. There was not then upon this continent a school for the blind, a teacher of the blind, or even a blind person who had been taught by one. I had but an imperfect knowledge of the European schools, and supposed, therefore, that I should gain time, and start with greater chance of success, in what was regarded by many as a visionary enterprise, by going to Europe for teachers and for actual knowledge of all that had been done there.

"I went, therefore, saw what little there was to be seen of schools for the blind, and soon returned, bringing a teacher of the intellectual branches from France, and of the mechanical branches from Scotland. Meantime my old friend and companion, Dr. Russ, had been laying the foundations of the noble Institution in which we are now assembled, and Mr. Friedlander had come from Europe and been urging the inhabitants of Philadelphia to give him an opportunity of showing his skill in the art of teaching the blind, which he had so successfully practised in Germany."

CHAPTER II.

LAURA BRIDGMAN

"Ye who have eyes and see not, and have ears and hear not; ye who are as the hypocrites of sad countenances, and disfigure your faces that ye may seem unto men to fast; learn healthy cheerfulness, and mild contentment, from the deaf, and dumb, and blind! Self-elected saints with gloomy brows, this sightless, earless, voiceless child may teach you lessons you will do well to follow. Let that poor hand of hers lie gently on your hearts!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

"There floats not upon the stream of life any wreck of humanity so utterly shattered and crippled that its signals of distress should not challenge attention and command assistance."

S. G. HOWE.

THE teaching of Laura Bridgman, the blind deaf-mute, has always and rightly been considered my father's greatest achievement. Manifestly, no record of his life would be complete which should omit mention of this; yet my mention will be brief, because I hope that my sisters' work [1] will be considered complementary to mine, and will be read in connection with it. I shall, therefore, simply give my father's own account of the matter from the Reports of the Perkins Institution.

In the ninth Report, for the year 1840, he says:

"Laura Bridgman has become extensively known. Human sympathies are always ready to be poured out in proportion to the amount of human suffering. The privation of any one sense is supposed to be a dreadful calamity, and calls at once for our sympathy with the sufferer; but when a human being

[1] See *ante*, p. 1.

is known to be deaf, dumb, blind, without smell, and with imperfect taste, that being excites the tender compassion of all who feel, and becomes an object of great curiosity to those who reflect as well as feel. When the supposed sufferer is a child — a girl — and of pleasing appearance, the sympathy and the interest are naturally increased.

" Such is the case with our beloved pupil, Laura Bridgman; and so general is the interest which she has excited, and so numerous are the inquiries concerning her, that I have thought it would be showing proper respect to the public of this section of the country, to publish, in the next Annual Report, a short history of her case. . . .

" She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the twenty-first of December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble, until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond its power of endurance, and life was held by the feeblest tenure; but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old, she was perfectly well.

" Then her mental powers, hitherto stunted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.

" But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone for ever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended. The fever continued seven weeks longer; ' for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she

could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day.' It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and consequently that her taste was much blunted.

"It was not until she was four years of age that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship to life and the world.

"But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her: no mother's smile called forth her answering smile, — no father's voice taught her to imitate its sounds: to her, brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and in the power of locomotion; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

"But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed or mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk she began to explore the room, and then the house. She became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt of her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

"Her affections, too, began to expand, and seemed to be lavished upon the members of her family with peculiar force.

"But the means of communication with her were very limited; she could only be told to go *to* a place by being pushed; or to come to one by a sign of drawing her. Patting her gently on the head signified approbation; on the back, disapprobation.

"She showed every disposition to learn, and manifestly began to use a natural language of her own. She had a sign to express her knowledge of each member of the family; as drawing her fingers down each side of her face, to allude to the whiskers of one; twirling her hand around, in imitation of a spinning wheel, for another; and so on. But although she received all the aid that a kind mother could bestow, she soon began to give proof of the importance of language to the development of human character. Caressing and chiding will do for infants and dogs, but not for children; and by the time Laura was seven years old, the moral effects of her privation began to appear. There was nothing to control her will but the absolute power of another, and humanity revolts at this; she had already begun to disregard all but the sterner nature of her father; and it was evident that as the propensities should increase with her physical growth, so would the difficulty of restraining them increase.

"At this time I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover, to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully-shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action.

"Here seemed a rare opportunity of benefiting an individual, and of trying a plan for the education of a deaf and blind person, which I had formed on seeing Julia Brace, at Hartford.[1]

"The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston; and on the fourth of October, 1837, they brought

[1] A blind deaf-mute who was for many years at the American Asylum for Deaf at Hartford, Connecticut. In 1842 she was brought to the Perkins Institution for a visit, in the hope that she might benefit by the same instructions which had brought Laura into communication with her fellow mortals. She remained for a year, and made some progress in learning arbitrary language; but she was already thirty-five years old, and my father's fear that "the time had gone by for the active operation of Julia's faculties" was justified. He describes the case in Appendix D of his tenth Report.

her to the Institution. For a while, she was much bewildered. After waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others."

As further illustrative of this stage of Laura's development, I here interpolate from a later report of my father's

Some Thoughts on Language

"I hold that all human beings have the innate disposition, capacity, and desire to attach a sign to everything cognizable by their senses; to every thought which occurs to their minds; to every emotion which moves their spirit; and this sign must be by some outward form of expression cognizable by other persons.

"Tribes emerging from a condition like that of the brutes, use perhaps only audible cries, and visible signs; but all people, as they rise out of savagedom and pass through barbarism, follow the instinct or disposition to express themselves by audible sounds, and begin to use arbitrary and more or less perfectly organized language, in some of its thousand forms. All come to speak, as a matter of course; and the acquisition of speech is the crowning acquisition in human development. Vocal speech, be it remarked, is not the result of any conscious purpose and effort. Men, moved by the disposition and desire to have a system for mutual expression of desire and thought, do not select audible speech as one of many conceivable modes of carrying out this intercourse of minds; but all adopt speech because it is the one contemplated by nature, and for which they have organs specially fitted.

"I knew that Laura must have this innate desire and disposition; and that, although by reason of lack of sight and hearing she could not follow it in the usual way, and imitate the sounds made by others, and so speak, she would readily adopt any substitute which should be made comprehensible to her in her dark and still abode.

"In this faith I acted; and by holding to it firmly, succeeded. Without the belief, and indeed the certainty, that the mind of Laura was endowed with some attributes which the most highly gifted brutes utterly lack, I should not have attempted to bring her out of her mental darkness into light, any more than I should have attempted to bring out the mind of my dog Bruno, which seemed to know as much as Laura then did; and which I loved and prized, almost as much as if he had been human."

I return to the ninth Report.

"There was one of two ways to be adopted: either to go on and build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already herself commenced; or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use: that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters, by the combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined, therefore, to try the latter.

"The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, etc., and pasting upon them labels with their names in raised letters. These she felt of very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much

from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

"Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was here encouraged by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

"The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process, first from imitation, next from memory, with no other motive than the love of approbation, and apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

"After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached pieces of paper: they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *book*, *key*, etc.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them so as to express the words *book*, *key*, etc., and she did so.

"Hitherto the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her — her intellect began to work — she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog, or parrot, — it was an immortal spirit, eagerly

seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance. I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, though plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

"The result, thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

"When it was said above, that a sign was made, it was intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling of his hands, and then imitating the motion."

My father used to say that one of the happiest moments of his life was that so simply described above; the moment when he saw the light flash into the face of the blind child, and knew that spirit had touched spirit. In another report, written many years after, he says, recalling this time:

"It sometimes occurred to me that she was like a person alone and helpless in a deep, dark, still pit, and that I was letting down a cord and dangling it about, in hopes she might find it; and that finally she would seize it by chance, and, clinging to it, be drawn up by it into the light of day and into human society. And it did so happen; and thus she, instinctively and unconsciously, aided in her happy deliverance."

The same thought came to Charles Dickens, when, in 1842, he visited the Perkins Institution and saw Laura:

"A fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and powers of goodness and affection, inclosed within

her delicate frame, and but one outward sense — the sense of touch. There she was, before me; built up, as it were, in a marble cell impervious to any ray of light, or particle of sound: with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened."

He adds, after an account of Laura's teaching:

"Well may this gentleman call that a delightful moment, in which some distant promise of her present state first gleamed upon the darkened mind of Laura Bridgman. Throughout his life, the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure, unfading happiness; nor will it shine least brightly on the evening of his days of noble usefulness."

I return to the ninth Report.

"The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types; so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface.

"Then, on any article being handed to her, — for instance, a pencil, or a watch, — she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

"She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

"This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that 'she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf-mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly and eagerly she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, — for instance a pencil, — first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers: the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers, as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.'

"The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the name of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health.

"At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract: 'It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her[1] sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness as profound as that of a

[1] This sense was recovered, in some small degree, at a later period in Laura's life.

closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

"'When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours: if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue; if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, she pats herself upon the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

"'During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers.

"'But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another; grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their

meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose than a meeting between them. For as great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!

"'When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow, there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses!' . . .

"During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her; and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

"The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling of her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

"She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and

sought me eagerly, to say, she understood the string was from her home.

"The mother now tried to caress her child, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

"Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger more closely, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognized, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

"After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger: she therefore very eagerly felt of her hands, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly depicted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful;

and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

"I had watched the whole scene with intense interest, being desirous of learning from it all I could of the workings of her mind; but I now left them to indulge, unobserved, those delicious feelings, which those who have known a mother's love may conceive, but which cannot be expressed.

"The subsequent parting between Laura and her mother, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child, and was thus noticed at the time: 'Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand — put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child.'" . . .

"It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in others, and that she soon regarded almost with contempt a new comer, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind. This unamiable part of her character has been more strongly developed during the past year. She chooses for her friends and companions those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless, indeed, she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do. She takes advantage of them, and makes them wait upon her, in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others; and in various ways she shows her Saxon blood.

"She is fond of having other children noticed and caressed

by the teachers and those whom she respects; but this must not be carried too far or she becomes jealous. She wants to have her share, which, if not the lion's, is the greater part; and if she does not get it, she says, '*My mother will love me.*'

"Her tendency to imitation is so strong that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes and moving her lips, as she had observed seeing people do when reading.

"She one day pretended that her doll was sick, and went through all the motions of tending it and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When I came home, she insisted upon my going to see it and feeling its pulse; and when I told her to put a blister on its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.

"Her social feelings and her affections, are very strong; and when she is sitting at work, or at her studies, by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments, to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.

"When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet; for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs.

"In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe an

insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness.

"No religious feeling, properly so called, has developed itself; nor is it yet time, perhaps, to look for it; but she has shown a disposition to respect those who have power and knowledge; and to love those who have goodness; and when her perceptive faculties shall have taken cognizance of the operations of nature, and she shall be accustomed to trace effects to their causes, then may her veneration be turned to Him who is almighty, her respect to Him who is omniscient, and her love to Him who is all goodness and love!

"Until then, I shall not deem it wise, by premature effort, to incur the risk of giving her ideas of God which would be alike unworthy of His character and fatal to her peace. I should fear that she might personify Him in a way too common with children, who clothe Him with unworthy, and sometimes grotesque attributes, which their subsequently developed reason condemns but strives in vain to correct.

"I have thus far confined myself to relating the various phenomena which this remarkable case presents. I have related the facts, and each one will make his own deductions. But as I am almost invariably questioned by intelligent visitors of the Institution about my opinion of her moral nature, and by what theory I can account for such and such phenomena; and as many pious people have questioned me respecting her religious nature, I will here state my views.

"There seem to have been in this child no innate ideas, or innate moral principles; that is in the sense in which Locke, Condillac, and others, use those terms. But there are innate intellectual *dispositions;* and moreover, innate *moral*

dispositions, not derived, as many metaphysicians suppose, from the exercise of intellectual faculties, but as independent in their existence as the intellectual dispositions themselves.

"I shall be easily understood, when I speak of innate ***dispositions***, in contradistinction to innate ideas, by those who are at all conversant with metaphysics; but as this case excites peculiar interest, even among children, I may be excused for explaining. We have no innate ideas of colour, of distance, etc. Were we blind, we never could conceive the idea of colour, nor understand how light and shade could give knowledge of distance. But we might have the innate disposition, or internal adaptation, which enables us to perceive colour, and to judge of distance; and were the organ of sight suddenly to be restored to healthy action, we should gradually understand the natural language, so to call it, of light; and soon be able to judge of distance by reason of ***our innate disposition or capacity.***

"So much for an intellectual perception. As an example of a moral perception, it may be supposed, for instance, that we have no innate idea of God, but that we have an innate disposition, or adaptation, not only to recognize, but to adore Him: and when the idea of a God is presented, we embrace it, because we have that internal adaptation which enables us to do so.

"If the idea of a God were innate, it would be universal and identical, and not the consequential effect of the exercise of causality; it would be impossible to present Him under different aspects. He would not be regarded as Jupiter, Jehovah, Brahma; we could not make different people clothe Him with different attributes, any more than we can make them consider two and two to make three, or five, or anything but four.

"But, on the other hand, if we had no ***innate disposition***, to receive the idea of a God, then could we never have con-

ceived one, any more than we can conceive of time without a beginning — then would the most incontrovertible evidence to man, of God's existence have been wanting, viz. the internal evidence of his own nature.

"Now it does appear to me very evident, from the phenomena manifested in Laura's case, that she has innate moral dispositions and tendencies, which, though developed subsequently (in the order of time) to her intellectual faculties, are not dependent upon them, nor are they manifested with a force proportionate to that of her intellect.

"According to Locke's theory, the moral qualities and faculties of this child should be limited in proportion to the limitation of her senses; for he derives moral principles from intellectual dispositions, which alone he considers to be innate. He thinks moral principles must be *proved*, and can be so only by an exercised intellect.

"Now the *sensations* of Laura are very limited; acute as is her touch, and constant as is her exercise of it, how vastly does she fall behind others of her age in the amount of sensations which she experiences! how limited is the range of her thought! how infantile is she in the exercise of her intellect! But her moral qualities — her moral sense, are remarkably acute; few children are so affectionate, or so scrupulously conscientious; few are so sensible of their own rights, or regardful of the rights of others.

"Can anyone suppose, then, that without innate moral dispositions, such effects could have been produced solely by moral lessons? For even if such lessons could have been given to her, would they not have been seed sown upon barren ground? Her moral sense, and her conscientiousness, seem not at all dependent upon any intellectual perception. They are not perceived, indeed, nor understood — they are *felt;* and she may feel them even more strongly than most adults.

"These observations will furnish an answer to another

question which is frequently put concerning Laura: can she be taught the existence of God, her dependence upon, and her obligations to Him?

"The answer may be inferred from what has gone before; that if there exists in her mind (and who can doubt that there does?) the innate capacity for the perception of this great truth, it can probably be developed, and become an object of intellectual perception, and of firm belief. I trust, too, that she can be made to conceive of future existence and to lean upon the hope of it, as an anchor to her soul in those hours when sickness and approaching death shall arouse to fearful activity the instinctive love of life, which is possessed by her in common with all.

"But to effect this — to furnish her with a guide through life and a support in death, much is to be done, and much is to be avoided. None but those who have seen her engaged in the task, and have witnessed the difficulty of teaching her the meaning of such words as *remember, hope, forget, expect,* will conceive the difficulties in her way; but they, too, have seen her unconquerable resolution and her unquenchable thirst for knowledge; and they will not condemn as visionary such pleasing anticipations. . . .

"By her teachers, then, and by all concerned, the attempt to develop the whole nature of this interesting being will be continued with all the zeal which affection can inspire; it will be continued, too, with a full reliance upon the innate powers of the human soul; and with an humble confidence that it will have the blessing of Him who hears even the young ravens when they cry."

My father's Report for 1841 shows great progress made by Laura in every way. She could now use the manual alphabet readily; could read simple texts and delighted in doing so; was continually questioning about everything. She was

taken to a barn, and asked, "Do horses sit up late?" On being told that horses do not sit up she laughed, and corrected herself. "Do horses stand up late?"

She asks why cows have horns.

"To keep bad cows off when they trouble them."

"Do bad cows know to go away when good cow pushes them?" then after some moments of silent thought: "Why do cows have two horns? to push two cows?"

My father concludes the Report thus:

"During the past year she has shown very great inquisitiveness in relation to the origin of things. She knows that men made houses, furniture, etc., but of her own accord seems to infer that they did not make themselves, or natural objects. She therefore asks, 'Who made dogs, horses and sheep?' She has got from books, and perhaps from other children, the word *God*, but has formed no definite idea on the subject. Not long since, when her teacher was explaining the structure of a house, she was puzzled to know 'how masons piled up bricks before floor was made to stand on?' When this was explained she asked, 'When did masons make Jennette's parlour; before all Gods make all folks?'

"I am now occupied in devising various ways of giving her an idea of immaterial power by means of the attraction of magnets, the pushing of vegetation, etc., and intend attempting to convey to her some adequate idea of the great Creator and Ruler of all things.

"I am fully aware of the immeasurable importance of the subject, and of my own inadequacy; I am aware too that pursue what course I may, I shall incur more of human censure than of approbation; but incited by the warmest affection for the child, and guided by the best exercise of the humble abilities which God has given me, I shall go on in the attempt to give her a faint idea of the power and love of

that Being, whose praise she is every day so clearly proclaiming by her glad enjoyment of the existence which he has given her."

In the eleventh Report, for 1842, in his account of Laura's progress in physical and mental development, he says:

"It is often asked, how can a knowledge of qualities which have no positive existence be communicated? Just as easily as the names of objects, and just as they are taught to common children; when a child bites a *sweet* apple, or a *sour* one, he perceives the difference of taste; he hears you use one sound, *sweet*, when you taste the one, another sound, *sour*, when you taste the other. These sounds are associated in his mind with those qualities; the deaf child sees the pucker of your lips, or some grimace when you taste the sour one, and that grimace perhaps is seized upon by him for a sign or a name for *sour;* and so with other physical qualities. The deaf, dumb, and blind child cannot hear your sound, cannot see your grimace, yet he perceives the quality of sweetness, and if you take pains to make some peculiar sign two or three times when the quality is perceived, he will associate that sign with the quality, and have a name for it.

"It will be said that qualities have no existence, being mere abstractions, and that when we say *sweet apple*, the child will think it is a compound name for the individual apple, or if he does not do this, that he cannot know whether by the word *sweet* we mean the quality of *sweetness* or the quality of *soundness*. This is true; at first the child does *not* know to what the sound *sweet* refers; he may misuse it often, but by imitation, by observation, he at last gets it right, and applies the word *sweet* to every thing whose qualities revive the same sensation as the sweet apple did; he then uses the word *sweet* in the abstract, not as a parrot, but understandingly,

simply because the parrot has not the mental organization which fits it to understand qualities, and the child has. Now the transition from physical to mental qualities is very easy; the child has dormant within his bosom every mental quality that the man has; every emotion and every passion has its natural language; and it is a law of nature that the exhibition of this natural language calls into activity the like mental quality in the beholder. The difference between joy and sorrow, between a smile and a frown, is just as cognizable by a child as the difference between a sweet apple and a sour one; and through the same mental process by which a mute attaches signs to the physical quality, he may (with a little more pains), be made to attach them to the moral qualities. . . .

"She seems to be one of those who have the law graven upon their hearts; who do not see the right intellectually, but perceive it intuitively; who do good not so much from principle as from instinct; and who, if made to swerve a moment from the right by any temptation, soon recover themselves by their native elasticity. For the preservation of the purity of her soul, in her dark and silent pilgrimage through time, God has implanted within her that native love of modesty, thoughtfulness, and conscientiousness, which precept may strengthen but could never have bestowed; and, as at midnight and in the storm the faithful needle points unerring to the Pole, and guides the mariner over the trackless ocean, so will this principle guide her to happiness and to Heaven. May no tempter shake her native faith in this, her guide; may no disturbing force cause it to swerve from its true direction!

"As yet, it has not done so, and I can recollect no instance of moral obliquity except under strong temptation. I recall now one instance of deliberate deception, and that, I am bound to confess with sorrow, was perhaps attributable to

indiscretion on my part. She came to me one day dressed for a walk, and had on a new pair of gloves which were stout and rather coarse. I began to banter and tease her, (in that spirit of fun of which she is very fond, and which she usually returns with interest,) upon the clumsy appearance of her hands, at which she first laughed, but soon began to look so serious and even grieved that I tried to direct her attention to something else, and soon forgot the subject. But not so poor Laura; her personal vanity, or her love of approbation, had been wounded; she thought the gloves were the cause of it and resolved to be rid of them. Accordingly they disappeared and were supposed to be lost; but her guileless nature betrayed itself, for without being questioned she frequently talked about the gloves, not saying directly that they were lost, but asking if they might not be in such or such a place. She was uneasy under the new garb of deceit, and soon excited suspicion. When it reached my ears I was exceedingly pained, and moreover doubtful what course to pursue. At last, taking her in the most affectionate way, I began to tell her a story of a little girl who was much beloved by her parents and brothers and sisters, and for whose happiness everything was done; and asked her whether the little girl should not love them in return, and try to make them happy; to which she eagerly assented. 'But,' said I, 'she did not, she was careless, and caused them much pain.' At this Laura was excited, and said the girl was in the wrong, and asked what she did to displease her relations; I replied, 'she deceived them; they never told her anything but the truth, but one day she acted so as to make them think she had not done a thing, when she had done it.' Laura then eagerly asked if the girl told a fib, and I explained to her how one might tell a falsehood without saying a word; which she readily understood, becoming all the time more interested, and evidently touched. I then

tried to explain to her the different degrees of culpability resulting from carelessness, from disobedience, and from intentional deceit. She soon grew pale, and evidently began to apply the remarks to her own case, but still was very eager to know about the 'wrong little girl,' and how her parents treated her. I told her her parents were grieved and cried, at which she could hardly restrain her own tears. After a while she confessed to me that she had deceived about the gloves, that they were not lost, but hidden away. I then tried to show her that I cared nothing about the gloves, that the loss of a hundred pairs would be nothing if unaccompanied by any deceit. She perceived that I was grieved, and going to leave her to her own thoughts, and clung to me as if in terror of being alone. I was forced however to inflict pain upon her.

"Her teachers and the persons most immediately about her were requested to manifest no other feeling than that of sorrow on her account; and the poor creature going about from one to another for comfort and for joy, but finding only sadness, soon became agonized with grief. When left alone she sat pale and motionless, with a countenance the very image of sorrow; and so severe seemed the discipline, that I feared lest the memory of it should be terrible enough to tempt her to have recourse to the common artifice of concealing one prevarication by another, and thus insensibly get her into the habit of falsehood. I therefore comforted her by assurances of the continued affection of her friends, tried to make her understand that their grief and her suffering were the simple and necessary consequences of her careless or wilful misstatement, and made her reflect upon the nature of the emotion she experienced after having uttered the untruth; how unpleasant it was, how it made her feel afraid, and how widely different it was from the fearless and placid emotion which followed truth.

"It was easy enough to make her see the consequences which must result from habitual falsehood, but difficult to give her an idea of all the moral obligations to be truthful; perhaps however the intellectual perception of these obligations is not necessary to the perfect truthfulness of a child, for such is his natural tendency to tell the truth at all times, that if his education can keep him from the disturbing force of any strong temptation, we may count upon his speaking straightforward, as surely as we may calculate upon a projectile moved by one force going in a straight line.

"Words are the natural and spontaneous representations of the thoughts; the truth is ever uppermost in the mind; it is on the surface, it is the single object, and cannot be mistaken; but for a lie, we must dive below the surface and hesitatingly fetch up one of the many that may be found at the bottom. There is little fear of Laura's losing that character for ingenuousness and truthfulness which she has always deservedly possessed." . . .

"The various attempts which I have made during the year to lead her thoughts to God, and spiritual affairs, have been for the most part forced upon me by her questions, which I am sure were prompted by expressions dropped carelessly by others, as God, Heaven, Soul, etc., and about which she would afterwards ask me. Whenever I have deliberately entered upon them I have done so with caution, and always felt obliged by a sense of duty to the child to make the conversations as short as possible. The most painful part of one's duty is often where an honest conviction forces one to pursue a line of conduct diametrically opposite to that recommended by those for whose superior talents and wisdom one has the greatest respect. It is said continually that this child should be instructed in the doctrines of revealed religion, and some even seem to imagine her eternal welfare will be imperilled by her remaining in ignorance of

religious truths. I am aware of the high responsibility to God, and that love which I bear to the child forces me, after seeking for all light from others, finally to rely upon my own judgment. It is not to be doubted that she could be taught any dogma or creed, and made to give as edifying answers as are recorded of many other wonderful children, to questions on spiritual subjects. But as I can see no necessary connection between moral and religious life and the intellectual perception of a particular truth, or belief in a particular creed, I see not why I should anticipate what seems to me the course of nature in developing the mental powers. Unaided by any precedent for this case, one can look only to the book of nature; and that seems to teach that we should prepare the soul for loving and worshipping God, by developing its powers, and making it acquainted with his wonderful and benevolent works, before we lay down rules of blind obedience.

"Should Laura's life be spared, it is certain that she can be made to understand every religious truth that it may be desirable to teach her. Should she die young, there can be no doubt that she will be taken to the bosom of that Father in Heaven to whom she is every day paying acceptable tribute of thanksgiving and praise by her glad enjoyment of the gift of existence. With these views, while I am ready to improve every opportunity of giving what she seems to need, I cannot consent to attempt to impart a knowledge of any truth for which her mind is not prepared; and I would take this opportunity to beseech those friends of hers who differ from me, and who may occasionally converse with her, to reflect that while the whole responsibility of the case rests upon me, it is unjust in them to do, — what they may easily do, — instil into her mind notions which might derange the whole plan of her instruction.

"The following conversation, taken from my minutes

made at the time, will give an idea of the course of her thoughts on *spiritual* subjects. During the past year one of our pupils died, after a severe illness, which caused much anxiety in our household. Laura, of course, knew of it, and her inquiries after him were as frequent and as correct as those of any one. After his death, I proceeded to break it to her. I asked her if she knew that little Orin was very sick. She said 'yes.' 'He was very ill yesterday forenoon,' said I, 'and I knew he could not live long.' At this she looked much distressed, and seemed to ponder upon it deeply. I paused awhile, and then told her that 'Orin died last night.' At the word *died*, she seemed to shrink within herself, — there was a contraction of the hands, — a half spasm, and her countenance indicated not exactly grief, but rather pain and amazement; her lips quivered, and then she seemed about to cry, but restrained her tears. She had known something of death before; she had lost friends, and she knew about dead animals, but this was the only case which had occurred in the house. She asked about death, and I said, 'When you are asleep does your body feel?' 'No if I am very asleep.' 'Why?' 'I do not know.' I tried to explain, and used the word *soul*. She said 'What is soul?' 'That which thinks, and feels, and hopes, and loves,' said I, to which she added interrogatively, 'and aches?' Here I was perplexed at the threshold, by her inquiring spirit seizing upon and confounding material and immaterial processes. I tried to explain to her that an injury of the body was perceived *by* the soul; but I was clearly beyond her depth, although she was all eagerness to go on. I think I made her comprehend the difference between material and spiritual operations. After a while she asked, 'Where is Orin's think?' 'It has left his body and gone away.' 'Where?' 'To God in Heaven.' She replied, 'Where? up?' (pointing up.) 'Yes!' 'Will it come back?' 'No!' 'Why?' said she.

'Because his body was very sick and died, and soul cannot stay in dead body.' After a minute she said, 'is breath dead? is blood dead? your horse died, where is his soul?' I was obliged to give a very unsatisfactory answer that animals have no souls. She said, 'cat does kill a mouse, why? has she got soul?' *Ans.* 'Animals do not know about souls, they do not think like us.' At this moment a fly alighted upon her hand, and she said, 'have flies souls?' I said no. 'Why did not God give them souls?' Alas for the poverty of her language, I could hardly make her understand how much of life and happiness God bestows even upon a little fly!

"Soon she said, 'can God see, has He eyes?' I replied by asking her, 'can you see your mother in Hanover?' 'No!' 'but,' said I, 'you can see her with your mind, you can think about her and love her.' 'Yes,' said she; 'so,' replied I, 'God can see you and all people and know all they do; and He thinks about them and loves them, and He will love you and all people if they are gentle and kind and good, and love one another.' 'Can He be angry?' said she; 'No! He can be sorry, because He loves all folks, and grieves when they do wrong.' 'Can He cry?' said she. 'No! the body cries because the soul is sad, but God has no body.' I then tried to make her think of her spiritual existence as separate from her bodily one; but she seemed to dislike to do so, and said eagerly, 'I shall not die;' some would have said she referred to her soul, but she did not, she was shrinking at the thought of physical death, and I turned the conversation. I could not have the heart to give the poor child the baneful knowledge before I prepared the antidote. It seems to me that she needs not the fear of death to keep her in the path of goodness.

"It would have been exceedingly gratifying to be able to announce a more perfect development of those moral qualities

on which true religion is founded; but it was hardly to have been expected; those qualities are among the last to develop themselves, and are of tardy growth; we could have *forced* them out perhaps by artificial culture, but that would have been to obtain a hothouse plant instead of the simple and natural one that is every day putting forth new beauties to our sight. It is but thirteen years since Laura was born; she has hardly *lived* half that number, yet in that time what an important mission has she fulfilled! how much has she done for herself, how much has she taught others! deprived of most of the varied stimuli furnished by the senses, and fed by the scantiest crumbs of knowledge, her soul has nevertheless put forth buds of the brightest virtues, and given indication of its pure origin, and its high destination."

In March, 1844, Laura wrote my father, who was then abroad, asking him to tell her "about God and heaven and souls and many questions."

He replied as follows:

"My dear little Laura: — Mrs. Howe has a sweet little baby; it is a little girl. We shall call her Julia. She is very smooth and soft and nice; she does not cry much, and we love her very, very much. You love her too, I think, do you not? But you never felt of her and she never kissed you; how can you love her? It is not your hands, nor your body, nor your head, which loves her and loves me, but your soul. If your hand were to be cut off, you would love me the same; so it is not the body which loves. Nobody knows what the soul is, but we know that it is not the body, and cannot be hurt like the body; and when the body dies the soul cannot die. You ask me in your letter a great many things about the soul, and about God; but, my dear little

girl, it would take very much time and very many sheets of paper to tell you all I think about it, and I am very busy with taking care of my dear wife; but I shall try to tell you a little, and you must wait until I come home in June, and we will talk very much about all these things. You have been angry a few times and you have known others to be angry, and you know what I mean by anger; you love me and many friends, and you know what I mean by love. When I say there is a spirit of love in the world, I mean that good people love each other; but you cannot feel the spirit of love with your fingers; it has no shape nor body; it is not in one place more than another; yet wherever there are good people there is a spirit of love. God is a spirit; the spirit of love. If you go into a house and the children tell you that their father whips them; if the house is cold and dirty, and everybody is sad and frightened because the father is bad and angry and cruel, you will know the father has no spirit of love. You never felt of him, you never had him strike you, you do not know what man he is, and yet you know that he has not the spirit of love, — that is, he is not a good kind father. If you go into another house, and the children are all warm and well fed and well taught, and are very happy, and everybody tells you that the father did all this and made them happy, then you know he has the spirit of love. You never saw him, and yet you know certainly that he is good; and you may say that the spirit of love reigns in the house. Now my dear child, I go all about in this great world, and I see it filled with beautiful things; and there are a great many millions of people; and there is food for them, and fire for them, and clothes for them; and they can be happy if they have a mind to be and if they love each other. All this world, and all these people, and all the animals, and all things were made by God. He is not a man nor like a man; I cannot see Him or feel Him, any more

than you saw and felt the good father of that family; but I know that He has the spirit of love, because He too provided everything to make all the people happy. God wants everybody to be happy all the time, — every day, Sundays and all, and to love one another; and if they love one another they will be happy; and when their bodies die, their souls will live on and be happy, and then they will know more about God.

"The good father of the family I spoke to you about let his children do as they wished to do, because he loved to have them free; but he let them know that he wished them to love each other and to do good; and if they obeyed his will they were happy; but if they did not love each other, or if they did any wrong, they were unhappy; and if one child did wrong it made the others unhappy too. So in the great world; God left men and women and children to do as they wish, and let them know that if they love one another and do good, they will be happy; but if they do wrong they will be unhappy, and make others unhappy likewise.

"I will try to tell you why people have pain sometimes, and are sick and die; but I cannot take so much time and paper now. But you must be sure that God loves you, and loves everybody, and wants you and everybody to be happy; and if you love everybody, and do them all the good you can, and try to make them happy, you will be very happy yourself, and will be much happier after your body dies than you are now.

"Dear little Laura, I love you very much. I want you to be happy and good. I want you to know many things; but you must be patient, and learn easy things first and hard ones afterwards. When you were a little baby you could not walk, and you learned first to creep on your hands and knees, and then to walk a little, and by and by you grew strong. Your mind is young and weak and cannot under-

stand hard things; but by and by it will be stronger, and you will be able to understand hard things; and I and my wife will help Miss Swift to show you all about things that now you do not know. Be patient then, dear Laura; be obedient to your teacher, and to those older than you; love everybody, and do not be afraid.

"Good-bye. I shall come soon, and we will talk and be happy.

"Your true friend,

"DOCTOR."

My father's hopes in this matter were not to be realized. During his absence in Europe some of those immediately associated with Laura felt it their duty to instruct her in "revealed religion," and when my father returned he found her mind filled with Calvinistic doctrines. This was one of the great disappointments of his life.

In his Report for 1844, my father says:

"Great interest has been manifested on all sides to know the effect of religious instruction upon her mind, and not without good cause. I have always thought it desirable on many accounts to give her such ideas, and such only, on this and other important topics as she shall always be able to retain. It is painful to be forced to relinquish ideas which by long possession have become regarded as one's own — as much a part of one's self as one's property or one's limbs. We defend our religious, political, and other opinions with a zeal not proportionate to their truth, but to the length of time and the closeness of intimacy with which we have associated them with ourselves: when we have never contemplated the possibility of their falsity, the refusal of others to admit them as true, and still more the attempt to destroy them, often excites a passion as would the protest of a draft, or

an assault upon the person. Some men may preserve their elasticity of mind, and retain unimpaired their confidence in their last belief, after the abandonment of several creeds, especially if blessed with self-complacency; but all cannot do so; for if the soul have drifted from several anchors in the storm of infidelity, it will hardly rely even upon the *best bower* of faith, as perfectly sure and steadfast.

"It seems especially desirable that Laura should never be obliged to remodel her faith. There is a moral in the story of the boy who, when the microscope first revealed to him the minute and wondrous structure of one of his hairs, was surprised and pained at not finding the number upon it; he had believed literally that the hairs of his head were all 'numbered;' and being of a shy nature he would not ask any explanation, but allowed his faith in the Bible to be seriously impaired. Laura can never use a microscope, but she will by and by bring the magnifying power of mature judgment to bear upon all that she now takes unhesitatingly from others as literal truth; and I would that she might always find the number written upon everything on which she had been led to look for it.

"But I have given in former Reports some of my reasons for deferring this most important part of her education, and I need not now repeat them; suffice it to say that I wished to give her only such instruction about religion and God, as she was prepared to receive and understand, so that her moral and religious nature should be developed *pari passu* with her intellect. It was delightful for me to find that without any particular direction being given to it from without, her mind naturally tended towards the causes of things, and that after an acquaintance with the extent of human creative power, she preceived the necessity of superhuman power for the explanation of a thousand daily recurring phenomena. She could not indeed like the poor Indian,

'see God in clouds and hear Him in the wind,' but then He was manifest in the springing grass, the bursting flower, and the ripening fruit; the genial sun, the falling rain, the driving snow — these, and countless other things which became known to her by her single sense, made her aware of a power transcending the power of man. It would have been more delightful still to lead her wondering mind to the perception of the higher attributes of God, as her capacity for such perception was unfolded, until, her moral nature being fully developed, she might have been as much impressed with love for His Almighty Power.

"I am aware that many will say it is impossible that Laura, ignorant as she is, should have by herself conceived the existence of God, because it is said that of the thousands of deaf-mutes who have been received into the institutions of this country, no one ever arrived at the truth unaided.

"Now there is very great vagueness in such general negations; the words can be taken in various senses, and are difficult to be proved in any. It may be said that no man ever arrived at the knowledge of the fact that ten and ten make twenty by the unassisted efforts of his own mind; for if he had never associated with other human beings he would probably never have perceived that relation between numbers.

"The words 'knowledge of God' may also be understood in different ways; if a child ascertains that tables and chairs and carpets; houses, ships and machinery; carriages, tools, watches, and a thousand other things, are made by men, and then infers that the sun, moon, and stars, the hills, rivers, and rocks, must have been created, but could not have been made by man, — that child has an idea of the existence of God; and when you teach him the three letters G-O-D, — you do not make to him a revelation of God's existence; you only give to him a name for a power the existence of

which he had already conceived in his own mind. We teachers are apt to overrate our own efforts: let us attempt to convey a knowledge of abstract truths to parrots and monkeys, and then we shall know how much is done by children, and how little by ourselves.

"It is in this sense that I mean to be understood when I say that Laura Bridgman of herself arrived at the conception of the existence of God.

"Unless there has been some intellectual process in a child's mind, the words God, Deity, etc., must be utterly insignificant to it. We pronounce certain words with great solemnity and reverence, and the child perceives and understands our manner, for that is the natural language of our feelings; he imitates us, and the repetition of the words will ever after, by association of ideas, call up in his mind the same vague feelings of solemnity and reverence; but all this may be unaccompanied by anything like an intellectual perception of God's existence and creative power.

"It will be said that children three years old will repeat devoutly the Lord's Prayer, and tell correctly what God did on each of the six days of creation; but in so doing they too often take the name of the Lord in vain, and sometimes, alas! worse than in vain. . . .

"It may be said that no human being can have any adequate idea of God's attributes, and that therefore all we have to do is to give Laura such ideas of Him as pious Christians form from the study of natural and revealed religion; but I know not what others may do, I cannot do this. . . .

"I might long ago have taught the Scriptures to Laura; she might have learned, as other children do, to repeat line upon line, and precept upon precept; she might have been taught to imitate others in prayer; but her God must have been her own God, and formed out of the materials with

which her mind had been stored. It was my wish to give her gradually such ideas of His power and love as would have enabled her to form the highest possible conception of His divine attributes. In doing this, it was necessary to guard as much as I could against conveying impressions which it would be hard to remove afterwards, and to prevent her forming such notions as would seem unworthy to her more developed reason, lest the renouncement of them might impair her confidence in her own belief.

"But various causes have combined to prevent what seemed to me the natural and harmonious development of her religious nature; and now, like other children, she must take the consequences of the wise or unwise instruction given by others. I did not long hold the only key to her mind; it would have been unkind and unjust to prevent her using her power of language as fast as she acquired it, in conversation with others, merely to carry out a theory of my own, and she was left to free communication with many persons even before my necessary separation from her of more than a year.

"During my absence, and perhaps before, some persons more zealous than discreet, and more desirous to make a proselyte than to keep conscientiously their implied promise of not touching upon religious topics, — some such persons talked to her of the Atonement, of the Redeemer, the Lamb of God, and of some very mystical points of mere speculative doctrine. These things were perhaps not farther beyond her comprehension than they were beyond the comprehension of those persons who assumed to talk to her about them; but they perplexed and troubled her, because, unlike such persons, she wished that every word should be the symbol of some clear and definite idea.

"She could not understand metaphorical language; hence the Lamb of God was to her a *bona fide* animal, and

she could not conceive why it should continue so long a lamb, and not grow old like others and be called a sheep.

"I must be supposed to mention this only as her faithful chronicler, and to do it also in sorrow. If the poor child spoke inadvertently on such topics, it was without consciousness of it, and she was made to do so by indiscreet persons, not by any communications of mine or of her teacher; we shall never speak to her of Jesus Christ but in such a way as to impart a portion at least of our own reverence, gratitude and love. . . .

"There is this constant difficulty with her (and is it not one too much overlooked in the religious instruction of other children?) that being unable to form any idea of virtue and goodness in the abstract, she must seek it in the concrete; and her teachers and friends, frail and imperfect beings like herself, furnish the poor impersonations of the peerless attributes of God.

"This difficulty might have been avoided, I think, by the plan which I had marked out for her intellectual faculties and moral sentiments, and which was simply to follow the natural order; but since that plan has been marred by the well-meant officiousness of others, there remains only to remedy, as far as we can, what we cannot cure entirely — the bad effects of ill-timed direction of her thoughts to subjects too far above her comprehension."

I must refrain from quoting other passages in which my father sets forth more at length his principle of following nature as his guide, in the education of the deaf-blind. Briefly, he was the pioneer in this field; he invented a new science. No blind deaf-mute had ever before been taught the use of language; indeed, it was considered an impossibility to impart such knowledge to a human being in this condition. Blackstone declares that a person deprived of so

many senses would be an idiot in the eye of the law, because his mind could not be reached. This dictum had been re-affirmed by a body of learned men a short time before my father undertook the task of Laura's education. With the true scientific spirit that distinguished him, he carefully reasoned out every step of the way, and made a full and clear record of the methods which he invented, not for his pupils alone, but for the whole afflicted class for which he opened the way to human fellowship. As will be seen in a later chapter, while on his wedding tour in Europe he had this matter constantly in mind; sought out a number of blind deaf-mutes, took the first steps to reach their minds, explained his methods to benevolent persons in the neighbourhood, and urged them to continue the work.

It should be noted that in cases subsequent to Laura's he omitted the earlier steps of the process, beginning at once with the finger alphabet instead of the printed words.

Thus he cleared the path which has since led many persons into the open way. His methods have been employed in all subsequent cases, and after seventy years of trial remain the standard.

The affection between Laura and my father was, as Dickens says, "as far removed from all ordinary care and regard as the circumstances in which it had its growth are apart from the common occurrences of life."

To my father, Laura was the child of his spirit, only less beloved than his own children; next to them she received the fullest measure of that almost passionate tenderness which was so integral a part of his nature.

To Laura, I may with reverence say that "Doctor" came next to God in her deeply religious mind.

This being so, his marriage naturally was something of a shock to her. She had felt herself first in her benefactor's thoughts; she realized that now she must take the second place.

"Does Doctor love me like Julia?" she asked her teacher anxiously.

"No!" said Miss Swift.

"Does he love God like Julia?"

"Yes!"

She repeated the question later, adding, "God was kind to give him his wife."

Nevertheless, she became much attached to my mother, and later formed a tender and intimate friendship with my sister Julia.

This seems a fitting place in which to speak briefly of this my father's oldest and darling child.

In a later chapter it will be seen that he speaks of the youngest, my brother Samuel, as his best loved child. Indeed, I fancy that whatever one had been taken from him would have seemed the dearest for the time, for the depth and tenderness of his love for us all may not be expressed in words. But the two eldest children, Julia and Florence, were naturally more companions to him than the younger ones, and to them especially he was not only father, counsellor, and teacher, but brother, friend and playmate.

As Julia grew older she took an ardent interest in his work among the blind, and in her early as in her later womanhood she became their friend and helper in her degree, as he in his. She taught them, read to them, wrote to them, worked and played with them. Her blind friends could not see her almost seraphic beauty, but I fancy that to many of them her voice was like no other voice.

As the wife of Michael Anagnos she was able to continue her beneficent activities at the Institution, till her death in 1886. Childless herself, she, like my father, found a child of the spirit in every young creature deprived of the blessing of sight, and her last words on earth were, "Take care of the little blind children!"

To return to Laura Bridgman, whose namesake by the way I am:

Another important friendship of her childhood was that which she formed with Oliver Caswell, a blind deaf-mute boy whom my father discovered and brought to the Institution in 1841. He was then eight years old, a comely and healthy child, blind and deaf from early infancy, and had received no special instruction. My father proceeded at once to teach him, following in the main the same methods he had employed in Laura's case, but with one important modification already noticed.

"Profiting," he says, "by the experience I had gained in other cases, I omitted several steps of the process before employed, and commenced at once with the finger language. Taking, therefore, several articles having short names, such as *key*, *cup*, *mug*, etc., and with Laura for an auxiliary, I sat down, and taking his hand placed it upon one of them, and then with my own made the letters *k-e-y*. He soon learned to make the letters for *key*, *pen*, *pin*."

In the forty-third Report, my father says:

"After long, oft-repeated, and patient efforts, he got hold of the thread by which he was led out of his dark and isolated labyrinth into light. . . .

"Laura herself took great interest and pleasure in assisting those who undertook the tedious task of instructing him. She loved to take his brawny hand with her slender fingers, and show him how to shape the mysterious signs which were to become to him keys of knowledge and methods of expressing his wants, his feelings, and his thoughts. . . . Patiently, trustingly, without knowing why or wherefore, he willingly submitted to the strange process. Curiosity, sometimes

amounting to wonder, was depicted on his countenance, over which smiles would spread ever and anon; and he would laugh heartily as he comprehended some new fact, or got hold of a new idea.

"No scene in a long life has left more vivid and pleasant impressions upon my mind than did that of these two young children of nature, helping each other to work their way through the thick wall which cut them off from intelligible and sympathetic relations with all their fellow-creatures. They must have felt as if immured in a dark and silent cell, through chinks in the wall of which they got a few vague and incomprehensible signs of the existence of persons like themselves in form and nature. Would that the picture could be drawn vividly enough to impress the minds of others as strongly and pleasantly as it did my own! I seem now to see the two, sitting side by side at a school desk, with a piece of pasteboard, embossed with tangible signs representing letters, before them and under their hands. I see Laura grasping one of Oliver's stout hands with her long graceful fingers, and guiding his forefinger along the outline; while, with her other hand, she feels the changes in the features of his face, to find whether, by any motion of the lips or expanding smile, he shows any sign of understanding the lesson: while her own handsome and expressive face is turned eagerly toward his; every feature of her countenance absolutely radiant with intense emotions, among which curiosity and hope shine most brightly. Oliver, with his head thrown a little back, shows curiosity amounting to wonder; and his parted lips and relaxing facial muscles express keen pleasure, until they beam with that fun and drollery which always characterize him. . . .

"Three years wrought a strange change and wonderful improvement. They would stand face to face, as if expecting some burst of light to dispel the utter darkness, and enable

them to see each other's countenance. They seemed listening attentively for some strange sound to break and dispel the perpetual and deathlike silence in which they had ever lived, and permit them to hear each other's voice. The expression of Laura's face was much more vivid than that of Oliver's; indeed, it was sometimes painful rather than pleasant, owing to the anxiety expressed by her singularly marked and symmetrical features, which was sometimes so intense as to beget the thought that she might be a wild young witch, or be going mad.

" Oliver, on the other hand, was ever placid, smiling, and frequently overflowing with jollity and fun.

" How changed the scene of their intercourse after four or five years' use of tangible speech had given them a greater range of language, and enabled them to interchange thought and emotions easily and rapidly! Laura, quick as lightning in her perceptions of meaning and in her apt replies, would still almost quiver in her eagerness for greater speed in the flow of her companion's signs. Oliver, patient, passive, reflective, and even smiling, was closely attentive. As the interest increased, Laura would gesticulate with arms and hands, as well as fingers, and dance up and down on the floor excitedly; while Oliver's face, as he grew a little moved, would become flushed, and the perpetual smile on his lips would spread into a broad laugh, which made his pallid face the very image of fun and frolic. No scene on the boards of a pantomimic theatre could exceed this real, living, but silent intercourse between two sorely bereaved but happy youth, who never thought of the impression which they made upon beholders.

" Oliver's case was in some respects more interesting than Laura's, because, although far inferior in mental capacities, and slower in perceptions, he had an uncommonly sweet temper, an affectionate disposition, and a love of sympathy

and of fun, the gratification of which made him happy at heart, and clad his handsome, honest face in perpetual smiles. But Laura, although comely and refined in form and attitude, graceful in motion, and positively handsome in features, and although eager for social intercourse and communion of thought and sentiment with her fellows, had not that truly sympathetic nature which distinguished Oliver. He might, and possibly did, unconsciously love her a little; but she never loved him, nor (as I believe) any man; and never seemed to pine for that closer relation and sympathy with one of the other sex, which ripens so naturally into real and sympathetic love between normal youth, placed in normal circumstances."

The story of Laura's life is a happy one. Womanhood found her a well-educated person, of astonishing activity. Reading, studying, writing letters, keeping a diary, sewing, knitting, making delicate lace, — keeping all her own belongings in exquisite order, with the instinct of a born housewife; above all, talking. She was an inveterate talker, and her thirst for information was unquenchable.

It is a strong temptation to quote from my father's and her teachers' diaries.

"Is God ever surprised?"

"How did God tell the first man about himself?"

"Why can we not think how *very* long God has lived?"

"Why do I have two thoughts? Why do I not do what my conscience tells me is right?"

Briefly, as my father says, she was "happily brought at last into easy and free relation with her fellow creatures, and made one of the human family."

I remember my father's once testing the nameless sense which never failed to tell Laura of his presence.

She was alone in the big schoolroom of the Institution. Taking off his shoes, he crept softly and noiselessly into the room. Instantly she cried out "Doc! Doc!" the noise she always made when he appeared. She had different "noises" for her different friends, and could doubtless have been taught to articulate. My father regretted in later years that he had not made the attempt.

It was in October, 1837, that Laura Bridgman came to the Institution for the Blind, a child of seven years; there she spent the greater and the happier part of her life; and there, in 1889, she died.

I cannot better close this chapter than with one of her "poems."

LIGHT AND DARKNESS

"Light represents day.
Light is more brilliant than a ruby, even diamond.
Light is whiter than snow.
Darkness is night-like.
It looks as black as iron.
Darkness is sorrow.
Joy is a thrilling rapture.
Light yields a shooting joy through the human heart.
Light is sweet as honey, but
Darkness is bitter as salt and even vinegar.
Light is finer than gold and even finest gold.
Joy is a real light.
Joy is a blazing flame.
Darkness is frosty.
A good sleep is a white curtain.
A bad sleep is a black curtain."

NOTE. In all, my father received and instructed five blind deaf-mute children at the Perkins Institution; among them was Lucy Read, whose pathetic case is described by him in his reports for 1842. Lucy was happy at the Institution, and was making excellent progress in every way; but her mother, whose mental blindness equalled her child's physical infirmity, refused to allow her to remain.

The following letter relates to poor Lucy:

To Horace Mann

BOSTON (where else?) July 16, 1841.

MY DEAR MANN:— . . . I have lost my Vermont girl, just as she was beginning to promise finely. Her parents have taken her home; her

mother, a very ignorant and very nervous body, conceived a notion that the child would certainly die within a year, and that she should come back and die comfortably at home. She professed, indeed, some dissatisfaction at the child not being treated as Laura is (who is *my* child and lives with me), but the secret of the whole is she loves her daughter more warmly and blindly than does a cow her calf. She felt, as Scott says of Elspeth, "that to be separated from her offspring was to die."

She teased the father day and night, until the poor man, to make peace, came down for the child. He was very reluctant to take her with him, when he saw how she had improved, and once gave it up; but at last concluded that he "*dared not face the old woman without the child*," and he has gone with her. Lucy evidently did not wish to go, for finding all was ready she wished her teachers and me to go also.

Poor thing! I fear they will not bring her back! But it is a great satisfaction to think we broke through the crust, and got at the living spring within: and it is clear we did so.

Ever truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

In his Report for 1844, my father says that he has met in all ten blind deaf-mutes. Several of these were in England and on the Continent, and in every case he did all that he could to awaken interest in them and to insure their instruction. Whenever it was possible he began the instruction himself, giving several lessons in the presence of some person who, he hoped, would be moved to continue the work; as in the case of Margaret Sullivan, a girl of some twenty-three years of age, whom he found in the almshouse of Rotherhithe in England. He gave her some half-dozen lessons, beginning with the manual alphabet, and says that "she made more progress in two hours than Laura Bridgman did in two weeks." This was of course partly owing to the improved method he had devised, but he felt also that Margaret's natural intelligence and aptitude to learn were greater than Laura's.

CHAPTER III.

FRIENDSHIP

"This is the man who through the course of his life redeemed that word 'philanthropist' from the scorn which was falling upon it, and which I have half a right to say it deserved. The impression that the word philanthropist gives even now, in half the civilized world, is of a person with long hair, who talks of something of which he knows nothing. And this man, with his practical ability, with his knowledge of men, with his catholicity, able to use everybody just as far as his purpose went, perfectly unmindful of reputation, — he made himself of no reputation, — he took upon himself the form of a servant, — this man has redeemed that word of words from such base sneers, and placed it where it belongs. If he led every man and woman, sooner or later, to take his view of any one of our charitable systems, it was because he did not speak and act without studying to the bottom the whole subject he dealt with. He would study both sides, and make himself the master. Men had to lead where such a man directed."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

IN the late thirties, my father first met the two men who were to be through many years his closest friends and fellow-labourers: Charles Sumner and Horace Mann. Both were, like him, in the full vigour of early manhood; like him, too, both were devoting their lives to the good of mankind. My father sympathized heartily with their aims, especially with those of Mann, which marched so close beside his own. As Mr. Sanborn says, my father "planted for others to reap the harvest, and while men were admiring what he had achieved, he had already quitted the achievement and was passing on to something newer." So, while never for an instant relaxing his watchful care over his own Institution, he and Mann were soon working together, for common schools, for normal schools, for the insane, for all who needed help.

But though labouring more with Mann, my father was more personally intimate with Sumner, whom he often addresses, in these days, as his *alter ego*, and to whom he gave the same intensity of affection which we have seen him lavishing on William Sampson.

The first meeting between my father and Mr. Sumner was at the so-called Broad Street Riot, on June 11th, 1837. This seems to have been a "free fight" between the Americans and Irish of that quarter, and I have before me an account of it written by my father some years later. He tells how he was attracted by noise and uproar to the scene of the riot, and found a fight going on with brickbats and other missiles.

"In the fight I met Mr. Charles Sumner, and after a short consultation we agreed that if a few peaceably disposed citizens should get between the combatants, both parties could be persuaded to desist, since it was evident that not one in a hundred knew what they were fighting about.

"We were obliged to take a circuitous route, and to dodge the missiles as well as we could. Arrived at the very central scene of the riot, we found that the Irish had mostly retreated to the upper stories of some brick houses with their wives and children, and had barricaded themselves there. Some few Americans were ransacking these houses and throwing the furniture out of the windows; a few others were attempting to reach the Irish upstairs; but the main body were in the street, shouting, swearing, and working each other up into fury as well as they could, about they knew not what.

"I may mention, as an instance of how a single unarmed man who knows that he is doing right may oppose a dozen who know that they are doing wrong, that in front of these houses was a group of young men who had just got possession of a small keg of spirits from one of the ransacked shops. They were clamorously drinking from the bung-hole, when I

took it from them, put it upon the ground, bung down, and held it with my foot until empty, bidding the men go away."

They went; and the two friends-elect, with "some other gentlemen," bound on the same peace-making errand, entered the houses, remonstrating with the assailants and reassuring the assailed, till it was evident that the worst was over, and that the rest would be mere noise and tumult. At this juncture the militia appeared, rather late for the fair, my father evidently thinks.

"The passions of a mob, like those of an individual, are soon up, soon over. In this case, before the militia could hurry on their toggery, form company and come down in martial array, 'with long sword, saddle, bridle,' and the like, the worst of the affair was over. They marched up the hill, and then — they marched down again."

The friendship thus begun was to end only with life itself. Countless instances of its warmth and tenderness will be found in the following pages; yet much as Mr. Sumner loved my father, my mother has never felt that he fully appreciated him. Speaking of this matter recently,[1] she said, "I think that your father always undervalued himself. While extremely independent in thought, he felt and expressed great deference to people who were in nowise his superiors. More than any of them, he was a man of original thought and initiative. The grace was given to him, rarely conceded to people of merit, to strike his blow with no desire that it should redound to his own credit."

The record of my father's personal life is for some years best obtained from his letters to these two friends. I shall therefore draw largely upon them; but since in these letters

[1] 1907.

he is constantly giving, in commendation, counsel, or rebuke, his opinion of these friends, let us first see what they thought of him.

In 1841, Summer writes to Francis Lieber:

"I am very much attached to Howe. He is the soul of disinterestedness. He has purged his soul from all considerations of self, so far as mortal may do this; and his sympathies embrace all creatures. To this highest feature of goodness add intelligence and experience of no common order — all elevated and refined by a chivalrous sense of honour, and a mind without fear. I think of the Persian poet, when I meet Howe, 'O God! have pity on the wicked! the good need it not, for, in making them good, thou hast done enough.' Both have been wanderers, and both are bachelors, so we are together a good deal; we drive fast and hard, and talk — looking at the blossoms in the fields, or those fairer in the streets."

And Mann, many years later, in an address to the students of Antioch College, said:

"He is the best specimen extant of all that was noble and valiant in the old chevaliers; and in their day he would have been as terrible and as generous a warrior as Godfrey or Amadis de Gaul. He is a man capable of all moods of mind, from the stormiest to the gentlest; with a voice that could shout on a charge of cavalry, or lull a sick infant to sleep. When that ocean of feeling he carries in his breast is calm, the halcyon bird might there build her nest and brood her young; but when the tempest of a holy indignation rouses it, navies could not survive its fury. . . .

"When any benevolent enterprise is undertaken in Massachusetts, his leadership or counsel is always invoked; and

if he be absent in any critical juncture or desperate emergency, men cry out as the host of Clan Alpine at the battle of Beal-an-Duiné, —

> "'One blast upon his bugle-horn
> Were worth a thousand men!'

"One of the most striking traits in my hero's character is its simplicity; not merely an absence of pretension, but a negation of it. . . . When he writes or when he fights, the beholder is not dazzled by the sheen of the battle-axe, but the antagonist dies under the weight of the metal or by the precision of the blow. Like the Arab's sword which had shivered every sword it had ever struck, —

> "'Ornament it carried none,
> Save the notches on the blade.'"

I may be censured for sounding so often this note of personal admiration; but it cannot be left out of my father's life. Thus they thought of him, the great men, the great workers of his day; this enthusiasm he inspired, who had never a word of praise for himself.

I do not know precisely when or how my father first made the acquaintance of Horace Mann; but by the year 1838 they were already working together in the cause of education. Mr. Mann was at this time meditating the establishment of a Normal School, and consulted my father, who replied thus.

To Horace Mann

March 19th, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR: — . . . As to the expediency of establishing a school for teachers, I cannot conceive that any man who has ever even thought upon the subject of education should have a doubt. If he who is to treat the ills of the body,

and he who is to interpret the laws of the land, require a specific and regular training, how much more should he whose business it is to fashion and mould the physical, intellectual and moral nature of man while it is yet in a malleable state require it? I hesitate not to say that a school for teachers, formed and administered *aright*, would be of as much importance to any State as the schools for Medicine and Law; and that this importance has not been felt is only to be accounted for by the fact that governments consider the mere *material*, physical condition of their subjects as of more consequence than their intellectual and moral character; they want fat subjects as butchers want fat cattle.

As far as my own experience goes, the greatest obstacle in the way of good national education is the want of competent and well trained teachers. . . . Teachers have to learn their trade *after they begin to practise;* but they have to learn at the expense of their pupils, like the barber's apprentice who learns to shave on the chins of his master's customers; but with this difference, that the apprentice is under the eye of the master, who prevents his absolutely cutting throats. . . . Our present test of the qualifications of a person for a teacher is merely to ascertain how much he *knows*, not of men—not of minds—not of the art of teaching, but of mathematics, orthography, etymology, etc. But all experience tells us that the amount of acquirements is by no means a test of the qualifications for a teacher. A graduate from college who has never taught a school thinks, when he begins, that all he has got to do is to put into the heads of children part of what is in his own; and he toils and sweats and frets, and perhaps pounds, for a long time before he discovers that there is more to be *brought out* from the minds of children than there is to be *driven in*. *Caeteris paribus*, I would give double wages to a teacher of twenty years old, who had served as usher two years under a good master, than I would to one of four and

twenty who brought an A. M. and M. D., or any diplomas and certificates whatever of mere acquirements.

I could say much more, but it seems a work of supererogation at this time of the world's day to urge any arguments on the subject.

With best wishes for your success I remain, dear Sir,

In great haste,

Yours,

SAM'L G. HOWE.

In July, 1840, my father made a journey to the Middle West (it was then the "West," pure and simple) in the interests of the blind. But while pleading with the people of Louisville and other cities for the establishment of schools for their blind children, he was not unmindful of the general aspects of education, but observed them with keen interest wherever he went. The following letters describe some of the conditions existing at that time.

To Horace Mann

SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 30th, 1840.

MY DEAR MANN: — I cannot pass an hour more agreeably this evening (when all the rest of the house is dancing as though Orpheus himself were piping) than in giving you some account of my day's experience in your line.

I have visited four of the District Schools of this State, and such schools! all you have seen and described of Massachusetts schools is but a trifle to them! As for the teachers, poor things, my only marvel is that they keep up any heart, or do anything at all in the way of improvement. They are hired at the lowest possible wages which will support life, — $1.50 to $2.50 per week; but what is worse, they have no sympathy, no encouragement from any one. Three of the teachers told me that they had had no visits from parents or from

School Committee-men, no examinations, no directions even! The books are not prescribed, but the teacher has to make the best arrangement she can with the parents for books, and they, of course, hold on to the old ones. Your friend Towne's spelling book seemed to be the only one in general use, and of this I saw one copy marked 167th edition!

So rare a thing is a visitor to a school that the poor schoolmistresses were absolutely alarmed at my visit; and when I began to put questions to them they supposed I was armed with some inquisitorial power. The most intelligent of them, after her trepidation was over, told me her experience; she had taught six schools; the average number of pupils was 25 to 45; her average attendance was one half. The average pay was $7 per month and board — boarding in one place in winter and *round about* in summer. She had a very fine cerebral development, and in spite of her ignorance of all systems, the irregularity of attendance, the want of sympathy from parents or visitors, the want of responsibility to any one but herself, the variety of books and the total want of apparatus, she contrived to keep a very tolerable school.

From her I learned many interesting particulars. One very bad feature of the New York system, and one which might be easily removed, is the custom of assessing the tax upon the parents in the ratio of the number of days' attendance of their children, of which the teacher keeps a record. If, for instance, a man has any chores about home to do, he says, "Let John stay at home from school and do them; I shall have so much less tax to pay." There is no *printed* form for marking down the attendance, and each teacher does it in her own way.

I found one capital private school here — the master doing almost all the teaching *orally*. Learning from a gentleman that this man had been dismissed from a village district school, I was desirous of knowing the cause, and was told it

was because the Trustees could not endure his foolish and *undignified tricks:* for instance, it was stated *and proved,* that when trying to explain to his boys the doctrine of the centre of gravity he made them stand with their heels against the wall and, planting his penknife in the floor, told them they might have it if they could reach it! This was censured by the Trustees! but soon after he told his boys he would show them the effect of carbonic acid gas if they would catch him a mouse; the boys, and especially the Trustees' sons, were eagerly at work all night, trying to catch mice! the village was in an uproar — and the master expelled! I waited upon this martyr (more praiseworthy martyr than many burned bigots) and took off my hat to him.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, March 27th, 1841.

MY DEAR MANN: — I arrived on Wednesday last, rejoicing as much as did Noah's dove to find a spot of honest, decent earth to rest upon: for truly, after sojourning among the rowdyism, bullyism and depravity of the Southwest, the cold, but comparatively honest and moral Northeast is as Paradise to Purgatory.

I have reason to be gratified on the whole with the result of my Western expedition; for I shall unquestionably see its fruits (or some one will) in provision for the education of the blind in the whole Southwest. The School at Louisville will probably be the largest in the country and suffice for the Southwestern States.[1] It is pleasant to plant trees that will live when we are dead; and especially if they are to adorn or benefit a barren and benighted land. I want to see these institutions multiplied and magnified, not for the

[1] See post, pp. 118-120.

blind alone, but for the influence they have upon the community, by furnishing occasion for the exercise of the benevolent affections. . . .

I found that all the good men of the West know you and your good works, and they bid you "*God speed!*" Depend upon it, Mann, you are hitting harder knocks on Satan's cranium than any other person living; and I believe you will be the means of saving more souls than all the priests of this generation put together. It is not alone Massachusetts that you are at work for, but the country and the race; and if the little *homunculi* that are now wiggling toward humanity do not acknowledge their indebtedness when they become bipeds, they will be guilty of black ingratitude to one who laboured for them when they were but tadpoles. However, never mind the gratitude; there has been too much grumbling in the world about ingratitude; he who does a deed mainly to be thanked for it deserves to lose his reward.

As soon as I get my mountain of unfinished affairs reduced to a hill over the top of which I can see, I shall go out to rejoice over the Normality.

Write me, and let me know how soon you are to be in town; also whether there be anything I can do for you.

Ever, dear Mann, very truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

My father was through life subject to occasional fits of restlessness, during which he longed to go on some new crusade.

One of these fits came over him in the spring of this year, (1841) and he went so far as to allow his name to be suggested as minister to Spain. Happily nothing came of it, except the following interesting letter from Mr. Mann; and my father was heartily glad, when the attack of *wanderlust* passed, that the project had failed.

I shall have occasion to speak again of this constitutional restlessness.

From Horace Mann

WRENTHAM, May 20th, 1841.

DEAR HOWE: — I have read your note with a whirlwind of feeling. As to the grateful strain in which it opens, I can only say that it reminds me of what in former times a Catholic member of the English Parliament said to a Protestant, when in discussing some polemical matter the latter took occasion formally to thank God that he was a Protestant; — whereupon the Catholic retorted that the member must needs be a very grateful man to thank God *for so small a favour*. You would put a man in ruler over many cities because he had been faithful over a few wigwams.

But what scuttles my soul is the idea of your going to Spain. Would to God you had inhabitiveness as large as a bower-anchor! Why should you go away at all? You are doing more good than any other man in Boston. At all events, why go to Spain, which I always think of as a land of monks and duennas? Your moral faculties would perish of inanition; or if they broke out into activity, the priests would *spit* you and roast you before a slow fire. . . . What can you do better than to go on in that beneficent ministration in which you are now engaged? What can you do better than to push forward any good cause, and to swing your thundering great battle-axe against any bad one? I can explain this sudden impulse only on the ground of its falling in with your predominant spirit of enterprise and adventure. Had you lived before Columbus, you would have anticipated him in his discovery, or got the start of Peter in the Crusades. The nineteenth century is too late for your military knight-errantry, though bent on ever so noble or generous a deed. You must tame your war-horse

to work in common harness, and though he may not become so illustrious with those who love the splendid and the romantic, yet he will do more work than a whole herd of the common breed, and charm all the utilitarians to the end of time. . . .

I should rather have built up the Blind Asylum than have written Hamlet; and when human vitality gets up into the coronal region, everybody will think so. To imagine you, like a shot eagle, caged in some old convent and pecking away at mildewed and dusty parchments, it turns all my vermicular motions backwards. . . . But my paper says "*jam satis*," which, being interpreted, means that it is *sufficiently jammed*, and so must you be. I intend to be in on Saturday or Monday.

Yours ever and in *all* places,

HORACE MANN.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, June 6th, 1841.

MY DEAR MANN: — I am doomed to be disappointed, after all, of my journey with you. I cannot arrange matters at home so as to keep my conscience quiet: therefore I should not enjoy anything, much less in your company; for you, above all beings I ever knew, stimulate me constantly to act up to the highest motives.

Indeed, my friend, in reflecting as I often do upon the elevating effect which intercourse with you always produces — upon the constant tension in which you keep the moral qualities — I have sometimes asked myself what is the use of our animal nature — of what service are the guns upon our lower tier, if we are never to fire them? I know what the answer is: that is, my cinciput tells me what it should be; but the devil from behind my ears keeps crying out "Hallo there! don't crowd me down so — was not I too made for

something better than to be smashed down under the weight of lubberly sentiment? You shall give me something to do, or, blast you! I'll blow you up!"

Is there not this difference, however, between the animal and the moral and intellectual nature, that the animal may be left to sleep away years of existence without impairing its strength, and when stimulated go off like gunpowder which has been lying dry and still; while the intellect and morals lose their power during rest? Do you take my idea? Perhaps it is an old one — perhaps unsound; but when I see a mild, just man, who has been lamb-like for years and years in succession, suddenly roused by injustice to take off the weight from his combativeness, become a very giant in strength and a demon in wrath — methinks he has held the demon bottled up, but well-nourished all the while. On the other hand, he whose benevolence has been years asleep, and whose conscience has been bribed into silence, may meet unmoved the most touching appeals of woe, and hear undisturbed the thunders of judgment pronounced upon his wickedness. We see something like this hibernating of faculties when a quiet animal roused to defend her young makes her horns as formidable as a lion's fangs.

But I see your restless eye glancing over this paper, looking for some *substance;* and methinks I hear you mutter, "When shall I get through all this whip-syllabub flummery and come to some *pabulum?*" But hold on a bit; if you are not in an idle humour, just lay this letter aside until after dinner; for, I assure you, I have nothing solid enough for you to get hold of with your teeth, much less to grind up in your intellectual gizzard. . . . How kindly it is arranged that we can love even where we find fault; that we can have the highest aspirations for and desire the noblest endowments in our friends, and yet love them when they fall far below the standard! Could we love only those whose

coronal regions rise like mountains above the clouds of propensities and glow in the clear empyrean of morality — then you, and some two or three others, would be the monopolizers of all the love in creation; you would be in the moral world what the Rothschilds and Barings are in the financial world. You need not think I am flattering you — you know I will not; besides it is not half so much as I heard a young lady say of you lately, viz., that "a woman would not be so impious as to love you — you were *too good* for that." But I, who know that you have *got guns* on your lower tier, and that though you keep them masked usually, you can fire a devil of a volley once in a while (at Buckingham for example), I may presume to do what a woman may not.

Do write to me and believe me,

Yours truly,

S. G. Howe.

The close of this year (1841) found my father again on his self-appointed mission. Taking two pupils with him as object-lessons, he journeyed South and West, pleading the cause of the blind before the legislatures of North and South Carolina, Georgia and Kentucky. The following letters give some vivid glimpses of this expedition.

To Charles Sumner

Richmond, Dec. —, 1841, Sunday eve.

My dear Sumner: — Thus far we've run before the storm, and here we are brought up all standing. I have been very unfortunate in my career, for I ought long ago to have been in Charleston, while now I have only the hope of getting there on Tuesday morning. When we were within ten miles of Providence, steaming on in good style, we suddenly found ourselves going slower and slower, and soon came to a dead standstill, while the engine went snorting

along ahead — the sound of its iron tramp growing dimmer and dimmer until it was lost in the distance! 'Twas a clear case; the engine had run away from us! and the engineer, acting only upon the railroad axiom, "Look out for breakers *ahead*, and let the devil take the hindmost," went fizzing on to Providence and never discovered his loss till, on entering the depot and letting off his steam, he was asked, "Where's your passengers?"

Thus we were delayed so long that the boat could not make way enough against a head wind to get into New York in season for the morning train for Philadelphia. My second lost day was occasioned by the laziness and inefficiency of the management of the railroad between this place and Frederickton: the mail leaves here at half past eleven P. M., and waits only *ten* minutes for the train from the North. Now we were within twenty-two miles of the place at ten minutes past ten, leaving an hour and a half to run it in, yet such was the miserable state of the road, engine and engineer, that after a few minutes' effort and a speed which probably astonished all concerned — being *nearly* the rate of fifteen miles the hour! — the miserable devils gave it up as a gone case, lost the mail and delayed all concerned for twenty-four hours. I mention this as a specimen of what strikes you in ten thousand forms, the moment you enter a slave-holding State, — the inefficiency and irresolution which characterize all classes of people. It is God's curse upon the system, and the most violent abolitionist could not invoke a severer one, should he exhaust the anathemas prescribed by Pope Pius Somebody to be pronounced against the Devil. Let a man be dropped from a balloon upon the surface of the earth, and he could tell in three minutes whether he were in a Slave State or not; the very first sights, the very first sounds, the very first odours would attest the fact. The whites stand with their hands in their breeches pockets, and the blacks

are helping them do nothing. Fences are down, doors are ajar, filth is in the streets, foul odours in the air, confusion and neglect are everywhere. Go into a house late at night, they are all lounging about, too lazy to go to bed; go in the morning, they are all yawning in bed, too lazy to get up. No one has his prescribed duties — the master scolds and drives, the slave dawdles and shirks; and if anything *must* be done, it takes one white longer to hunt up two negroes and force them to do it than it would take one uncorrupted Saxon to finish it alone.

Take this short straw to show how the wind blows: when I arrived here, four years ago, at midnight, I was seized upon by a most excellent, kind-hearted man, to whose family I had been of some little service during their tour to the North and who had heard of my coming. He carried me *par force* to his hospitable house, and kept me there during my sojourn. Of course I soon knew all the minutiae of his *ménage*, and I observed that almost every day, at dinner time, the folding doors of the dining room, which opened just behind my host's chair, would get ajar, and he would bid a man shut them and see that the lock was put in order — but it was never done during my stay. Well, to-day I called, just before dinner time, and I had not been five minutes in the drawing-room when a jar from an outer door forced open the folding doors; my friend's chair was in its old place, the doors opening right on to it, and the lock had never been repaired,— though I have no doubt he had ordered it to be done every day during the last four winters.

But I am coming to the end of my sheet without saying anything to you that you do not know — indeed I did not propose to when I began; I thought only to commune a little in spirit with you, my dear Sumner, and to imagine myself again in sweet converse with you. I wish we could make a night of it to-night; not indeed in the common and

sensual sense of that phrase, but as we have done, oft and again, in interchange of thought and feeling, without violating even the rigid homœopathic and hydropathic regimen which you have *so long* observed. By the bye, I hope your eyes are better, but if not, don't come south to cure them — there are too many eyesores for a thin-skinned man like you.

Write to me, I beg of you. I shall probably be in Columbia until the 15th and in Louisville until the 25th. Give my love to all the noble souls of our set — Mills, Longfellow, Mann, Hillard, *et id genus omne!* to say nothing of the fair ones who, in the heart's apparel, outshine even these bright spirits. God bless you all. Good bye.

S. G. H.

P. S. If Captain Tyler [1] is cursed with no stinted curse by the Whigs of the North, he fares worse here, where he seems to be held in no respect. They call him a donkey, and say he is even a vainer fool than Stevenson. It seems generally admitted that he owes everything he ever received of public honour to accident, happy extraneous circumstances, or anything but merit.

To Horace Mann

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, Dec. 23rd, 1841.

MY DEAR MANN: — I have not heretofore *directed* my epistles to you because I could not know your whereabouts in the good old State. But I have now got so far off that the objects look very small, and it seems to me that a direction to *Massachusetts* will be sufficient.

I have secured my great object (provision for the instruction of the blind) in South Carolina; and made such arrangements in this State as will undoubtedly secure it at the next session of the Legislature.

[1] John Tyler was President in 1841. Andrew Stevenson was a Virginian who had been long in high office.

I am disappointed, however, in my plan of crossing the country through Tennessee to Kentucky. The road, I find, is very tedious and dangerous, and the liability to being confined by snow storms in a country tavern for some weeks, is not little: all this, however, would not have turned me from my purpose, because I wanted to go that way, but I have two blind girls with me, and one of them is a little indisposed and I dare not risk her health. I shall go therefore to Baltimore, and if she is better and the navigation of the Ohio is not closed I shall perhaps go that way.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26, 1841.

I was choked off at Augusta when writing to you, and this is the first moment of leisure in which I am enabled to resume.

I intended to discourse to you about the slave system and the school system, as I saw them in the Carolinas and Georgia, but I could hardly say anything new to you. The result of my observation was to convince me that the punishment is beginning to be felt by the oppressor, and that the evils and disadvantages of slavery fall more heavily upon the whites than upon the blacks. There is much truth in Randolph's remark, "It is not for the slave's interest to run away from his master, but it is for the master's interest to run away from his slave." The physical condition of the slaves is unquestionably better in the Carolinas and in Georgia than that of the free blacks or the poor whites of the South, and perhaps better than that of the free blacks of the North. You find more of the lymphatic temperament among them, I think, than among any class in the United States: they are stalled oxen. The only systematic attention to physical education which I have seen (I may almost say anywhere in the United States) is in the Southern States and among the slaves. The only clean, well organized and thoroughly

administered institutions which I have seen in the South are the Slave Depositories, if I may so call them. That in Charleston is a large, airy building, with ample court-yard and well ventilated rooms. Every part is kept scrupulously clean; everything is well adapted to its purpose; every officer is active and energetic; its tread-mill and its whipping post are the *ne plus ultra* of their kind. Into this place are brought for safe keeping and for board the gangs of slaves which are to be sold in the market. To it also a master may send his slaves to be boarded merely, or to be confined and whipped, or punished by solitary confinement. They pay 18 cents per day for board and the privilege of the tread-mill, and 25 cents extra for each whipping. The gangs for sale and the mere boarders are not punished however, nor even confined, except at night. On the contrary, they are incited to walk about in the court-yards; they are well fed, they lodge in large, airy, clean rooms, and are daily promenaded in clean clothes to take the air, even out into the country. "They are happy," says the slave-holder, and he says but the truth; they are happier, urges he, than the free blacks of the North or than the negro in Africa — and it may be too true; but in this he speaks his own condemnation and shows the brutalizing effects of a system which can make a human being content in such utter degradation. It is easy to see, however, a thousand ways in which nature will vindicate herself, and by which this infernal system will result in the improvement and elevation of the African race: God grant it may not be through blood and violence; though we cannot pray that injustice may be exempt from the sorrow and suffering by which only atonement can be made.

One thing has a little surprised me — the perfect openness with which you may express your sentiments in conversation with the master, even before his slaves. I have talked with hot-headed young men, who swore they only wanted to get

sight of an abolitionist, that they might tar him and roast him in his own fat; with planters, who said resolutely that should they catch a man on their plantations, preaching abolition doctrines even indirectly, they would hang him up on the first tree without trial; and yet to all of them have I freely expressed my sentiments, spoken of the injustice and wrongs of the blacks, of the evil to the whites, and of the certain abolition of the system, by fair means or foul, at some time or other. In short I have talked like a pretty orthodox abolitionist, saving only that I have said, as I think, that it was a matter in which the North ought not to interfere;[1] but in no case have I been tarred or hung, or even frowned upon. Generally people have agreed with me in the main, but I have argued the case stoutly with those who defend the right of the system and maintain that it is advantageous for whites and blacks; I have preached abolition doctrines in their very teeth, but they have not even gnashed them upon me. I tell them that what astonishes me is to find that individually they are kind, hospitable, warm-hearted people, while they administer a cruel and unjust system which ought to make them Turks.

But I have filled up with generalities about which you know more than I do. Personally I have little to say that will interest you: in my temporalities I am well, and hope to get home with a stock of adipose and of *wigour* that will enable me to go through the winter campaign of labour. Give my love to Mills and Madam,[2] who I find are nearer to me the farther I get away from them. I shall probably be obliged to postpone my journey to Kentucky, for my girls are not equal to the fatigue of it, and I shall be home in a few days after this reaches you.

Truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

[1] It will be seen that later my father changed his opinion on this point.
[2] Mr. and Mrs. James K. Mills.

To Charles Sumner

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, Jan'y 30, 1842.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — Why are you not here? with Mann and Mills, Longfellow and some other choice spirits, to partake of a scene which needs nothing but companionship to make it elysium. . . . I enjoyed the sail down the Ohio very much; . . . I wanted some one like Longfellow, or the lovely H ——, or the queenly A ——, or the sharp M ——, — anybody but you, who, I am sure, would have been in the cabin, discussing boundaries or rights of search, or peace doctrines with some of the floating Moseses of the West. By the by, speaking of Moses puts me in mind of law-giving, and that reminds me that I ought to *row* you and Mann, for giving me such advice about the African Expedition.[1] In the boat was a coloured man, a Dr. Brown, a well educated, well behaved, well looking, well informed fellow, who has just returned from Liberia, where he has left his family. He gives the most favourable accounts of the colony, which already numbers over 4,000 emigrants, and is exercising a considerable influence over the tribes of the interior. I fear I missed a favourable opportunity of extending my sphere of usefulness! I never was more interested in a man in my life; and when I heard the poor fellow tell how he is obliged to eat dirt, and suffer the most outrageous insults as he travels, even in New England, I felt that I could go all lengths to break up the horrible system which entails so much disgrace upon the whites, and so much suffering upon the blacks. He is in dress, manners and appearance, much more of a gentleman than most white men in this country who bear the name. He pays his own way wherever he goes; nay! is usually taxed higher than others; yet he cannot sit at the public table; cannot frequent the gentlemen's cabin; can

[1] My father had been asked to take charge of a colonizing expedition to Liberia, and had declined, his friends urging him strongly against it.

hardly have an inside seat in a coach or railroad car. He told me he made it a rule never to push himself forward, never to assert his rights, but to resist such treatment as being sent into the kitchen to eat his meals, or to sit down to the dirty broken victuals of a second table; and that this resistance cost him many a severe and painful dispute, and brought on him harsh treatment.

One evening on board our boat he was invited into the gentlemen's cabin, to give an account of Liberia. He did so, and discoursed half an hour most intelligently; after which he answered hundreds of questions which were put to him respecting soil, climate, productions, government, etc., much to the satisfaction of the company. The impression was most favourable; nevertheless, although I wished him to take his seat with us at table, it could not be done. His meals were served in our cabin, on a *side* table, after we were done, and while the servants were having their dinner. I *choked* when I thought of him; and had I not known I should have defeated my plan of benefiting the blind in Kentucky by such proceeding, I certainly should have insisted upon his sitting at the public table, or I would have taken my meals with him at the side table. I feel, as Mann says, as though I had swallowed a peppercorn, whenever I think of it.

I have said nothing about my plans and operations here. They promise well. To-morrow evening I shall have an exhibition before the Legislature, and doubt not of a favourable result. It will be a peculiar satisfaction to me to be instrumental in building up a school for the blind here, for I am sure it will be highly useful, not only to them directly but to all around individually; anything which shall awaken and keep awake the kindly feelings and sympathies of our nature will be peculiarly useful here, as a light is most useful where the darkness is deepest. . . .

Adieu! God bless you! S. G. H.

To the Same

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, Feb. 1, 1842.

Io Paean! my dear Sumner; we have met the enemy and they are ours, body, soul and purse.

We had an exhibition yesterday in the hall of the House of Representatives, which excited great interest and really inspired the Kentucks with enthusiasm. To-day a bill passed by acclamation, appropriating $10,000 for the establishment of a school at Louisville, to be called the Kentucky Institution for the Education of the Blind. There is not a doubt about its success in the Senate, for all Frankfort is so interested in the blind that I am afraid some mammas will put their children's eyes out. Many members who were violently opposed to the bill last year declared they would vote double the sum asked, if it were needed.

There was a very interesting debate to-day, in which your humble servant was inundated by an avalanche of soft soap; the object of the debate was to amend the bill by substituting some other town for Louisville as a location. A dozen members fought hard, each to have the *accouchement* of the Institution take place in his own town; but every one, before he sat down, exclaimed, " Mr. Speaker, I wish the Institution to be located in such a place, but understand me, sir — locate it where you will, I will hold up both hands and vote and pray for it."

Is not this success enough for one day? . . . I have the satisfaction of doing the work and want no more. . . .

Lieber says you do not know the economy of friendship. Prove the contrary, and by some proper announcement of the success, prevent (what will otherwise happen) some of our editors from filling their blank space by some fulsome paragraph from a western paper, about the *distinguished philanthropist* Doctor Howe, or *that indefatigable friend of humanity*, etc., etc. — all of which I hate. I do assure you,

my dear Sumner, the sort of vulgar notoriety which follows any movement of this kind is a very great drawback to the pleasure of making it. To the voice of praise I am sensible, too sensible I know; but I do detest this newspaper puffing, and I have been put to the blush very often by it.

I was this day inundated, *usque ad nauseam*, with glorification, by a member who made an otherwise very sensible speech. What do you think of insulting the memory of the great Howard by putting me on board the same ship with him for a voyage to immortality?

One thing delights me — I find that even here in wild Kentucky my dear little Laura has many warm friends, who inquire eagerly for her welfare. God bless her! and do you go to see her, which I take to be a blessing to anybody. . . .

S. G. H.

Sixty years later, when Boston and many other places were celebrating the centenary of my father's birth, the following message came from the Kentucky Institution for the Education of the Blind.

"In behalf of the blind of Kentucky, the Board of Visitors of the Kentucky Institution for the Education of the Blind beg to assure you that the labours of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, in assisting in founding the Kentucky Institution for the Blind, are held in grateful remembrance to this day.

"In the winter of 1841 he made the long and tiresome journey to Kentucky, and addressed the Legislature of our State upon the expediency of founding a school for the blind, with such success that in February, 1842, the Kentucky Institution for the Blind was established.

"Even should the memory of his name, in the course of ages, pass from the minds of men, the beneficent influence

of his deeds will abide 'to the last syllable of recorded time.'"

To Horace Mann

FATHER OF WATERS, OFF LAND OF BOWIE KNIVES.
February 17th, 1842.

MY DEAR MANN: — . . . You have I suppose heard of our success in Kentucky: it was complete and satisfactory: the school will go into immediate operation under the management of a former pupil of ours; and it will ever be a source of great gratification to me to think that I have assisted in planting a tree which will live and bear fruit long after I am dead and forgotten. Having finished the work in Louisville, and received assurances from our noble friend Mills that there was no danger from an onslaught of the Philistines at home, I resolved to slip down to Louisiana to see if something could not be done for the blind there; not in the hopes of building up a school, but of inducing the Legislature to provide means for sending their blind to the new school in Kentucky. It seemed worth the chance of trying, and would prolong my absence only a fortnight; and I am so far on my way toward my destination.

You have seen this western country, and know what it is better than I do; but to me it appears like a great hollow gourd, — a squash! I do not mean the country itself, for its resources are vast — inexhaustible; but the social, mercantile, political structures. There is inflation, grandiloquence, gasconading beyond anything I had conceived. They brag, and swagger, and lie with all the self-complacency and all the assurance in the world; they seem to the manner born, and it is second nature.

I see two or three very good indications, however. The first is a growing conviction that slavery is a great curse politically and socially; the second a conviction that speculation is not so profitable in the long run as regular industry,

and the third is the rapid progress of the temperance reform. The latter is beyond all question doing great good; nay! it has done good and so far is beyond doubt. I found everywhere the most gratifying proofs of its good effects; no case was more interesting to me than that of Prentiss, who is a *teetotaller*, and who has teetotallized all about him. He has great influence in the West; his paper is to be found at every crossing of roads, and his *bon mots* are in everybody's mouth. I find he knows you well (as indeed do many people here), and rejoices that one like you has taken the chickens of the land under your great wings. I found one or two Brownists,[1] but they looked *seedy* and rowdy.

There is great commercial embarrassment and distress in Louisville; indeed a panic seems to be prevalent with regard to currency; and nothing can better show what a strong hold the cause of the blind took upon the people, than the readiness and zeal with which they undertook to raise subscriptions for the new school. Everybody scouted the idea of a subscription as perfectly absurd, the day before the exhibition, but the day after everybody was eager to have it on foot. As for poor me, never was a poor mortal so inundated with soft soap as I was. I was continually looking round for small holes to crawl into; especially when one venerable Judge, after putting it on with a trowel, before an immense audience, turned solemnly to me and said, — "Yes, fellow citizens! I would rather be that man, than — than — than the Czar of all the Russias, and — *Siberia to boot!*"

Ever yours,

SAM'L G. HOWE.

P. S. My hand shakes, but not from the effects of liquor; it is the jar of the gingine.

[1] Graduates of Brown University.

It was not until 1844 that my father made the acquaintance of Theodore Parker, the third intimate friend of his middle life. Long after, Francis Bird became the beloved comrade of his later years, sticking "closer than a brother" till the last. Among his other personal friends were Agassiz, Felton, Longfellow and Hillard (these, with my father, making the "Five of Clubs," an informal club which held merry meetings through a number of years), John A. Andrew, George L. Stearns, and Samuel Downer. Last though not least, let me affectionately name Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who, though many years younger than my father, was for the last ten years of the latter's life his faithful friend and untiring fellow labourer in the cause of Charity, and whose kind assistance to me in this my labour of love is not to be measured in words.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE AND TRAVEL

A great grieved heart, an iron will,
As fearless blood as ever ran;
A form elate with nervous strength
And fibrous vigour, — all a man.

A gallant rein, a restless spur,
The hand to wield a biting scourge;
Small patience for the tasks of Time,
Unmeasured power to speed and urge.

He rides the errands of the hour,
But sends no herald on his ways;
The world would thank the service done,
He cannot stay for gold or praise.

Not lavishly he casts abroad
The glances of an eye intense,
And did he smile but once a year,
It were a Christmas recompense.

THESE lines, written by my mother, and published, under the title of *A Rough Sketch*, in *Words for the Hour* (1857), have always seemed to me a lifelike portrait of my father in the prime of life, in the full swing of his work. This was the impression he made upon Julia Ward when she first met him. In her Reminiscences, (1819–1899) my mother tells how, visiting the Perkins Institution in the summer of 1841, she first saw the Chevalier on his black horse, "a noble rider on a noble steed." He was then forty, she twenty-two years of age. In spite of this disparity, the acquaintance "soon ripened into good-will," and in the following year the two became engaged.

It was during the time of his engagement that my father helped Miss Dix to fight and win the battle for the insane described in another chapter. My mother, in a note to Charles Sumner dated February 27th, 1843, says, "I am glad to find that Howe managed the case of the Insane so well; it gives me less anxiety about his ability to manage such a rattle-head as I."

It need not be said that this new and deep interest claimed much of my father's time and attention; but neither love nor madness was allowed to interfere with the claims of the blind. In their interest he made, only a month before his marriage, a trip to Maine; no easy thing in those days in the month of March, as the following letter shows.

(N. B. Maine has had to wait sixty-four years for her School for Blind; but now[1] it seems in a fair way to be established.)

To Charles Sumner

AUGUSTA, MAINE, Sunday Eve., March 5th, 1843.

MY DEAR DON CARLOS: — I have recovered sufficiently from two sea captains, applied flat on my chest, to write you a line. I rode all last night, and carried the aforesaid captains part of the way; for the coach (sleigh) overset twice, both times on my side, and nearly exterminated me. I am sure one of the Fates means to marry Julia, for ever since my engagement I have been beset every day, and nearly killed. First I nearly died of joy; then I fell and almost broke my neck; then I was overset on Louisburg Square and nearly cracked my crown; last night I was overset, clean, twice, and hung like a monkey in the shrouds during the several gyrations performed by the coach during twelve hours' pitching over snow banks. How I shall ever get back I do not know, except I succeed in my present plan, which

[1] 1908.

is to give out that I am going north with one of those devilish heavy sea captains who lay athwart my timbers last night, book my name in the northern stage road and slily take my place in the southern coach, under the name of Charles Sumner — a lonely devil whom neither Fates nor men envy, and who is not worth the killing.

If this device should succeed you will see me back on Wednesday noon, somewhat reduced in my depth of chest by the flattening operation of the aforesaid sea captains, but with a stern determination to go on foot to New York, as soon as the roads cease to be slippery, and secure my prize.

Seriously, dear Sumner, never was poor wight so banged and bruised as I was last night, and I really grew convinced that daylight would never come, for my watch stopped or lingered along about four o'clock, and I was so shaken and wrenched and topsy-turvied, that I would have sold every chance of escape and have given up the ghost contentedly, could I have had five minutes to say good-bye to Julia.

You must make my excuses to the good and beloved Mary for my omission to leave any notice of my departure, and assure all friends that however flattened and distorted I may have become, I am, and ever shall be, though no thicker than a wafer, ever their and your devoted

CHEVALIER.

On April 27th, 1843, the marriage took place in New York at the house of my mother's brother, Mr. Samuel Ward. A week after their marriage, my father and mother sailed for Europe, accompanied by my mother's sister Annie, and by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Mann, who were also newly married. The voyage was a delightful one, and my father writes Mr. Sumner that he has enjoyed excellent health "*malgré* an inflamed leg." It seems probable that he treated this matter too lightly; it gave him much annoyance when

he reached England, as will be seen from the following letters.

The story of Laura Bridgman was already well known in Great Britain, and my father was most heartily and cordially received. The philanthropists were eager to see and hear the man who had brought a soul out of prison. He was everywhere in request to dine with and address learned bodies, was indeed, as my mother notes, "a first-class lion;" while in the brilliant circle of London society both he and she met with an equally warm welcome. He was now in the fulness of his prime, she in the blossom of her brilliant youth; while her sister Annie, of whom it was said that "she was so like a lily of the valley that one expected to see two long green leaves spring up beside her as she walked," completed a trio that seems to have won all hearts. My mother has described this delightful season at length in her "Reminiscences." It was indeed a wonderful London that they saw; the London of Rogers and Sydney Smith, of Dickens and Carlyle, of Tom Moore and Monckton Milnes, and many another great and familiar figure. My father's letters to Mr. Sumner show how greatly he enjoyed the visit, in spite of some drawbacks.

To Charles Sumner

31 UPPER BAKER ST., REGENT'S PARK,
LONDON, May 25th, 1843.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I am going to bore you with my society for an hour or two, for my wife and Annie are out. I am tired of reading and write *seulement pour passer le temps*, not having anything to say. But how is it, you will exclaim, that you, *la lune du miel* not yet passed, — how do you let your sweet wife go out without you? Why, God bless you, man, I never go out with my wife, nor without her either. I have a broken leg, a sprained neck, a tertian fever, the Queen's Physician, Sir Benjamin Brodie the Surgeon, and

a ten foot bandage, all upon my unfortunate corporation at once, and if that is not enough to break me down it is because I am the *Chevalier des Montagnes Blancs* and not an ordinary mortal. Soberly, I have had the devil's own luck within the last month, and if there had not been a large dose of honey put into the past moon when it was made up, it would have been to me, e'en at its full, worse than a stale, sour Stilton, stuck up in the sky. Since the 5th of the month (and, bless me, it is now the 25th) I have not been able to walk or step. I came up from Liverpool (*viâ* Chester) by the railroad, having an extra seat for my unfortunate limb and cossetting it as well as I could. We stopped at the vile Victoria House, where I lay *perdu* upon a couch, with one pedal extremity elevated at an angle of 45 deg. above my body, according to orders, while Mann & Co. were seeking for lodgings. I suffered there all the tortures of a man who is surrounded with beings made expressly to be kicked, whom he longs and pants to kick, and yet whom, for want of a pair of legs, he cannot kick. As soon as we were installed here we sent off our letters by a trusty messenger, and were soon favoured with the calls of the lettered. First, warmest, simplest and best was Morpeth,[1] whom I loved in two minutes after I set eyes upon his face and his truly noble head. *Malgré* his mouth, I dare swear he is a man who at midnight and in a desert would shrink from doing anything which he would be ashamed to own in a crowd and by noonday. He has been very kind and attentive; engaged us to dine on the third day after our arrival, but released me to go to a public dinner for the Deaf and Dumb, to which I had an official invitation and at which I was to speak; but when the time came and I got dressed by a desperate effort and prepared to go on crutches, there came the fever and ague, a regular old shaker, and laid me on my quarters. Morpeth has been

[1] Lord Morpeth, afterward Earl of Carlisle.

here since, often; he carried the ladies to Westminster Abbey and afterwards into the House of Lords. He has engaged to take us into the country on Saturday next; has procured a private box for us at Drury Lane for to-morrow evening, and holds us engaged to dine next week. Next to him Kenyon — hearty, jovial, genial Kenyon, has been attentive to us, and engaged us to dine long before we got here. Ingham I saw when he called, and liked him; he is, I opine, a man to be loved; why is he a bachelor? I shall ask him. Montague [1] and Mrs. Montague have been kind, — had the ladies at their house socially, and Mrs. M—— wrote a most flattering note to Julia. Everybody else, I believe, to whom you gave us letters has called, and some to whom you did not write; which some were moved thereto by kind Kenyon and gentle Morpeth. We have several invitations ahead: dinners with Lansdowne, Dickens, Kenyon, Forster; breakfasts with Archbishops (my Bible Society connection comes in play), Bishops, etc. Dickens wrote an affectionate note as soon as he received my card and sent his wife next day; sent more civil notes, invited us to dine, but did not call for four days. I am fearful he has been damaged by flattery, and that he is, by the style of his living, endangering his *biler*, as the Kentucks say. I have seen but few of the callers, for to return to my own troubles, after I had got so I could hobble about on crutches, I contrived, in shaving, to sprain a cord in my neck, that twisted me into so crooked a coil that I was obliged to lie on two piles of bolsters, laid crosswise; and as soon as I got rid of that came the fever and ague; then Clarke with his quinine, and Sir Benjamin Brodie with his bandages fairly used me up. But I have wriggled clear of them all; my wound is healed, all but a place smaller than a sixpence, and by the powers! but I'll leave my crutches to-morrow morning, and hang Sir Benjamin with his bandage if he tries

[1] Basil Montague.

to put it on me. It is queer how I have kept my health in my three weeks' prostration, twistification and bondage; but I have. I could go courting (on crutches) this evening, if Diva[1] were not married; and she says I look better than I did a month ago. So much for marriage, Charlie; you have no idea how comfortable it is: it covers one all up like a blanket, as Sancho says. . . .

Everett called uninvited, and afterwards Mrs. Everett, invited us to dine, etc.

There are some very respectable Americans here, of whom Mann and Abbott are not the least distinguished, and the most is ———, than whom Paris cannot turn out a more finished exquisite. He perfectly amazed and dumbfounded us by a disclosure of the overwhelming attentions he is receiving, of the distinguished persons who languish for his company, and of the grand dinners, suppers, balls, etc., which (dear me!) he cannot accept. I positively, in my greenness, held my mouth wide open as he expatiated; and, as he threw himself languishingly back in our lolling chair, stuck out his leg, rapped his morocco boot, and swore it was a bore to be obliged to dance as late as he did this morning at Almack's, I fairly had a *sbasm*, as Wesselhoeft says, and have not recovered yet.

To Charles Sumner

SATURDAY, June 2nd.

DEAR CHARLIE: — All my vain boastings, in my aforegone epistle, about throwing away crutches, etc., were turned into lamentations, my leg growing worse again; and it is only to-day that I have the assurance of being entirely well.

I have been out this morning to a lunch, at the fairy castle of the Duke of Sutherland, where, seated between the beautiful duchess and her beautiful (and oh! her very sweet)

[1] A name given to my mother by my father's friends, on account of her singing.

daughter,[1] I breathed the atmosphere of Mahomet's Paradise. I was so *épris* of the younger goddess that I had to look across the table every now and then, and recover back my heart by a sight of my dear Julia, before whom in my eyes all other earthly beauties lose their charms. . . .

Ever yours,

S. G. H.

To explain the following letter, I should say that the Rev. Sydney Smith was extremely cordial and friendly to both my parents. He called my father Pygmalion, Laura being his Galatea; lent him his own crutches, and then complained that "this American doctor had deprived him of his last means of support."

To Charles Sumner

LONDON, June 18th, 1843.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: — . . . My last left me, I believe, on Sydney Smith's crutches. Well! I got well within a day or two and went round about, rejoicing and seeing interesting persons and things. I have been virtually but a fortnight in London, and yet have seen many persons whom we regard as giants, and found some to be so in reality, while others, who loom up across the Atlantic and seem colossi, sink to very ordinary mortals when one comes close up to them. I have received very much of undeserved kindness and felt quite ashamed an hundred times, to find that people had imagined me to be a person of some extraordinary merit. I may say to you what I cannot to others, that I have had a reception which would be indeed gratifying and flattering (if only I had deserved it). I have known and loved[2] . . . and divers others, to say nothing of Lady Elizabeth Leveson-

[1] Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, afterwards Duchess of Argyle, and my father's life-long friend.

[2] A fragment missing.

Gower, who (next to Julia) is the most beautiful, dear, delightful creature in the world. If I were not dipped all over in the Styx I should have been wounded to a certainty; but then, if I were not a married man she would not have shown me the kindness she has — God bless her!

As for the other celebrities, we have seen many of them and been very kindly treated of all but Brougham, for whom I would not *faire l'anti-chambre.* Dr. Boott and Sir James Clarke have been very kind; but we owe most to Morpeth. Milnes[1] I did not like at first, but he redeemed himself — became agreeable; gave us a delightful breakfast, where I met Charles Buller, to whom I took, and whose invitation to his house on Monday almost tempts me to remain in London over Sunday. Lord Monteagle (Spring Rice I believe) pleased me very much; he is one of God's noblemen. But I need not talk to you of these people; you know them all better than I do, and most of them know and love you, though not half so well as I do; that is one thing at least in which I am above them. . . .

Annie . . . pleases in spite of her shyness. I heard Moore[2] say the other day at dinner, just as the ladies had left the table and the gentlemen were drawing their chairs close to each other, — "What a charming little person that is;" Annie had been sitting next him, and evidently interested him very much. The Bishop of Norwich is her sworn admirer and insists upon our staying two months, that we may go with him to a grand celebration at his cathedral. I believe he wants to dazzle her by showing off in his mitre and phylacteries. Julia's conquests are Sydney Smith and Mrs. Basil Montagu. I believe old Sydney was rather sorry when I sent his crutches home, for it left him no excuse for *beauing* her about.

[1] Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton.
[2] Thomas Moore, the poet.

But let me talk about home; dear old Boston; dear old friends; dear American institutions. For after all, Sumner, with its blaze of talent, its gorgeous wealth, its exquisite refinement, London could never hold in my heart or my mind so high a place as does Boston; because, measured by God's scale, it is not so high. I have not been so dazzled by the head and the front of the monster as to overlook or forget the fact that it has a tail, which draggles along through the foulest slough in which humanity ever wallowed. I have seen the tail of the beast as well as the head;[1] and in the *cloacæ* of London have seen, welling up through the dark scum of humanity, those streams of vice and crime which fill the prisons to overflowing, and waft their victims to distant quarters of the globe. If London, by its concentration of wealth, power and talents, has elevated the intellectual and polished the social nature of man, it has also debased and outraged it, in the poverty, suffering and awful degradation of thousands and millions of creatures, who in another state of society would have been angels, in comparison to what they are now. It is not mere love of home, I trust, which makes me consider our social condition preferable; it is the conviction that London and English institutions elevate and refine the few at the expense of the many, far more than does an American city.

Go and see my chicks,[2] dear Sumner; comfort them, and let me hear from you and them by every packet. Love to the Club and their loves. Punctuate the above and then you can read it.

S. G. Howe.

[1] My mother tells me that Mr. Dickens, finding that my father desired greatly to visit the "thieves quarter," of London, arranged the matter with the proper authorities so that he was enabled to do so. The police said to the people, "This gentleman has been eased!" and a thief would cry out, "I wish I was the one who had eased him!"

[2] The blind children.

From England, my father and mother passed on to Wales, then to Scotland and Ireland. Everywhere they met with unvarying kindness. The following letters are selected from the great number written to Mr. Sumner during this trip:

To Charles Sumner

DUBLIN, July 2nd, 1843.

. . . To-morrow is a great repeal meeting at Donnybrook, which I shall attend. There is some alarm felt by many persons who are not wont to be frightened. The hope and security is in O'Connell's want of spunk, for he has at his hands all the materials for a revolt of the most formidable character, if not for a revolution. Six millions of people at his back — unquestionably at his back; national feeling; national pride; religious feeling; deep discontent with all; poverty — hopeless poverty of the most; utter want and misery of many — these are his cards, and if he dare play them he may shake the strong grasp of England upon the island; he may liberate it for a while, and involve the country in an awful, bloody, hopeless struggle. But he will not do it; he dare not. And yet he has worked the people up to such a pitch of excitement that the storm may break around his head, in spite of all his efforts.

From your own

BROTHER.

To Charles Sumner

BELFAST, July 15th, 1843.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: — . . . I made the acquaintance of a *singularity*, to whom I took amazingly, in Lord Wallscourt; he met Julia and myself in the highway, and lugged us off willy-nilly to his chateau, where he kept us as long as we could stay. I shall have much to tell you about him when I

have time. I have met few truer men than he; a man who looks upon himself not as a master of his peasantry but . . .[1]

More than a hundred and twenty-five large, clean, well administered workhouses, judiciously located over the island, offer comfortable homes; where, well clad, well fed and kindly treated, they may live, subject only to such restraints and required only to do such work as is for their physical and moral well-being. And yet none of these houses are filled, while the highways and byways are thronged with ragged, squalid, miserable-looking wretches, who live by begging; who share the potato and the meal of the poor cotter; and who press around the traveller with such woeful looks and such piteous entreaties as would rend his heart, could he believe their representations. When I landed in Ireland I resolved to depart from my rule of not giving alms in the streets, and soon had to lament my inability to relieve the hordes of wretches who flocked around me; but a better acquaintance with the true state of things has convinced me that not even in Ireland is the public mendicant a proper object of charity. Begging here is resorted to only by those who prefer it to the quiet, orderly, temperate life of a well regulated workhouse. The street beggars of Ireland will, many of them, change their whining, plaintive tones and their pious benedictions to hoarse defiance and fierce denunciation, if you propose to secure them an asylum in the Government workhouse. The transition from the *alto* of "God bless your honour!" to the *sotto* of "God damn your eyes!" is executed with wonderful precision and despatch. Various causes coöperate to produce this rejection of the kind provision which Government has made for the poor, among which, I am sorry to say, is the arbitrary will of Ireland's despot, O'Connell, a man who has more

[1] A passage missing.

absolute power over six millions of people (that is the Catholics of Ireland) than is exercised over an equal number by any monarch upon the globe. It would amaze even you to hear of some of the instances which I have met of the blind devotion on the part of the people to this one man's will. I sincerely believe there are hundreds of thousands clamouring for Repeal, who know no more about it than do some dozens who have confessed to me that they did not know what the word repeal means — that they had not the most distant idea of the conditions of the Union, and that they only wanted a change of things because O'Connell wanted it, and surely "he knows best what is good for Ireland."

Much as Ireland has of my sympathy, great and grievous as are the wrongs which she has to bear, and heartily as I hope for her speedy deliverance, I cannot think her popular leader is guided by the highest principles or the most disinterested views. Of this I am sure, — you cannot depend upon all his representations; and the accounts of the great movement here which you see in the papers must be taken *cum grano*.

But enough of public affairs. We did not drink on the 13th to Longo's happiness, but we did, at the Giant's Causeway, think of the happy event,[1] and wish most heartily that it might have a bright and enduring *avenir*. . . .

S. G. Howe.

Monday, 17th.

. . . I run now to see a deaf, dumb and blind boy, seven miles out of town.

In August the travellers left England for the Continent, and spent some time in Belgium and Germany. My mother's

[1] Mr. Longfellow's marriage to Miss Fanny Appleton.

brother and cousin were with them during part of the time, and they had, as we shall see, the pleasure of meeting the Manns once more.

To Charles Sumner

BADEN BADEN, Aug. 27th, 1843.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: — . . . At Bruges I found a friend, — a man whose face I had never before seen, but whom I at once loved and respected, — the Abbé Carton, who has interested himself very much in the cause of the deaf and the blind, and who knew me, from A to Z. He is a Catholic priest, a very learned and accomplished scholar, a most active and influential citizen, respected by the people and admired by all the *religieuses*, and yet a rotund, jovial, hearty good fellow, worthy of associating on equal terms with the prince of good fellows, the great Feltonius himself. It was amazing how he took to us, especially to Julia, who kept him laughing till he cried out to spare his dignity. But I go too fast; you should see us, sitting in our parlour at Bruges on Sunday morning, awaiting in awe the result of my audacity in sending my card to a priest before eight in the morning; the messenger came and announced that "*Monsieur l'Abbé aura l'honneur de se présenter chez Mons. Howe dans un quart d'heure;*" this was some comfort, but still he might be some queer old satyr who would read us a lecture upon youthful presumption. We watched, therefore, for some moments, every person who came up the courtyard, when suddenly there came sweeping round the corner a majestic figure in flowing canonicals of black bombazine, surmounted by a large cocked hat. He was a very large man, yet there were in his quick movements and his keen eye the marks of great vivacity. He entered, and I heard him enquire for Mons. Howe. He was ushered in; bowed most gravely; tried to be ceremonious, but in three minutes all formality

had melted away and he stood before us an *anthropos au naturel*. He gave himself up to us entirely, or rather divided his time between us and his church duties; for, going into one convent, he led us into the chapel, where we found the nuns, the *religieuses* and all the *élèves* assembled and awaiting him; so, begging our pardon for a moment, he disappeared, leaving us among the audience. Presently there was ushered in at the upper end of the chapel a portly figure, covered with the rich ceremonial garb of the Catholic priest. It was our good Abbé, but how changed from the hearty, laughing, jocose fellow who had just left us! He went about his genuflections, however, as readily as though he had never done anything else in his life; he muttered his prayers, swung his incense pot, raised the host, blessed his audience, disappeared, and presently came trotting round to our end of the chapel in his black robes, with cocked hat in his hand. From the chapel he showed us over the convent, even to the dormitories; and it was funny to see how, when the grave old *religieuses* or the young nuns met him, they would drop down upon their knees before him and receive his blessing. Arrived at a remote room the brisk Abbé bade us sit down, and calling a female attendant sent her to a closet, out of which I supposed she would bring a crucifix or, as he was disposed to be hospitable, some sacramental wine or a little shewbread; but not a bit! she brought forth two stout bottles of excellent Rhine wine and some capital cake, which were set before us and upon which our host, by word and deed, invited us to do execution. He showed us the interior of some of the *Béguinages*, and gave us an opportunity which very few travellers have, of seeing the internal arrangement and economy of these establishments, as well as of the convents. As I said, he was much taken with Julia and *almost* shook hands with her, *malgré* his vows and his duty. We had intended to stay but a few hours in Bruges, but he

kept us two days, and made us love and respect him very much, for although a good Catholic he is a very intelligent and high minded man, and altogether a thorough good fellow — so long life and much happiness to the good Abbé Carton! . . .

At Brussels we remained a few days, during which I was occupied principally in observations upon the deaf and blind, for whom they have already made very good provisions in Belgium. But Brussels did not interest us much, for the simple reason that we had no friends to give life and being to the place. I have ceased to care for mere localities, buildings, walks, etc.; these are but the shell. I want to see man who inhabits them.

From Brussels we could not go direct to the Rhine, by Aix la Chapelle, etc., although a railroad is finished through, except about twelve miles. We were obliged to make a great *détour*, simply because my friend the King of Prussia would not allow me to take the trouble to cross the frontier.[1] Seriously, it is a most abominable outrage upon the comity of nations that a peaceable citizen of the United States, travelling with his family, and giving notice beforehand of his intention of visiting a country at peace with his own, should be refused admission; and it becomes worse when one considers what preceded it. I must miss Berlin, you know, and all Prussia; but never mind, let me go on with my account. We posted from Brussels down to Namur, where I went to see the only two things that interested me, — the Belgian prison for culprit women, which is exceedingly well managed by the *Religieuses* alone (I would describe it, but it is not the place here), and the Gate of St. Nicholas, near which my dear Uncle Toby received that shocking wound, the precise locality and nature of which caused the Widow Wadman so much anxiety and speculation. . . .

[1] My father applied through the proper channels for a revocation of the Cabinet order (of 1831) for his expulsion, but it was refused.

At Frankfurt I came across Mann, whom I left in London. The meeting was a perfect miracle; a special interposition of fate. It was in the oddest, most improbable manner too. I was riding past a *church*, and looking vacantly in at the open door whom should I see, standing uncovered in the vestibule, but the Hon. Horace! whom I supposed a thousand miles off! We were right glad to meet, though he was instantly absorbed in calculating how many sextillions of chances there were against two men like him and Sam Howe, wandering about by chance upon the earth's surface, ever meeting in a *church!* . . .

Ever, dear Sumner,

Yours,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

VIENNA, October 6th, 1843.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: — I sinned against duty and inclination by not writing to you last month, but I will not sin against your heart by supposing apologies necessary. You know some of the calls upon a traveller's time; you have been, like me, disposed to grudge the time devoted even to eating and sleeping, but there are other calls which you do not know — sweet but imperative — those of a dear wife and sister. Travelling, dear Sumner, in this way, however much it may do for the heart, does comparatively little for the head; and one goes through towns, provinces and whole countries without mixing at all with the life blood of them — the people. In order to gain any information about the people the family man must travel very slowly, halt in places long enough to become acquainted with other families, and give a month to a city which the *insouciant* bachelor learns everything about in a week. The bachelor breakfasts in the coffee room, and learns something from his neighbours, or from the

waiter, or even from the Boots; he accosts men in the passageways and in shops; he profits by the chattering of his valet-de-place, his barber, his cicerone; everywhere and from everybody he learns something. The family man, however, must forego most if not all of these modes of getting information; he walks with his wife on one arm and his sister on the other, so that he cannot run against a passenger purposely, beg his pardon and make that an introduction to further acquaintance; he sits at table, flanked on each side by a formidable barrier of wadded silk, which cuts him off from any intercourse with his neighbours; nor can he hob-nob across the mahogany with any stranger who may strike his fancy. It is the same everywhere — in the public promenades, in the theatre, at the baths — wherever he goes he is as much cut off from the crowd he wanders among as if he had a police officer on either hand to keep him silent. When he goes from place to place, *sur le grand chemin*, it is even worse; he is boxed up in his carriage, the directions given to the courier, and the good man is transported to another city like a bale of goods. In a word, dear Sumner, when you travel with your family, give over all hope of learning anything of the men of the countries you go through; but expect, as you will realize, infinite pleasure from the constant presence of a beloved companion, who clings the closer to you from the strangeness of everything about her; . . . a being whose constant presence, like the light and the heat of the sun, makes constant and pleasant day, even in the darkness and the storm; a companion who throws around everything you do the charm of agreeable association for future reminiscence. . . .

We shall go hence, *viâ* the Tyrol, to Milan, and thence go into winter quarters at Rome. There I shall probably leave my family for a month and go to Greece — to Greece! oh! how my heart swells at the thought of visiting that dear land,

and grasping by the hand old friends, some of whom have lately been foremost in effecting a just and a noble revolution. Was it not beautiful? Its leader, Calliergis, is the man who carried by such a gallant *coup-de-main* the apparently impregnable fortress of Grabousi, which I have oft talked to you about, and in which I afterwards spent so many months.

Bless you, Charlie! be happy and keep your heart until I come home — then let me have it.

S. G. H.

On the margin of this letter my mother wrote as follows:

My dear Sumner: — I have been reading the admirable account of Annie and myself in the commencement of my husband's letter, and can only advise you not to marry; or if you do, not to take your wife abroad. She certainly will keep people from running against you in the street. She certainly will sit by you at breakfast and dinner, and may even wear wadded silk if the weather be cold. She may also compel you to ride in a comfortable carriage, instead of being tossed about in a nasty, greasy diligence. Wherefore, my dear Sumner, do not marry, for great are the miseries of femininity, and we are all *malae bestiae.*

Affectionately yours,

J. W. H.

To Charles Sumner

Verona, October 16th, 1843.

My dear Charlie: — You will perhaps be surprised by learning our present whereabouts, our last letters having been dated from Vienna. We were induced by various domestic considerations to break up our quarters in the north very

suddenly, and to make a rapid descent upon *bella Italia.* We were only eight days in Vienna; much too short a time, I know, and yet in that time we saw much — wife and sister, of the *beaux arts;* I, of the charitable (?) municipal establishments. I have much to say of the great beast that sits upon the throne (not the person of the Emperor, but the power which he typifies); however, this must be for another time and place; I walk surrounded by man-traps, and must tread very gingerly.

By the by, what do you think of my passing through part of the Prussian territory after all? I did it, and came off scot-free. However, it was almost an accident, and I have too much respect for the spirit of law to violate even that of tyrannical governments upon their own territory, except in open and declared hostility. We intended to double Prussia and strike the Rhine as low down as possible, but in planning the route I forgot that Prussia occupied the fortress of Luxemburg, until we were almost within the walls. We were posting; it would not do to turn about, so in we went. Once in, said I, there is no harm in availing ourselves of the current of the beautiful Moselle; fish require no passports; we will merely sail down stream; and thus, maugre all their ridiculous precautions, we saw this lovely part of God's free earth, which man would fain fence in from other men. We slid into the Rhine, of course, at Coblentz, and then, hastening out of Prussia without even saying "Thank ye for your hospitality!" we feasted our eyes and our souls upon the scenery of this, the most interesting of the rivers of earth. . . .

But let us talk of something else: what do you think of Verona? . . . What an age it must have been when such genius was employed in adorning even common buildings, and when every house and almost every stable was a monument of the talent of the architect and the taste of the owner! But does it not strike you also, that in all that concerns the

comfort of a house, in all that has to do with the useful, the architects of those days knew less than our common carpenters and masons? Would you not employ Coony Coolidge to build a house to live in yourself, rather than Palladio? You will say that you would like to combine the two, but how to do so is the trouble. For my part I rejoice more in that state of things where democracy has introduced into humble dwellings the noiseless hinge, the tight joint, the sliding window, the water-cock, the cooking range, the furnace and the thousand other conveniences of a mechanic's house, than in that where huge marble walls, adorned with all that genius could invent or wealth command, enclosed only great comfortless rooms, and overlooked the wretched hovels of the workmen who had erected them. . . .

To Charles Sumner

FLORENCE, November 25th, 1843.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — . . . We have found kind friends here; Greenough and Powers have been very attentive to the girls, and the Marquis Torregiani (making me an exception they say) has enabled me to see much of the schools, charitable institutions, etc., of Florence. Much, that is, of the little they have; for saving a school under his own direction (which is one of the very best in the world of its kind), the public establishments for the purposes of charity and punition are the most miserable affairs that ever claimed the title of humane. It is sad indeed to see that men occupying the sacred post of governor should expend millions upon works of art, upon mausoleums, churches, pictures, statuary, etc., and yet neglect, or give but grudgingly to support establishments for the benefit of those who constitute the mass of the people, who really pay the expenses of the nation, and who nevertheless are considered of no more consequence in the social edifice than the bricks and

stones which form the walls of palaces. Ah me! how far distant is the day when government shall cease to take away from those who have not, and give to those who have! But courage! God indeed so constituted men that they can live, and even enjoy to some degree their life, while witnessing the outrage of all those principles of right and humanity upon which the world should be governed; but He gave, too, to justice and virtue that power and vitality which must insure their final triumph. Let us thank Him then, for the amount of happiness He accords to man at this day, and strive, every one of us, as much as in us lies, to hasten the time when His kingdom shall truly come upon earth!

How often, when talking with the few good men I find in Europe, have I had occasion to refer to that duty which you (and I) so often conversed about, of sowing a good seed upon every possible occasion! But in what a different soil, dear Sumner, can we labour, from that which they have to cultivate here. We have indeed to trust often to the vitality of the seed sown at noonday, when the genial earth and the sun and the rain favour its growth; but they must sow in the night, and by stealth, and must water the hard ground with their tears; and when perchance a good green thing appears, and they begin to nurture it, there come rough iron hands, and root it up and trample it under foot.

But I must not dwell upon scenes I have witnessed, or tell you of wrongs done to men for attempting to do what we believe to be every man's duty, or my occiput will grow red hot. Do not be under any apprehension of my doing or saying anything which can bring down upon me the wrath of governments. I am merely a spectator; I meddle not with politics; I have the peace and happiness of my dear Julia at stake, and I shall not compromise it. But to you, dear Charlie, I long to talk, and

I would you were with me now, that I might boil over a little.

We go to Rome to-morrow . . .

God bless you all,

S. G. H.

December of this year (1843) found my father and mother established in Rome for what was to prove a winter of exceptional interest and delight. It was their first glimpse of the Mother City; and beside the wonders of ancient and modern art there was the still more vivid interest of a very brilliant society. My father made the acquaintance of many men of learning and benevolence, among them Monsignore Morecchini, the well-known philanthropist, and Monsignore Baggs, Bishop of Pella. To the latter gentleman my father and mother owed their presentation to Pope Gregory Sixteenth. My mother, in her "Reminiscences," describes this visit, though I find no mention of it in my father's letters. Papal etiquette, she says, was not rigorous in those days; they were only required to make three genuflections, "simply bows," as they approached the Pontiff, and three more in retiring. Monsignore Baggs, in presenting my father, said to him, "Dr. Howe, you should tell his Holiness about the little blind girl (Laura Bridgman), whom you educated." The Pope speaking of the theory that the blind were able to distinguish colours by the touch, my father said that he did not believe this. "His opinion was that if a blind person could distinguish a stuff of any particular colour, it must be through some effect of the dye upon the texture of the cloth."[1]

But the men who interested my father far more than Popes or Monsignori were George Combe the phrenologist, and Theodore Parker, who were also spending the winter in Rome. My father was then and for many years after much

[1] "*Reminiscences*," Julia Ward Howe, p. 126.

interested in phrenology, and considered Combe's treatise on "The Constitution of Man" one of the greatest works of modern times. Both he and Mr. Combe became deeply interested in tracing out some confirmation of their favourite science in the characteristics of Greek sculpture. My mother gives a pleasant picture of the two friends visiting together the Vatican Gallery, and studying the heads there; finding the head of Jupiter as full of the majesty of intellect as his features; finding in Pallas an intellectual head, while that of Aphrodite was small, "with a predominance of the organs of sensation over those of thought;" finally, studying the whole series of the Cæsars with intense interest and satisfaction.

The letters to Mr. Sumner are the best record of my father's doings in Rome. It is amusing, by the way, to find him, here and elsewhere, earnestly exhorting his friend to spare his health and lead a life of moderate exertion. I think my father never realized that he himself was constantly setting a pace and a standard of work that even Mr. Sumner's "long legs" could never keep up with.

To Charles Sumner

ROME, Dec. —, 1843.

. . . What shall I tell you of our doings, dear Sumner, you who know Rome so well? We go the usual rounds, and I find time moreover to see the public institutions, misnamed charitable; for although most richly endowed, well supported and filled with attendants, they are all either bad in principle or badly administered. The Catholics boast much of their hospitals, for example, and assert what is perhaps true, that there is more and better provision made for the sick in Rome than in any other capital of the world. When you look closely into these vast establishments, however, you find — first, that the expenses are very great — second, that they have at their head a priest,

a church dignitary, who lives *en prince* and fattens upon the soil, while the poor doctors hardly receive enough to pay for their shoe leather — third, that the number of officers (mostly priests) and attendants is very large, that the attention given to the spiritual affairs of the patients is very great, while their physical wants are ill supplied. One hospital, whose average number of patients for ten years has been 150, has 72 employees in the establishment, not counting the head or the physicians. Every patient is sure to get his portion of spiritual food, and, it being all alike, no mistakes are made, I suppose; but it is not a rare thing that a dysenteric swallows a dose intended for a consumptive, and *vice versa*. But I must write about these matters to Fisher, or some one who cares more about this part of the humanities than you.

Ever yours, faithfully and cordially,

S. G. Howe.

I have not found any letters of this period to Dr. Fisher, but in two letters to the *Common School Journal* of Boston (edited at that time by Horace Mann,) my father gives his impressions of the Roman Schools. These letters are too long to reproduce here, but they are full of interest. His visits to the schools excited great surprise.

"When it is known that I am a foreigner the surprise increases; and when the master ascertains that I am an American it amounts to amazement, which is sometimes expressed by the hesitating question of how it happens that I am not black! . . . There is not a school in Rome which must not be considered as a beacon to warn rather than a light to guide the inquirer. There are three schools in Rome commonly called the school of the *Ignorantelli* . . . a term

which seems to have been derived from the notion, once general and not yet extinct, that the teachers must know nothing beyond the branches they teach, namely, reading, writing, and arithmetic. . . . One of the masters, in a conversation with me, maintained the doctrine, and asserted that he would prefer that his sub-teachers . . . should not read or study anything else, but spend their whole time in teaching, and in their devotions." [1]

To Charles Sumner

ROME, January 19th, 1844.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: — . . . We are now settled here, and having taken a house which you may know (the Sorelle Leonardi), 64 St. Nicolo Tolentino, Piazza Barberini, are making ourselves as comfortable as we can. We have Rome, ancient and modern, at our command. . . . But I assure you, . . . a year without work is too much for me. However, I am now engaged in a plan (about which do not talk) for getting up a school for the blind here, and if successful shall be enabled to work. The pleasantest thing about it is that after having formed my plan and arranged the details in my own mind, with hardly a hint about it, Julia herself proposed it and urged it, and promised every aid in her power. God bless her! the only aid I need is her approval and encouragement. . . .

On Monday evening we went to one of Prince Torlonia's balls, the first of the season; a fashionable, brilliant, *recherché* affair according to some, showing the munificence and hospitality of the noble host; a vulgar, tawdry, stupid affair according to me, showing the ostentation and selfishness of the purse-proud Dives, for it was got up, not for the pleasure and advantage of the guests, but for his own glori-

[1] These letters may be found in Vol. VI of the *Common School Journal.*

fication. It was vulgar because it was a *one per cent.* ball, everybody being considered a gentleman and invited who had a credit on the bank books. It was tawdry because there was an ostentatious display without regard to fitness; and it was stupid because there was such a crowd that you could not expand your chest enough to take in breath to talk.

On Tuesday evening we were at a much pleasanter party, at a Prof. Fowke's of Edinburgh, where we met many very intelligent and learned Scotch and English gentlemen and some beautiful ladies — to say nothing of many plain ones. There was music and singing, and after several English ladies had tried their hands at Italian music and gained the usual marks of applause — "Beautiful! — very fine! — brava!" with a few forced tappings of kid gloves, Julia was led to the piano-forte, and there was soon a marked difference in the kind of attention paid to the singer; the low whispering about the piano, the more audible voices in the far corners, soon ceased entirely, and every one became a listener. She sang most beautifully, far better indeed than she usually does; and when she ceased reaped the most hearty and unqualified meed of praise, which you may well imagine was to my ears very sweet music of itself. "An American lady! — eh! — possible? — 'pon honour! 'most exquisite execution — quite an honour to the country," etc., etc. . . .

On Wednesday evening we went to the Austrian Ambassador's ball, which, like Torlonia's, was a rush, a jam, a fuss and a bore. But I cannot go on with this nonsense; it is hard enough to go through with the thing itself once; it only makes it worse to think about it.

Among the pleasant and good people I have known here are Sir Frederick Adam, late Governor of the Ionian Islands, and Monsignor Morecchini, a prelate of high standing, to know either of whom is worth more than to know all the relics of old Rome. I am gradually getting at a true knowl-

edge of the state of things in Rome and the Roman States, by means of personal knowledge of priests and laymen, although the process seems to me to be necessarily slower than in any other country. The great object, — the continual care and anxiety of all in power is to preserve the *status in quo;* and almost every operation of the Government is obviously with a view to this end. No institution, therefore, of a nature to really enlighten the people or any class of the people, even the highest, is permitted to take root in Rome. No public work (such as a railroad for instance) will be undertaken or countenanced by the Government; and were it not for the immense sums of money which they bring, no English or American residents would be permitted. On the other hand everything which tends to amuse the people and to divert their attention from political matters is encouraged, even if it be immoral in its tendency; hence you will see a sacred cardinal, in an open balcony, presiding over the drawing of a lottery, which is a source of great income to the Government, — an income wrung from the hard earnings of the poor by giving play and encouragement to the national vice of gambling.

Jan. 20th. In my last, sent by the way of Havre, I announced to you my determination of passing the winter here; also, I believe, my plan for laying the foundations for a school for the blind here. In the latter undertaking I find many obstacles, some of them I fear purposely placed in my way, and which I may not be able to overcome; but I shall try.[1] . . .

Ever and ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

[1] My mother tells me that my father's efforts were unwearying in this matter; that he procured a teacher, and gathered several blind children together; and that when she returned to Rome in 1850 one of these children came to her and begged that she would continue the lessons.

To Charles Sumner

ROME, Feb'y 18th, 1844.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — . . . I have been in Rome since the 20th Nov., and feel as much at home as one can in a place from which one longs to get away. We are pretty comfortably located, and have formed a circle of acquaintances among which are some whom we shall always remember with pleasure. I believe I have mentioned to you our neighbour and my old friend, Mr. George Combe. He is still here, and although an invalid, has been applying his strong mind to a philosophical and phrenological view of the arts. Most of the artists laugh at the idea of such a man presuming to speak about art, and I am sorry to say that even Crawford joins them. However, I shall carry Combe to his studio, and I am sure he will make him alter his views. I have made some little impression upon Crawford, perhaps, myself, and I am sure that he will, if he looks steadily at phrenology, profit by it.

I must give you an anecdote of Combe; he went to Gibson's studio, and being pushed to give his opinion about a bust of Sir Frederick Adam, whom he had never seen, he modestly replied that he did not know much about art, but that he thought he knew something about nature, and nature never made such a head as the one before him, — a head in which the face contradicted the cranium. Being asked to explain, he pointed out, in the lines of the mouth, the natural language of combativeness. "Those," says he, "never exist without the organ's being well developed, and there should be a fulness behind the ears; whereas in this bust there is a falling away." This attracted the notice of Gibson, who was induced by the respect which Combe's appearance and character inspires to examine the original; when, sure enough, he found that he had got the face and general contour of the head right, but had overlooked the fulness in the

region of combativeness. But another difficulty occurred; Sir Frederick is remarkable for his bland, gentlemanly manners. Had nature then made a mistake in the cranium as well as in the mouth, and were phrenology and physiognomy both in fault? Not at all, — for, on inquiry of his family and best friends, it appeared that he is very combative; too much so indeed for his great benevolence to control him. This incident has made people, and especially artists, pay more heed to Combe, and he will assuredly do good. . . .

Give my love to our circle, — to all of them. Oh, how I wish I were in the midst of it again! and again at work in what to some may seem a dreary mill. Life without labour is nothing, — nothing; not even love can load the wings of time with those delightful recollections which come from a consciousness of usefulness, in its widest sense. I believe business, and active business, never need interfere with love. No man ever had so much to do that he could not love. Fill each day as full as you may with employments; still it is like a cup filled with pearls, you may pour in the golden sand of love and make it pervade every part. Work on then, dear Charlie, but love on too, and you will work longer, stronger and better for it.

Ever and ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Rome, March 6th, 1844.

. . . As for your essay on peace, Mr. Vice-President, I most heartily and entirely coincide with all that you say. I never see a soldier that I do not think of the awful responsibility which rests upon those who make of a man a machine; of one who might have been a kind husband, father and friend, a selfish, lonely, heartless stock; of one who might

have been a productive and useful member of society, an idle, useless and even pestilent burden upon it. They who kill men have something to answer for, and Dante's boiling blood or burning sand may be their proper due; but they who take young men from their homes, stifle all their human feelings within them and change them into worse than brutes, — into instruments for oppressing and slaying their brethren — they have a higher crime to answer for. This has long been my feeling, nor has it been decreased by what happened last Wednesday, — which you must keep entirely to yourself, for not even Julia knows a word about it, nor must she now. Greene, the Governor of Rome, and Cardinal Acton are the only persons who know me as the actor. I have often passed under the portico of the Post Office, where is a guard-house, and the sentinel has not interrupted me. It seems, however, the order is that none may pass there. On Wednesday I stepped in there out of the rain, and found myself in a crowd of soldiers, mixed *pêle mêle* together. One of them pushed against me, and I naturally resisted. He pushed harder, and I, a little vexed, pushed him. It was the sentinel who at this instant gave me a push which amounted to a blow, as I thought, and which, quick as lightning, I returned with my umbrella, at the same time punching him in the throat, as he says, — but of this I have no recollection, for I was beside myself with passion. I remember his bayonet flashing before my eyes, and his gun being raised — I dodged, and received the blow upon my shoulder, at the same moment that the rest of the soldiers seized me. I was led before the officer of the guard, and, as the colonel could not be found, I was kept prisoner in the officers' room for several hours. I did not like to apply to Greene, but fearing my detention might alarm Julia, I was obliged to do so. He came immediately and went off to find the colonel; but he could not get the colonel to come to the guard-house

until he should have gone to church and spent two hours. Luckily I had gone out to visit some schools, and Greene left word at the house which made them easy. Finally the colonel came; a thick-headed, dogged fellow, such as such service makes men. He was with great difficulty pacified, though I explained my regret, and showed him how he or any other man might, in the confusion and excitement attendant upon receiving an unexpected blow, attack even the Pope. Finally he took Greene's recognizance for my appearance and made his report to the Governor of Rome.

The Governor, also an *ancien militaire*, but a man, I believe, of much merit as well as firmness, took the affair seriously, especially as they are on the *qui vive* about revolutionary movements; and he required from Greene a statement in writing, from him and from me, with our regrets, etc. Greene could only obtain this concession upon his representation of my being a *persona molta distinta*, and his burdening his conscience with this alone kept me from St. Angelo. I was wrong, however, not to go with Greene in the first place to the Governor myself. I yielded to his strong wish to have the whole management of it, until I found it would not be well to do so any more, and insisted upon accompanying him to the Governor. He received me rather brusquely, but became reasonable in a moment upon my representing how contrary to my feelings and principles it was to employ force upon any occasion. In less than five minutes it was settled, as far as he went, and he wished me a very good night.

The affair, however, had been carried up to the Secretary of State, and its final decision lay with him. Greene still thinking his official dignity required him to go alone, I had recourse to another method. I went to my friend Cardinal Acton, stated the whole affair, and he at once offered to go and see his friend the Secretary of State. The next morning

the Secretary declared himself satisfied, and, *me voici*, clear of that affair.

Julia knows nothing at all about the affair, and she must not, until we are safe beyond the reach of all arbitrary governments.

I have not the least doubt that had this happened to a person without friends it might have caused him serious trouble, and perhaps a long imprisonment; and yet I do not feel myself in the slightest degree guilty, except of negligence of that previous mental training which enables one to exercise perfect self-command, even under a sense of insult. And even then? what is an insult? and how can I make myself better by stooping to do as bad a thing as the insulter has done? how can I be less dishonoured by returning a blow — by doing a wrong equal to the one done to me? But away with this! it is false reasoning, as I will show you when we meet. The time may come when God shall have laid aside such instruments as the animal passions, in the government of mankind. It is approaching rapidly, perhaps, but it is not yet. . . . Do not go too fast, dear Sumner, and remember that the feeling of indignation within us is just as much the handiwork of God as the feeling of benevolence; and in its place and in its due time is a lawful incentive to action. . . .

Ever and ever yours,

S. G. H.

On March 2d, 1844, my mother gave birth to a daughter, who was named Julia Romana. The joy that this event brought to both my parents need not be dwelt on here. My father writes to Charles Sumner that "it has made our cup to over-run with gladness."

A few weeks later, in a letter dated "March 28th, Midnight:" he says: "This evening, dear Sumner, we had a

most interesting and beautiful ceremony, the christening of our daughter, Julia Romana Howe, by Mr. Parker [1] of Roxbury, the only American clergyman here, but whom I might have chosen had there been an hundred. He performed the service with great earnestness, feeling and beauty; I shall ever love him for it."

In April of the same year my father re-visited Greece, which he had not seen since 1830. The visit was a brief and hurried one, but full of interest, pleasurable and painful, as the following letter shows:

To Charles Sumner

ATHENS, April 21st, 1844.

A hail to thee from Athens, dear Sumner! and brief as a hail from a passing ship, for I have not a moment before the closing of the post.

I have been here ten days, and have never spent ten days more busily in my life. So many old friends to see; so many questions to ask and to answer; so many inquiries into the history of the last fifteen years; so many speculations upon the present and the future, that I have not had a moment for any correspondent but my dear Julia.

The first impression was a painful conviction of the loss of nearly a fifth of a century by the country in consequence of misgovernment; the second was a feeling of indignation at the outrageous abuse and wrong which Greece has suffered at the hands of the Bavarians, who seem to have considered her a place of apprenticeship where their theoretical politicians might try their bungling experiments at the expense of another people, and where the hungry and useless dependents of their court might suck the fat of a strange land, and when gorged to the full come back to live at home upon their ill-gotten gains. There is but one voice from every part

[1] Theodore Parker.

of the country; there is but one cry from men of all parties, and it is that Greece has been misgoverned, abused, insulted and pillaged by the Bavarians. You know that they flocked here by thousands; that the stupid King[1] gave them his entire confidence; put them into offices of trust and profit; gave them the preference over the old and tried Philhellenes and over the Greeks; let them eat up the ten million loan and the revenues of the country; allowed them to bankrupt the nation, and would never see their folly or their wickedness until the people, goaded almost to madness, rose up, to a man, woman and child, on the third of September, and taking him by the throat, forced him to sign the promise of a constitution and to dismiss his Bavarians. They have gone, thank Heaven! the stupid, thieving knaves. They have sneaked away like curs caught over their half-devoured prey. Would that they had taken their lout of a king with them!

You may think me warm, and I am so, for it is as clear as day that the King of Bavaria, while he has been parading before the world his attachment for Greece and his willingness to make sacrifices for her, has regarded the country as a field for profitable speculation. Without regard to the awful responsibility of arbitrary power, he has placed upon the throne of young Greece a youth whom he must have known to be almost an imbecile, and for no other reason than that he was the offspring of his own withered loins. He has cleared his pension list of useless and cumbersome members and sent them to fatten upon the loan which Greece was to pay by the toils of her own children. He imposed a regency and a numerous staff of officers who were in his pay, — pay which he said he should continue, but which he obliged Greece to provide. In fine, he acted throughout for his own selfish interests and for the interest of his son, overlooking

[1] Otho I.

entirely those of Greece. He has a long and heavy reckoning to pay, and the next Assembly of Deputies will arraign him before the bar of public opinion, and show him to be a selfish and wicked hypocrite.

The King (to whom I have been presented) is a poor, weak, half-developed creature, who has been and is now more sinned against than sinning. He is at present completely under the direction of the Mavrocordatos ministry, which came into power under British influence. The leading Greeks are watching with intense interest the movements of the new ministry, and preparing for a violent opposition. The ministers, on the other hand, are seeking to make friends on all sides, and their extensive patronage, increased in the present crisis by the power of appointing the peers, who are to be for life, will enable them to keep the ascendency for some time, — for some years I hope, because Greece needs quiet more than anything else.

It is remarkable with what readiness the Greeks fall into the tactics of constitutional diplomacy, and how expertly they address themselves to the new power — the majority principle. There is the greatest activity of intellect among the people of the Capital; they write in their twelve newspapers; they declaim in the coffee-houses; they caucus in squads; they intrigue in every way, and quite laugh at the opinions of the old men who, as Petro Bey (old Mavromichaelis) said to me yesterday, want to make the people keep quiet and be obedient to the law by beating them over the head. Great as has been the loss of Greece, in her material and physical interests, in consequence of the misrule of the Bavarians, there has been at least this advantage, — that the people have super-added to their hatred of foreign tyranny a detestation of domestic, arbitrary power, and that the attachment to constitutional liberty will be cemented by a remembrance of what they suffered under an irresponsible king.

As for my own private movements, dear Sumner; . . . after Julia's safe *accouchement* and the re-establishment of her health, I yielded to her persuasions and left her in Rome, on the 30th of last month. I crossed the country to Ancona, took the steamer there and ran down the Adriatic to Corfu. At Corfu we took in some passengers, among whom who should there be but Mr. Sidney Brooks and his wife and her sister! We crossed to Patras, and then steamed up the gulf to Corinth; here they crossed the isthmus and went to Athens by steamboat, while I journeyed by land, on horseback, through the Megaride, Eleusis, etc. On passing my old colony at Hexamilia, I was recognized by some of the peasantry whom I had planted there, who set up a shout which brought others about me.[1] I was pulled off my horse and lugged into a house, as were also my two travelling companions, an Englishman and a Swiss — to their great astonishment, I assure you, for they knew nothing about me. Cushions were strown for us to sit upon, a table was set before us, we were forced to eat and drink, and then began the long series of questions and answers about the events that had transpired during the fifteen years of our separation. The whole village gathered about the house, and to make a long story short, I went away amid demonstrations of affectionate remembrance and continued attachment, so earnest and so obvious that they made one of my companions shed tears, though he understood not a word of the spoken language. But I must not enlarge upon this now, for I have no time; perhaps I ought not to do so even had I ever so much time; but you will not, I know, suspect me of vanity in making any communications to you.

[1] "As he rode through the principal street of the village, the elder people began to take note of him, and to say to one another, 'This man looks like Howe.' At length they cried, 'It must be Howe himself!' . . . This is only one of many scenes which fully attested the grateful recollection in which his services were held by the people of Greece."

—*Julia Ward Howe, Memoir of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.*

My reception in Athens has been very satisfactory, and my welcome by several persons most touching. Verily in my younger days I must have been a much more pleasant and familiar person than I have been of late years; for now I feel, as Hillard said, that people rather like me for what I do than for what I am. . . .

Ever yours,

HOWE.

My father would gladly have stayed longer in Greece among the friends old and new who flocked around him with eager welcome; but his anxiety about my mother and sister, added to the growing desire to get back to work, gave him no rest. Returning to Rome, he now set his face homeward. Before leaving Europe, however, he desired greatly to inquire into the condition of the deaf-mute in various places, and this occasioned some delay.

He writes in June from Paris:

"As my sole motive for delay is to become acquainted with the *modus operandi* of deaf-mute articulation, I shall have accomplished that and be ready to sail by the 19th of July."

The following letters give the story of the remaining time that elapsed before my father's return to this country.

To Charles Sumner

ON BOARD THE STEAMER BATAVIA DOWN THE THAMES FOR ROTTERDAM, June 30th, 1844.

Here I am, dear Sumner, steaming away eastward again, leaving behind me all I love. "Strange," you will say, "how much Howe runs away from his family;" but so it is; and yet I hate and detest the thought of travelling alone,

and were it not that I did so dislike and recoil from this expedition I would not undertake it. But the more I don't want to, the more I will go, for it is what I owe to the Institution, and any sacrifice for it should be made most cheerfully, or at any rate be made.

My plan was to have taken my family from Paris to Holland, but the day before starting the babe was unwell, and I feared to expose it to the fatigues of a land journey, so we came to London. I found the most delightful rooms with good old Mrs. Tree (Ellen's[1] mother), who took us into her house, — the second lodgers she has ever taken, — and who makes us so very comfortable that I have not the slightest hesitation about leaving the family there. She was induced some six months ago to receive an American family, to whom she became very much attached, and she says she will never let her house to any but Americans.

I was unable to see anything at all satisfactory in the way of teaching articulation to deaf-mutes in Paris or in London. What I did see was quite enough to satisfy me that we can do very much better; and I go to Groningen not so much to learn as to see how far they carry the system, and to be able to carry it farther myself. I know I can; and it will be a source of great comfort, in reflecting upon the fifteen months spent in Europe, to feel that besides the happiness and advantage to my wife and sisters,[2] it was instrumental in producing some amelioration in the condition of the deaf-mutes of our State and country. Every year I live brings closer home the conviction that we must work for others, and not for our own happiness (God will take care of that). Alas! that my practice falls so far short of my theory!

It is quite too bad to keep people under such a delusion about me. One gentleman, an F. R. S., writes that he wants

[1] The well-known actress.

[2] Louisa and Annie Ward. The former had joined the party in Rome.

to see me more than any other man in Europe. He has published a little book, with physiological reflections on privation of senses, which he dedicates "To Dr. Howe, the ingenious and successful teacher of Laura Bridgman." The man looks *up* to me; yet it is evident, from reading his books, that he has himself tenfold more talent, acquirement and merit than I have or ever shall have.

I saw Morpeth, who was just leaving town. He insisted, however, on our going to Stafford House, where we were most kindly received by the Lady Elizabeth L. Gower, and by her affianced lover, the young[1] Lord Lorne, son of the Duke of Argyle, whom our girls knew by the token of his having pelted them with bouquets on the Corso. I like him; he is worthy, I hope, of the loveliest lady I have met in Europe. She is particularly kind to me, and without any affectation takes a deep interest in all that concerns humanity and goodness. You did not send her a specimen of Laura's writing, as I asked you to do last year.

I shall be back in ten days. I hope and mean to sail by packet as soon after as may be. You will all cry out upon me for coming by sail instead of by "machine shop," but no matter. . . .

Yours,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

LONDON, August 2nd, 1844.

You have been ill, very ill, I hear, dear Charlie; and this is one reason more for my grieving as I do that I am not already at home and with you. Illness is the only time when I should be able to be of any use to you, and I should almost rejoice to find you a *little* ill, that I might have the pleasure of coddling you. . . .

We have been down at Salisbury spending a few days, and

[1] George Douglas Campbell, afterwards eighth Duke of Argyle.

very pleasant days they were. You know the comforts and elegances of English country life, and you may conceive of my enjoyment in having my wife partake of them, and of seeing her excite the admiration of sensible and good people. We dined with the Bishop, the Dean and others, and were everywhere treated with great attention. Next week we go to Mr. Bracebridge,[1] a friend of mine, and remain until the day of sailing.

We have seen little of Morpeth, he having been out of town almost all the time; but he has been very kind and attentive. Everybody is now away from London and all gaiety has ceased. I find some objects of interest, however, in the public institutions, and in some particular cases of privation of senses. One of them, a deaf, dumb and blind woman, who has been totally neglected, can be taught to speak and to read, as I have quite demonstrated to persons about her in only three lessons. . . .

Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

This woman was one of a number of blind deaf-mutes whom my father found on this wedding trip, and in each case he did all he could for the trebly afflicted person; in some cases beginning their instruction himself, and in all endeavouring to interest persons in the neighbourhood to carry it on. In his Report of the Institution for the Blind written in 1844, he describes these cases, and closes with this earnest appeal in behalf of these neglected sufferers:

"And here the question will recur to you (for I doubt not it has occurred a dozen times already), can nothing be done to disinter this human soul? It is late, but perhaps not too late. The whole neighbourhood would rush to save

[1] Charles Nolte Bracebridge, Esq., of Atherstone.

this woman if she were buried alive by the caving in of a pit, and labour with zeal until she were dug out. Now if there were one who had as much patience as zeal, and who, having carefully observed how a little child learns language, would attempt to lead her gently through the same course, he might possibly awaken her to a consciousness of her immortal nature. The chance is small indeed; but with a smaller chance they would have dug desperately for her in the pit; and is the life of the soul of less import than that of the body?

It is to be feared that there are many others whose cases are not known out of their own families, who are regarded as beyond the reach of help, and who are therefore left in their awful desolation. This ought not to be, either for the good of the sufferers or of those about them.

The sight of any being in human shape, left to brutish ignorance, is always demoralizing to the beholders. There floats not upon the stream of life any wreck of humanity so utterly shattered and crippled that its signals of distress should not challenge attention and command assistance."

The visit to Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge at Atherstone was one of special interest. At this time my father and mother made the acquaintance of Florence Nightingale, then a young woman of twenty-four; and from here they went to spend a few days with her family at Embley. My mother, in her "Reminiscences," describes both visits.

It was at Embley that my father had a conversation of deep import with Miss Nightingale. Finding that he, like herself, was an early riser, she asked him to meet her in the garden one morning before breakfast; and said to him:

"Dr. Howe, you have had much experience in the world of philanthropy; you are a medical man and a gentleman; now may I ask you to tell me, upon your word, whether it

would be anything unsuitable or unbecoming to a young Englishwoman, if she should devote herself to works of charity, in hospitals and elsewhere, as the Catholic Sisters do?"

My father replied: "My dear Miss Florence, it would be unusual, and in England whatever is unusual is apt to be thought unsuitable; but I say to you, go forward, if you have a vocation for that way of life; act up to your aspiration, and you will find that there is never anything unbecoming or unladylike in doing your duty for the good of others. Choose your path, go on with it, wherever it may lead you, and God be with you!"

Soon after this, Miss Nightingale began the study of nursing, with what glorious results the whole world knows.

NOTE TO PAGE 153, LINE 12. George Washington Greene, who was at this time United States Consul at Rome.

CHAPTER V

THE GALLEY OF REFORM

"He rejoiced in the presence of difficulties. His spirit rose in the face of opposition. While he was not unwilling to discharge in the line of duty the commonplace, straightforward tasks of life, he was more in his element when antagonistic forces were marshalled against him. Then his soldierly nature manifested itself, and he was not long in becoming master of the situation."

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET.

IN September, 1844, my father returned to America with wife and child, and resumed his work at the Institution for the Blind, and, as Mr. Sanborn happily puts it, "his labouring oar in the galley of reform."

It is not possible to describe adequately the multiplicity of his labours during the years that followed. Any one of these labours, worthily described, would fill a volume. Labour for the insane, for school reform, for prison reform; labour for the teaching of deaf-mutes, for the teaching of idiots; labour for Free-soil and the abolition of slavery; and all the time the work among the blind going steadily on. I can do little more than touch briefly upon one and then another of these subjects.

First in order comes his earliest work for the insane, which, though begun in 1841, seems properly to belong to this chapter.

In those days Miss Dorothea Lynde Dix was beginning her labours in behalf of this class of sufferers. It was in March, 1841, that this noble and heroic woman first became aware of the dreadful condition of the insane patients in the jails and almshouses of Massachusetts. Horrified at

what she found, she cast about her for aid and came to my father. He responded eagerly, and became at once her helper in the new crusade.

At her solicitation he made a careful examination of the East Cambridge jail (the one first brought to Miss Dix's notice), and published the result in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of September 8th, 1841.

This article was fiercely attacked, but the statements made in it could not be controverted.

Miss Dix now resolved to investigate the condition of the various jails and almshouses throughout Massachusetts, and for the next two years devoted her time and powers to this painful task, the results of which were embodied in her famous Memorial to the Legislature of Massachusetts, dated January, 1843.

At this time my father was a member of the Legislature, and it was he who presented the Memorial.

It was referred to a committee, of which my father was made chairman; and this committee reported at once, strongly endorsing the truths of Miss Dix's statements, and strengthening them with other instances of cruelty and neglect. The report ended with a fervent appeal for immediate action.

Miss Dix's biographer notes it as "A capital piece of good fortune that at this time a man of the courage and indomitable humanity of Dr. S. G. Howe should have been in the Legislature, ready and eager to engineer the bill through. All along had he stood by Miss Dix, and encouraged her efforts. Now, as the debate went on, he continually sent her short, stimulating letters."

The first of these letters says: "I presented your Memorial this morning, endorsing it both as a memorial and a petition. Your work is nobly done, but not yet ended. I want you to

select some newspaper as your cannon, from which you will discharge often red-hot shot into the very hearts of the people; so that, kindling, they shall warm up the clams and oysters of the House to deeds of charity. When I look back upon the time when you stood hesitating and doubting upon the brink of the enterprise you have so bravely and nobly accomplished, I cannot but be impressed with the lesson of courage and hope which you have taught even to the strongest men. . . . You are pleased to overrate the importance of my efforts. I can only reply, that if I *touch off* the piece, it will be you who *furnish the ammunition.*"

There were many discouragements. A little later on, my father writes less hopefully.

"I do not like to indulge in feelings of distrust, but have been irritated by the cold, pecuniary policy of these men. A friend overheard one of those very men who talked so pathetically to you say, 'We must find some way to kill this devil of a hospital bill!' Speaking about these traitors, another friend, and one versed in the wiles of politicians, said to me, 'Doctor, never mind: there is a hell; these fellows will find it.'

"But God soften their hearts, and enable them to realize the sad condition of the insane, and turn and do otherwise."

This discouragement was only momentary. The sensation produced throughout Massachusetts by the Memorial was profound and abiding. Public sympathy, public indignation, rose like a flood, and all obstacles went down before it.

"The bill for immediate relief was carried by a large majority and the order passed for providing State accommodation at Worcester for 200 additional insane persons." [1]

[1] *Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix.*

On March 20th, my father writes thus to Mr. Sumner:

To Charles Sumner

March 20th, 1843.

Glory! glory and good tidings for all sane and insane! We have carried the measure through its final stage in the House — $25,000 — and all by 151 to 80.

I'm off like a rocket; shall be sneaking back like a stick on Wednesday. Ever yours, S. G. Howe.

Congratulations now poured in upon Miss Dix, who may well have been the happiest woman in Massachusetts at that time. Among them was a letter from Dr. John G. Palfrey, in which he said,

"I did not tell you, what you will have understood, that Dr. Howe managed the business admirably, — to say like an old stager would be doing him injustice, — like a man of humanity, energy, and abundant resources, as he is."

So was fought and won the first battle in behalf of the insane in this country.

Immediately after his return from Europe in 1844, my father began his work for the deaf-mutes; indeed, it was really begun before this, as the European letters show.

Both he and Horace Mann had been for some time convinced of the practicability of teaching articulation to deaf-mutes, and their conviction was strengthened by finding in Europe several schools established for this purpose. Together or apart the two friends visited all of these schools that lay anywhere near their line of travel. My mother thinks that they found but one in England, and that a small one; but, "in Switzerland and in Germany, the system had already been fully tried and established, and in these countries they found opportunities of observing pupils in

every stage of vocal discipline, from that of the simultaneous utterance of unintelligible sounds to the very politeness and perfection of speech." [1]

Mr. Mann came home first, and instantly began a campaign in behalf of articulation; my father, shortly following, joined heart and soul in the work — and the fight! It was a stern one. The authorities at Hartford[2] stoutly resisted the innovation, and clung to the old method of arbitrary signs assisted by the finger-alphabet. There is a Canute in the path of every tide of reform.

My father's way of meeting the opposition was characteristic. Finding that he could make no impression on the Hartford people by speaking or writing, he proceeded to demonstrate the truth of his proposition; took two little deaf-mute pupils and taught them articulation, with swift and absolute success. The rest was merely a question of time. Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of the College for Deaf-mutes at Washington, and son of Dr. T. H. Gallaudet (founder of the American Asylum for Deaf-mutes at Hartford, and my father's hearty opponent in this controversy), said after my father's death:

"In Dr. Howe the cause of articulation in America had one of its earliest and warmest supporters. It is probably not surpassing the truth to say that, in the absence of his efforts in this direction, the happy results now witnessed at Northampton and in this city would have been postponed, perhaps for many years."

My father's experiments in teaching articulation led to the establishment long after, at Chelmsford, near Boston, of a small school devoted to this method of instructing the

[1] Julia Ward Howe, *Memoir of Samuel Gridley Howe.*
[2] I. e. at Dr. Gallaudet's American Asylum for Deaf-mutes.

deaf; and the teacher of this school, Miss Harriet Rogers (whose sister Eliza had been a teacher at the Perkins Institution, in special charge of Oliver Caswell), became in 1867 Principal of the Clarke Institution for the Deaf at Northampton.

In the twenty-two years which intervened between my father's first efforts and the happy fruition of them in the opening of this Institution, he never ceased to preach and teach articulation as opportunity offered; and many mothers, inspired by his advice, taught their deaf children in their own homes, and thus enabled them when grown men and women to take their part in life and their place in the human family.

This was not the only fight in which Mr. Mann and my father were engaged together at this time. The "Common School Controversy" began; and like Elijah the Prophet, the two friends broke "forth like a fire;" their "words appeared like burning torches."

This controversy was roused by Mr. Mann's famous Seventh Report of the Board of Education, in which he compared our school system with that in use in the best schools in Europe, greatly to the disparagement of the former.

This paper, which cannot be read to-day without a thrill, rang like a trumpet blast in the ears of the Boston schoolmasters. The Boston schools in those days were not dead, but sleeping; they did not like the Board of Education, which had been disturbing their slumbers ever since its formation in 1837; much less did they like its secretary, Horace Mann. Mr. Mann in his treatment of the Boston schools had shown himself both dove and serpent; and while not in any way neglecting them, had devoted most of his time, his power and fiery energy, to raising the level of the schools throughout the State, in towns, villages, and country districts. Here his reforms were so sweeping and so effectual that Boston people began to rub their eyes and say "What is

all this? school reform in Salem, Roxbury, Newburyport? why — how about Boston?"

Boston people have never liked to be behind in anything, especially in matters of education; they began to call for reform in a general way, not knowing precisely what they wanted. The schoolmasters grew more uneasy, and disliked Mr. Mann excessively; but on the publication of the Seventh Report they sprang to their arms, feeling that they must fight for their lives.

They put forth a paper entitled "Remarks on the Seventh Annual Report of the Board of Education," signed by thirty-one masters, and consisting of a severe arraignment of Horace Mann and his works. The battle was on. Mr. Mann published a "Reply" to the Remarks; the masters presented a "Rejoinder" to the "Reply." George B. Emerson, the veteran teacher, published "Observations" on the Remarks, in which he bore noble testimony to Mann's labours, and foretold his ultimate triumph.

"A current has been set in motion which is not to be checked. It will move onward. These gentlemen cannot stem it. . . . Everything external may be swept away; but . . . the Boston teachers might as well attempt to dam up the Mississippi as to stay its progress."

As in the fight for articulation, so in that for education, my father and Mr. Mann worked together, sharing the toil and the obloquy, giving and seeking aid and counsel. The correspondence between the two is a series of lightning-flashes.

"I have already cleared ship for action," writes Mann on Sept. 25th, 1844, "and shall bear down upon the piratical craft soon. Would you keep all destructiveness out, or would you let in a sardonic touch of it now and then, just to

keep folks from yawning over my reply? . . . The foe think the Board of Education already destroyed, and that it only remains to record the sentence. But we will see who shall be Mordecai and who Haman. Thirty-one of them hung on the same shaft would look like a string of onions. . . ."

On October 8th, he writes, " . . . I look upon my cause as desperate, but am determined to have one fight for it, and if I die, I will die *game*."

And a few days later (Oct. 11th) "A thousand thanks for your kind proffers of assistance to take me out of the hands of the Philistines. They are the more valuable inasmuch as they are the only ones I have had from any mortal."

Again, speaking of his forthcoming " Reply," Mr. Mann writes: " I am not entirely without hope that the thing will sell, not because it has any merits, but because Cain begot so many more children than Abel that they love a fight, and if they cannot have a cockpit or a bear-garden, will buy an account of one."

Soon after the appearance of the " Reply," my father writes as follows.

To Horace Mann

November 26th, 1844.

MY DEAR MANN: — You ask what is going on: I can tell you what is going *off* — that is the reputation of the Boston schoolmasters. Oh, Horace! you have a heavy debt to pay in good deeds for the gratification you have given to all the sons and daughters of Cain by your public flagellation of their old tyrant. I thought you disapproved of public execution, and never supposed you would turn hangman. Even cold Buckingham[1] "*rises with enthusiasm*" from the

[1] J. T. Buckingham, Editor of *The Courier*.

perusal of your pamphlet; and every one strives to find some new expression of his gratified destructiveness. One lady said you had skinned, and then put salt on to the raw of the schoolmasters; another declares she can never hear the name of schoolmaster without thinking of a vulgar fraction. The "Reply" is in fact town talk. Last night at a large party at Abbott Lawrence's, there was laid out a large pile of them for distribution.

I hear brother Barnum[1] is to reply; the others will hardly come up to the scratch. Poor fellow! as the Greeks say he *schasei*-s, (?) — that is, fills all up with rage and bile till he is on the point of bursting! But we must indulge in no feeling of this kind; we must strive merely, out of this opportune excitement brought about by the masters themselves, to extract some good for the children.

Our friends feel sanguine about the new committee; I do not. I fear the wiles and intrigues of men who have nothing else to do but work out their own selfish and devilish purposes. We will do all we can, however.

I go to New York to-morrow, and probably to Canada to stir up their Legislature to do something for the blind.

I am at work for the *North American Review*.

Ever yours, S. G. Howe.

It is unnecessary to say that this controversy ended triumphantly for Horace Mann and educational reform; its conclusion is matter of history, and belongs rather to Mr. Mann's Life than to my father's. I cannot however refrain from quoting, as a side-light on the episode, the following brief passage from a letter of Mr. Mann's to Dr. Edward Jarvis.

"Can you do anything for a brain that has not slept for

[1] Barnum Field, one of the Thirty-one.

three weeks? I can feel the flame in the centre of my cranium blazing and flaring round just as you see that of a pile of brush burning on a distant heath in the wind. What can be done to extinguish it?"

In December, 1844, my father was elected a member of the Boston School Committee, and immediately proceeded to examine the public schools in a manner theretofore unknown. The system he found in use was a singular one. There were two annual visiting committees, one for the writing, the other for the grammar department of the schools. These committees made each a separate report. It had been found several years before that it was "impossible to do anything like justice on the examination, for committee-men could not be found who could give the time necessary to examine over seven thousand children." It was therefore ordered that the Committee might limit their examination to the first class in each school; but — they were expected from this one class to judge of the real and comparative merits of the whole school!

There were nineteen schools. Up to this time all examinations had been oral; but my father determined to introduce the system of written examinations already in use in Europe, which he had studied, and found to be infinitely more satisfactory.

I quote from the report of the annual visiting committee, written by my father.[1]

"It was in view of the great importance of the subject that your committee, anxious to do all that could possibly be done towards a thorough and satisfactory examination of the schools, resolved to adopt, in addition to the usual mode

[1] This report is signed by Theophilus Parsons, S. G. Howe and R. M. Neal. Mr. Neal retired from the committee afterward, and throughout my father was the "labouring oar."

of oral examinations, the plan of submitting to the scholars a series of printed questions on all the subjects studied in the schools. These questions were so graduated that the simpler could be understood and answered by any children of common sense and ordinary attainments, while the more difficult would tax the powers of the best of our scholars without being quite beyond them. . . . It was our wish to have as fair an examination as possible; to give the same advantages to all; to prevent leading questions; to carry away not loose notes or vague remembrances of the examination, but positive information in black and white; to ascertain with certainty what the scholars did not know, as well as what they did know; to test their readiness at expressing their ideas on paper; to have positive and undeniable evidence of their ability or inability to construct sentences grammatically, to punctuate them, and to spell the words."

Thus, briefly, my father laid down the principles which have ever since governed school examinations in Massachusetts.

He next described the plan in detail. The examination papers were privately printed and prepared; then, ". . . Without any previous notice, each member of the committee commenced at eight o'clock in the morning with one school, and spread before the first division of the first class the printed questions in geography. The maps and books were put out of the way. The scholars were placed at a distance from each other, so as to prevent communication by whispers; they were told that they would have one hour to answer the questions, and that they should not lose time in trying to write handsomely, as the chirography would not be taken into account. Then they were set to work.

"Notwithstanding all that was said about their being unused to such a mode of questioning, about their inability to

express what they knew in so short a time, we found that in a few minutes they were all busily at work, all adapted themselves to their new circumstances with that readiness which characterizes our countrymen, without embarrassment; and, generally, *they had exhausted their power to answer before the hour expired.*

"The committee-man gathered up his papers and went as quickly as possible to the next school, remained there an hour and then proceeded to a third. After the noon intermission the committee commenced again and visited three more schools. Thus each committee-man finished the examination in geography of six schools, and the three finished all the schools in the city. The next day we took the questions on another subject, and thus finished the whole. We were sorry to feel obliged to adopt these and other precautions, which seemed to imply a suspicion on our part that attempts might be made by individuals to defeat the object of the examination. . . . We are still more sorry to say that the result has proved those precautions to have been necessary, though not exactly for the reasons we had anticipated. . . . We were pained, however, to find that though many of the masters co-operated with us, some did not. . . .

"Besides this examination by printed questions, the schools were also visited and examined, as we have already said, *orally.*"

Horace Mann, speaking of the work done in this notable examination, said that "it could only have been done by an angel — or Sam Howe."

The following letters show that the angel bore a flaming sword.

It was *àprôpos* of this examination that Mr. Mann wrote to my father, (August 18th, 1845).

". . . Call on me if I can do you any good, for I feel that my own life were nothing in comparison with this enterprise, and if it fails in your hands we shall have to wait another great Julian epoch for another opportunity. There is no man but yourself that can carry it through; I am not even sure that you can carry it through *at this time*, but another year, if not now. It is no use to say God speed you! because I have no power over His Majesty, but having power over myself, I will speed you if I can."

To Horace Mann

1845.

MY DEAR MANN:— . . . You know all the news about the elections, and of the more than decimation of the Thirty-one. Great public good will come out of the late excitement, I know, and that is consolation enough for the labour I have undergone and the abuse I have sustained. . . .

It can be proved that one girl at least said to her father at home, that she had been obliged to tell a lie at school; that is to sign a paper for Mr. F——'s continuance as master, when in truth she did not want him, and did dislike him. I say it can be proved, but I doubt whether it will be. It is the easiest thing in the world to move people's sympathies in a master's favour, but a very hard one to act *against* him, because they do not suffer in their own persons.

I am to be a fortnight or so at Brattleboro,[1] if I am not converted into an icicle the first day; I have a shivering foreboding that the first *lein tuch* will be my winding sheet; if so then my last words to you will be — go on and halt not; neither turn to the right hand nor to the left: if the country and the race can be speeded on its great work of progress and improvement it must be by the education of the young.

[1] Dr. Wesselhoeft's Water Cure.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, May 8th, 1845.

MY DEAR MANN: — If I feel more wrath against sinners than you do, it is only because I know better than you do what scamps we are for sinning as we do. . . .

I am in vacation[1] at home, but hard at work elsewhere. I have tried to stop the forthcoming publication[2] of the masters, but it is impossible. I have however the strongest assurance from Crafts that it will contain nothing disrespectful to you, nothing which any one can complain of. Each of the four worthies publishes an explanation, or a sort of appendix, on his own dirty hook. I am somewhat inclined to think they may take out some offensive matter, even from these appendices, in consequence of the appointment of the annual visiting committees. They went to the Mayor[3] and endeavoured to persuade him not to place either Brigham or myself on either of these *screwing machines*, as they call them, because we were openly pledged to support all your measures. I am told they are in a flutter because the Mayor did put both of us on, — Brigham on the Writing, myself on the Grammar Committee. . . .

I am now going to work, but before I do it I must have a day with you. I think you must come down here, and hope you will name an early day and give me three fourths of it. I will promise nothing, but I have made a resolution, as deep as my nature allows, that I will falter not until I have effected an entire reformation in our system. I have brought over some to the necessity of a superintendent, and Mr. Young — a conservative, by the way — said to me with much earnestness — "Well, I am satisfied we must have one,

[1] At this time the Perkins Institution had two short vacations, spring and fall, instead of one long one.

[2] The "Rejoinder."

[3] Josiah Quincy, Jr., chairman of the School Committee.

and I wish with all my heart and soul we could have Mr. Mann. . . ."

Whether Barnum shall get around me or not depends upon whether he can persuade me of his powers of casting out devils, and to do that he will have to bring stronger "Evidences" than Professor Norton ever laid open.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, September 3rd, 1845.

MY DEAR MANN: — We have come out beaten from the fight,[1] as you know, — but not discouraged.

Some of our friends have no pluck, and some have no conscience: the first *shied* at the demonstrations of the friends of the masters; the last took compassion upon them and thought it best to let the children suffer.

I suppose I may speak of what is or will be public, — the conduct about F——. The clear and decided majority of the Committee said unhesitatingly: "He is not fit for a girls' school; he is a coarse, ungentlemanly creature, and we will not put him over our girls; but, — but — he will do for the boys!" and therefore fourteen, Parsons included, voted for him; that is to say, they voted that he, the ungentlemanly, coarse and violent creature, was better fitted for the Adams School than any of the thirty candidates, among whom were such men as Smith of Salem, Jacobs of Cambridge, and many other most gentlemanly and accomplished masters!

I put this distinctly in Committee of the Whole, but I was obliged to leave to go to my wife, who had been very ill (alarmingly so to me) all night.[2] I returned only in time

[1] The proposed dismissal of certain masters who seemed unworthy to hold office.

[2] On August 22d (1845) my mother had given birth to a second daughter, who was named Florence, after Miss Nightingale, and who is now Mrs. Florence Howe Hall. The illness here spoken of was consequent upon this confinement.

to vote "nay" in the Board; perhaps had I remained it (the vote) might have been somewhat modified, for I saw that two or three winced under the thrust which I made in search of consciences.

I have, my dear Mann, been for four or five days in a hell of hot water. They throw it all on me:—some masters have cried, and melted my heart; — even F. E—— says to some, "If Dr. Howe will go for you, you will be chosen;" but the arch-devil lies, except in one or two cases where he was right. All East Boston is upon me, you see; as for South Boston — they will never send me again. Then the Report! so full of errors — and I so poor an arithmetician; I to manage that and to split my organ of number into a thousand fragments. To hear Parsons speak in the Committee — you would really imagine he had put his blessed eyes on some of the tables! would he might! They will be all right to-morrow.

To-morrow we shall probably be beaten on Fairbanks's case; we shall probably not push opposition to Shepherd; but we shall I trust put in Christian men in the place of —— and ——.

But one thing we have done that is clear, beyond a doubt even of the *dummer junckers* of the Association; we have scotched that snake if not killed it. More than one has exclaimed, "You shall never catch me meddling with anything but my own business hereafter." Then we have waked up an intense interest in the subject, and it shall not be allowed to sleep. I mean now to go distinctly before the people as beaten on the proposed reform.

But I cannot write more than to apologize for not having written before; what with my wife's illness, and my own business, and fighting off hornets, I have been exhausted; and going to bed have slept not, but dreamed half awake of ferulas, candidates, yeas and nays, ballots, etc. Awake, however, or asleep I am ever yours, S. G. Howe.

To Horace Mann

TUESDAY, September, 1845.

MY DEAR MANN: — We are at the end of our second day's labour, having spent about eight hours each day in the schools. As a general thing the scholars answer better than I expected, though many of the answers are such as to tax one's powers of self control: as when boys of fifteen reply to the second query, "What is the difference between zoology and geology?" thus: "Zoology treats of birds, and geology of insects;" or thus: "Zoology treats of creatures, geology of *Divinity!*" Some of the schools appear well, and the good masters like the plan very much; while the poor masters cry out about a *trap*. Whose school do you think did best among my seven on Natural Philosophy? Why — *Barnum's!* Most of the questions about facts are well answered; almost all those about the application of principles are not answered at all, are badly answered, or are guessed at; as about the comparative elevation of Lakes Erie and Ontario. Indeed, as many have answered that Ontario flows into Erie as that Erie flows into Ontario; as many have answered that a pound of water occupies a greater space in the liquid state than in the state of ice, as the contrary.

Three schools declined any examination in Natural Philosophy; perhaps more, as all my returns for the day are not in.

Parsons and Neal thought my precautions against intercommunication rather ridiculous; I am sure they were even too little. This morning I examined four schools in Natural Philosophy, and gave notice to a master that his school would be examined at half past four; but going in upon him at half past three I found all his chickens about him, and he feeding them with crumbs of Natural Philosophy — absolutely lecturing to them upon what he knew was to be the

subject of the examination. As the good devil would have it his scholars were all *gravelled* on most of the questions; for I have refused in every case to leave a single copy of my questions in the schools which I examine, or give one to a master. I am told that some questions have been handed at noon by brothers to sisters, etc., and am determined on the next subject to prevent this by having the whole examination of the schools in grammar finished in the morning. This we can do by assembling the first classes of two neighbouring schools in one room: six schools apiece will finish the eighteen in the morning. . . .

Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

The reform of the examinations was not the only one proposed by my father. In his report he suggested the appointment of a superintendent of schools, " . . . who should act as the agent of the committee and give unity of system to all the schools and efficiency to the measures of the General Board; " and he urged the abolition of what he calls " the present double-headed system." It seems that at that time each school had two masters, one called the " writing," the other the " grammar " master. They taught other branches beside those from which they derived their title; but the singular thing about them was that they were considered absolutely equal; " equal masters, with equal pay; no difference in rank or authority, neither having exclusive control or responsibility." " *Two* masters," my father adds, " are *no* masters, and it is strictly true that there is no master in our grammar schools."

The examinations and the proposed changes stirred up a new tempest, and my father was as bitterly assailed as Mr. Mann had been; but in this case as in the Common

School Controversy, there was no stemming the tide of reform, and today every child enjoys the peaceful fruits for which the two friends fought and — in the spirit — bled.

The following letter is also of this time.

To J. M. Sturtevant

Nov. 6, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR: — . . . My advice is that you spend the next vacation at the Normal School and endeavour to make yourself acquainted with the theory and practice of teaching. In that way you will qualify yourself for immediate usefulness after you graduate, and you will spare yourself the mortification in after life of reflecting that your valuable knowledge as a teacher was gained at the expense of your first pupils. A striking instance of this has just occurred in this city! One of the most prominent teachers, who has whipped his way through some twelve generations of pupils and whose whole career has been marked by stripes upon the hands even of girls; who flogged by the hundred a week and vindicated his severity in several printed discourses, clinching all his argument even by texts from the Old Testament; this man was induced some time ago to abandon the rod and try other and milder measures, and now finds his pupils far more orderly, respectful and industrious! Now with what sort of feeling must this man look back upon the mistaken course in which he spoiled so much good birch, blistered so many soft hands and hardened so many tender hearts?

I mention this as a case where much harm to the pupils and much mortification to the teacher may be spared by his devoting some time before he commences teaching to a study of the best means and appliance of its use. . . .

Very truly yours,

S. G. HOWE.

Still another fight was on in these strenuous years of 1845-'6. The prison system of Massachusetts stood in crying need of reform, and the question arose what shape this reform should take. The Boston Prison Discipline Society was divided on this important subject. My father, with Mann and Sumner as his supporters, advocated the separate system, as practised then in Philadelphia, and as opposed to the congregate, or Auburn System. Their opponents, no less earnest than themselves, were Louis Dwight and Samuel A. Eliot, father of President Eliot of Harvard, and brother-in-law of George Ticknor. It was a bitter controversy, and brought my father more before the public as a speaker than he had ever yet been. I quote the following words from one of his addresses.

" Sir, what is it that constitutes men *social* beings? Is it sleeping packed away in separate cells, as near, but yet as separate and still, as the dead in a well-filled graveyard? Is it marching in lock-step, in silence? Is it sitting side by side in the shop, at the table, and in the chapel, but without a sign of recognition or sympathy? No, sir, it is through the sense of hearing that men must communicate — it is speech, and not sight, that makes men social beings. Who so lonely, who so unsocial, who so completely a hermit in the world, as your uninstructed deaf-and-dumb man? Before you give him a *language*, a system of signs, he is not only the loneliest man in the world, but generally a brutal, wretched, and miserable one. Now, sir, the (Auburn) congregate system, as recommended by this society, strives to cut off all this communication by speech and by sound. It succeeds in doing so, or it does not succeed. If it succeeds, then it is really more solitary than the separate system, which makes special provision for communication. If it does not succeed, it holds up a false appearance to the world, and it injures the

prisoners by placing them in antagonism with rules which they break and learn to despise.

"In the Philadelphia prison the prisoner is at first left without work; but soon he demands it. For the first time in his life he learns that idleness is pain. Work is given to him, and he is left with it, to learn to love it. Contrast this with the situation of the prisoner at Auburn, who is marched up in military array and placed at his work, and forced to occupy himself incessantly at it upon pain of the lash.

"I have been a prisoner, sir; I have known what a weary length of time is a day passed in a gloomy cell without occupation, without books, without hope; what an age is a week endured in close confinement; what eternity is a month dragged out in a lonely cell, where, though it were not dark, I could see no sun nor moon nor stars. During the first portion of my imprisonment (in the Prussian prison at Berlin, for the offence of aiding the Poles in their struggle for liberty), I was kept *au secret*, as it was called, — that is, no one was allowed to see me except the turnkey who brought my food — I could not know my offence, I could not tell when I was to be tried, I could not tell what was to be my fate, I could not receive a letter or newspaper, or know what was going on in the world. I bore up under this depressing, purposely agonizing treatment, as well as one who had youth, and strength, and an ordinary share of courage could; but it was evident that my health could not long endure in my narrow cell, and my entreaty to be allowed exercise was complied with. I was led out into a court-yard of the prison, and I can assure you, sir, that though the fresh air was most delicious and the bright sun was most welcome, I never cared to go there again. On either side were convicts in their cells, and they came to the gratings; the men began to talk ribaldry, the women to beckon to me, and because I shrunk away they blasphemed and cursed me until I was glad to

find refuge in my cell; and I thanked God for its silence and its solitude. It seemed to me a paradise in which I could live contented when contrasted with the hell it would have been if such wretches as I had seen had been its inmates with me.

"Sir, I trust that when I escaped from that prison I was at least no worse a man than when I entered it; but I shudder to think what might have become of me if I had been forced to work, to eat, to march, and to associate for five, ten, or fifteen years with the other prisoners. Sir, the hunger and thirsting of the human soul for sympathy and communion is almost as dreadful as that of the body for food. One has a feeling as of moral starvation, which in common natures will overcome the natural repugnance to associating with the depraved; and perhaps not all my own conscious innocence, nor the virtuous precepts of my home education, nor my own self-respect, would have saved me from sinking into despondency, from forming intimacy with my comrades, and from suffering moral evils which almost *must* affect even innocent men on being congregated with criminals. And if I should have been injured, if I shrank from congregating with criminals, shall I not plead for my brother who has the same feelings and the same nature that I have? May there not be a man committed to our prison who is as innocent of any crime as I was? May there not be others, who (when we consider the sudden and dreadful temptation that came over them in a moment), are hardly to be counted as responsible? And shall we herd these men in with hardened offenders?"

My father did not win this fight; but the seed he sowed bore fruit later, in many reforms of the prison system. The two opposed systems still exist, but have been practically superseded by the Elmira system, which combines all that

is useful in the two and adds features which neither of them possessed.

The Prison Discipline Society continued to do much good through many years; and long after it had ceased to exist, the Prisoners' Aid Society used to hold its meetings at my father's office in Bromfield Street. This was a society devoted to the interests of discharged convicts; helping them to find employment, advancing money where it seemed necessary, aiding them in every possible way to regain a footing and a place in the working and hoping world.

Indeed, to the end of my father's life the "sorrowful sighing of the prisoners" never ceased to sound in his ears. As he says, he had known imprisonment; and no effort of his was ever wanting that could lighten that burden for others.

Another important matter which awaited him on his return from Europe was that of Reform Schools. He had investigated schools of this nature on the continent, and found the system full of dangers. He writes to the Hon. William Appleton, who had consulted him on the matter, —

"I have no faith in the reformatory machinery of penal institutions for adults, when it is brought to bear upon the subjects *en masse;* and I have very little faith in such establishments for the reformation of youth. It is hard work to make straight a single crooked stick — harder yet a bundle of them, *taken together.*"

All through his life my father worked and fought for the principle of separation and diffusion, as opposed to that of congregation and concentration. Some years later (1854) he wrote to some gentlemen who had again approached him on the subject of a Reform School for Girls, —

"I consider it to be certain that all establishments in

which a large number of persons of one sex live long together are unnatural, unfavourable to the growth of social virtues and graces, and injurious to the moral nature. Congregations of young persons of one sex are even more injurious than those of older persons. The young need the constant presence, the influence and example of their elders. Nature mingles them in due proportion in common families and in general society, and any wide departure from this proportion is unfavourable to the best moral growth.

"But most especially undesirable, and as it seems to me most especially unwise and hazardous, would be a congregation in one great household of young girls in all, or in the majority of whom, bad habits have developed ill-regulated desires. Such an establishment should never be thought of but as a matter of stern necessity. . . . *Viciously Disposed Youth Should Not Be Brought Together, But Put Far Asunder.* . . . "

Here follows a plan for a Reform School for Girls on the family plan, that plan which is accepted to-day the world over, and which we shall find still more carefully laid down by him in the reports of the Board of State Charities, some years later.

Amid these multifarious interests, my father never relaxed his affectionate watch over the public and private career of Charles Sumner. His joy and pride in the noble achievements and growing fame of the great Senator find utterance in many letters, of which I give a few as belonging properly to this period.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, 4 SOMERSET COURT, Monday evening, 9 o'clock, April, 1845.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I could not stay quietly at home and enjoy my domestic happiness, for thinking of you, alone

and melancholy at your office. So I came over to seek you out and try to console you in my poor way. You were not to be found at your den, nor yet at your mother's; and I come here to pen you a few words of sympathy.

I know not where you may be, or what you may be about; but I know what you are *not* about; you are not seeking your own pleasure, or striving to advance your own interests. You are, I warrant me, on some errand of kindness, some work for a friend or for the public. You say that everything has gone wrong, and that you have met nothing but rebuffs during the last fortnight; but, dear Sumner, there is not one of the rebuffs which you have met that I would not welcome for the sake of the consciousness which you must have that you have been following generous and kind impulses, and that your only motives were those of friendship and philanthropy. You ought to be the happiest man alive, or at least of my acquaintance, for you are the most generous and disinterested; and you would be, did you not cheat the warmest and best desires of your nature out of their legitimate and sweet enjoyments.

You were sad to-day, in thinking of some failures in your kind efforts for others; but would you not make any and all of them over and over again, with the faintest hope of success? You should rejoice that you have made them; for when you made them you gained what never can be lost, — the advantage of having acted from a high and noble motive. Never mind what consequences it brings on your head, that advantage is secure. No matter what motives may be ascribed to you; no matter if your best friends do not duly appreciate them; even if God had not given you credit for them, you have secured what fate cannot take from you, — self-approval.

You will think it strange, perhaps, but I must say I envy you for what you have been *trying* to do; and

would that I had been employed for two weeks as you have been.

But a truce to this. I love you, dear Sumner, and am only vexed with you because you will not love yourself a little more.

And now good night; *schlafen sie wohl;* and tomorrow, after you have coolly made those men at the State House feel how great is the difference between generosity and selfishness, I shall hope to see you. . . .

Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

These were the days of the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican War, shortly following. Daniel Webster, not yet "so fallen, so lost," as he was soon to become, still stood, or seemed to stand, for truth and freedom. In Boston the little band of Conscience Whigs, headed by John Quincy Adams, were drawing close and closer together, filled with the sense of coming danger. Among the younger of these men, Charles Sumner took the lead in open speech, my father, Horace Mann and John A. Andrew standing shoulder to shoulder with him. On July 4th, 1845, Mr. Sumner delivered his great peace oration, "The True Grandeur of Nations."

"In our age there can be no peace that is not honourable, there can be no war that is not dishonourable. The true honour of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. . . . He is the true benefactor and alone worthy of honour who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; . . . who, by words

and actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honour in a Christian land."

If my father's warlike nature could not wholly endorse the opening words of this splendid passage, the latter part of it breathes his very spirit; may, indeed, have been inspired partly by the thought of him.

The oration roused a storm of opposition, which only served to bring Sumner's friends closer about him.

My father wrote as follows,

To Charles Sumner

July 5th, 1845.

DEAR SUMNER: — I could never love you more than I did yesterday morning, and yet at night I was far more proud of your friendship than ever before. To say you have done yourself honour is to say but little, but you have done a noble work, even though ridicule and sarcasm should follow you through life. You have struck a blow at the false gods which the people worship; you have proved them to be of wood, hay and stubble; and although their worshippers may rave, the idols will fall.

If I could do as much as you have done on the next Fourth, I should be willing to say on the fifth, *nunc accipe dive*, and let us retire to private life. . . .

Come and see us,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

No. 8 BOND STREET, N. Y.
October 28th, 1845.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: — . . . I am very happy here, with Julia and the babies; but would be as happy with them

anywhere else, for socially I am defunct without you; that is I see nobody but the family.

I did indeed pass an hour with Silliman to-day, very pleasantly, and had one very cosy dinner with Sidney Brooks, whom I like, you know, merely for his warm social nature. But why should I qualify it with a *merely?* is not the social nature, after all, of the very highest consequence? is not the mind the mere handmaid of the heart? and is not intellect — genius even — and acquirement, but secondary to qualities of the soul, which enable us to make others happy by loving them?

C'est vrai, l'un n'empêche pas l'autre; but we cannot expect to find Crichtons in our daily walks, nor Sumners either; but for my part, give me rather the social qualities which make men (even old ones) love one, than that power of the intellect which makes them merely respect. The best kind of popularity is that one gains among friends and acquaintances, and he who is beloved by a large circle is more to be envied than he who is the cynosure of a nation's eyes without being the centre around which the satellites of love revolve. He who sacrifices a friend, or a genial acquaintance even, to mere popularity, commits a wrong and an error; and he who neglects his social nature for the sake of posthumous fame commits both in a greater degree.

Don't you think the world is wrong in ranking so high as it does the desire of fame, especially of posthumous fame? What is it but a mere desire of the approbation of those who are to come after us in the world, often operating to make us disregard the affection or approbation of those about us: a caring for the opinion of the next generation rather than this? I had rather have the love of the wide circle of which you are the centre than the cold admiration which the coming generation will give to Webster and Bryant.

Your circle includes old men and youths, old women and —.

alas! not maidens; and if you do not hasten you never will be able to include them in its embrace. Why, what an arrant poltroon you are — you who are so fearless in your assault upon great and formidable characters in male attire, even Presidents of Insurance Offices — you afraid to make an onslaught upon maidens! Get up out of that chair of yours; go straight up to Beacon Street; walk around the Common; seek out the sweetest girl you meet; join her at the second round, and offer yourself to her; insist upon her accepting you, and carry off her troth before you are thrice around. Leave off your musty, fusty notions; be not so fastidious; any sweet girl of eighteen, with good health, good heart and fair talents, is worth as much as you are any day, and will be worth a great deal more five years hence; for she will keep that long and you won't; mark me, you won't!

Now I have given you a little rowing, I'll say I hope to see you on Saturday, and that you'll have engaged Feltonius, at least, if not Longo and Hillard, to eat that Bean with us at Parker's.

My love to the Club, the real glorious trio,[1] who have shown that they abound in charity as they do in talent, by having admitted to their charmed circle so humble a member as yours,

CHEV.

To Charles Sumner

January, 1846.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I cannot go home without saying to you that I meant neither *seriously* to row, criticize or blame you in the slightest degree; and that you must make all possible allowance for the rough sandstone of my composition, in interpreting my words.

It makes me sad to think that I can throw no sunbeam

[1] Longfellow, Felton and Hillard.

across the dark path in which you walk. I would I could have imparted to you one half (I would not spare the whole, even to you) of the ecstasy I felt yesterday when my little Julia, toddling up to my knees, raised her sweet face and said for the first time distinctly, "Papa! Papa!" Such sounds sweep over strings of the heart of whose existence we were not aware, and make sweet music within us. I have no fonder, heartier wish than that you may be a sharer in such joys.

Ever yours; rough without but faithful within,

HOWE.

The following letter was written during my father's unsuccessful visit to Washington in the interest of the blind, spoken of in an earlier chapter. This may account for its gloomy tone.

To Charles Sumner

WASHINGTON, April 26th, 1846.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I arrived here last evening, in the midst of a cold rain storm which has continued ever since. The physical atmosphere of Washington then is as cold, dark and ungenial as its moral (or immoral) one; and my thoughts and my heart turn northward and homeward for comfort and for cheer.

I know not why it is, but this place always seems to me more like Sodom of old than any other city of the world. I think that if the fire-shower should be discharged again it would fall here. The debauchery, depravity and wickedness which New York, Philadelphia and all large cities exhibit, is confined to certain classes of people, and is mainly the exhibition of low and animal natures, rioting in the indulgence of brutal passions; the animal man is rampant in these classes; the lower stratum of society is like the body

of the Sphinx, but the upper presents a comely head and front.

In Washington there may not be so much of bestial indulgence (though God knows there is enough), but there is, I am convinced, less of the leaven of morality to save the corporate lump. It is the City of Selfishness. It is a den of thieves. It is the place where wicked men most do congregate; and it is the more intolerable because they are generally the *ablest* rogues in the country.

Is it not disheartening to find, that out of the thousands and tens of thousands who come up hither from every part of our land to hold office or to seek office, with words of patriotism in their mouths, there are but very few who would not sell the interests of the people for a mess of pottage? "I go for 54°40′," [1] said a clerk in my hearing this morning, "because it will be most likely to get us into a war." "But why do you want a war?" said another, who probably had a fatter office. "Because," replied the first, "it may make me better off and cannot make me much worse;" and no one of the group of half a dozen around him offered to smite him upon the mouth, or indeed seemed to think he had said an unreasonable thing.

The depravity and licentiousness of great cities is generally confined to a class of wealthy and idle men, whose artificial polish conceals the enormity of their sin; and to a degraded class whose ignorance is some excuse for it. They seem to be the necessary if not natural attendants upon the collection of a vast number of people in a small space, — the froth upon the surface and the lees upon the bottom. But in Washington it is not so. You have not the polish of refinement in the upper class, nor the brutality of ignorance in the lower, to grace or to palliate the wickedness which pervades the

[1] A political war-cry of the day, referring to the dispute over the Oregon boundary.

mass; because (save for the blacks) the population is remarkable for boorishness and for intelligence. I suppose that there is not upon the face of the earth a population which has so great a proportion of unpolished, cunning and able men, as that of Washington.

Through the length and breadth of our land we have looked merely for the men of intellectual vigour, and have put them into office without much thought about their moral principles. We have placed the intellect above the sentiments, and are reaping the harvest of our error. Purity of purpose and integrity of soul are not considered necessary qualifications for office; nay! they would embarrass him who should strive for it; and there comes rushing to this centre, from every part of the Union, a gaunt and reckless set of cunning men who have no other motto than to "go ahead," over morality, patriotism, religion, — everything that may oppose them in their aim at the Spoils.

It seems to me that not even of our ministers of religion should we so strictly require purity of life and strictness of integrity as of every man who asks at our hands a vote for an office of public trust. If such had been the policy of our country, what a beautiful concentration of virtue and talent would have been found here! How truly prosperous would our country have been at home; how glorious and irresistible abroad! Without an army and without a fleet, we should have been the terror of tyrants and the protectors of the oppressed. No civilized or half civilized people would have submitted long to despotism in any form, with the bright example of this country before their eyes.

Instead of that what have we? Public offices filled with rogues; public treasure squandered to promote selfish ends; public credit lost; public prosperity continually jeopardized. Verily America has fallen far short of the fulfilment of her high mission.

But I had no idea, my dear Sumner, of writing a homily. I only meant to say to you that this is a most unholy place, filled with all manner of rude, disagreeable, spitting, smart and energetic men; not because you do not know it, but just because I want to speak out my mind. . . .

I admire you all, and shall send out an order to Crawford to do Longo and Hillard in marble; as for Felton, marble is too cold for him; I'll have some little forms made in his likeness, and we will have his head in jolly, shaking jellies and rich ice-creams; nay! even the butter shall be moulded in his image, to shed the oil of joy around, and my children shall partake of him in all shapes, until perchance they shall grow to be like him, the jolliest, wisest, best children in the world. But if I begin to talk about the Club I shall fill another sheet, so good-by, you worthless half of a pair of tongs.

Ever yours,

S. G. H.

P. S. Don't send my letters to the care of any member. I detest this miserable, petty system of cheating the post-office by abuse of franks. Write to the P. O.

The following letter was written after hearing Sumner's *Phi Beta Kappa* oration.

September, 1846.

My dear Sumner: — I cannot say that I love you any better than I did before I heard your triumphal discourse; but certainly I feel prouder of your friendship than ever. As I saw how you swayed and thrilled your audience, and drew their souls upwards after you in enthusiastic aspirations towards the beautiful and the true, I did not feel, as I sometimes do, — "Would that I could so lead a host of hearts!" but I rejoiced that no other but you was doing it.

Your tone was excellent. I sat in the pew next the door, and heard every syllable distinctly, from the first to the last. With the exception of one or two gesticulations your manner was most beautiful. Julia was completely surprised and carried away; she had no idea that you could do anything like it. For the first quarter of an hour she did not dare to look at you, dreading some mistake or failure; but when she did look she lost all fear for you.

It was a most delightful day for me; and as I thought of the happiness and pride you were giving to me, I could realize what must be the emotions of your mother, sister and the many dear friends who sat, first with beating hearts, then with gratified and triumphant assurance that others would know something of that worth of which they know so much.

God bless you,

S. G. Howe.

In this chapter I have tried to show my father at his place in the "Galley of Reform," working side by side with other kindred spirits; his next task must be described in a separate chapter.

CHAPTER VI

THE SCHOOL FOR FEEBLE-MINDED

"The love and wisdom of our Heavenly Father are manifest not only in those gifted ones who seem fashioned most nearly in his likeness, but even in these broken fragments of humanity, which should therefore be carefully gathered up, that nothing be lost which His sanctifying fingers have touched." S. G. HOWE.

"It is hard to realize that but two generations have passed since Dr. Howe first raised the cry 'A man overboard!' nor do we realize how far that voice has reached, or that its echoes will go on for ever.

"The school is indebted for its existence to Dr. Howe. Looking back through the annual reports and the unlimited appendixes printed with them, we find that before his decease he had considered most of the contingencies which might happen, and which have happened, in the life of our institution. . . . The school has been conducted as nearly as possible upon the lines laid down by him."

REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE SCHOOL FOR FEEBLE-MINDED, 1903.

"I consider that his work with the imbecile is truly the chief jewel in his crown. The other things he did other men might have done, but he alone among the philanthropists of that time was able to see the need of this work, and to realize its possibilities." WALTER E. FERNALD, 1908.

IN the year 1846 my father undertook a new work, one of the most important of his life. In the course of his labours and research in behalf of the blind and the insane, more especially of the latter, he had been deeply impressed with the sufferings and needs of a kindred class, the idiotic and feeble-minded. Up to that time nothing whatever of a public nature had been done in this country for these unfortunates. Seldom to be classed with the insane, there was no refuge for them save the poorhouse, where they were often fed and lodged, but where no attempt was made to elevate their condition, or to develop such powers as might be latent in them. It was my father's principle, many times enunciated in his

reports, that the child with but one talent required and deserved no less care and attention than the one with five. Not only did his heart go out to these sufferers in an anguish of pity, a flame of resolve, but his wide gaze saw in their present condition a fearful menace to the well-being of the community.

My father knew that in France the education of the idiot had begun;[1] indeed it is probable that he may have visited the asylum at Bicêtre. When, therefore, in 1839, a blind child was brought to the Perkins Institution who was also idiotic and unable to walk, my father gladly undertook his treatment, and was able to improve his condition greatly in all respects. Somewhat later two other blind idiots were received into the Institution and were treated with "considerable success."

This success led my father to infer "that if so much could be done for idiots who were blind, still more could be done for those who were not blind."

Having assured himself not only that the thing could be done but that he himself could do it, the next step was to convince others first of the need, then of the expediency of action by the State.

"It was considered a duty," he says, "to endeavour to do something for idiots as a class, and various plans were proposed. Such, however, was the public incredulity as to the capacity of ordinary idiots for improvement, that it was thought best to proceed very carefully, and in the first place

[1] "The first methodical attempt (to teach idiots) was that commenced in 1800 by Itard, upon a boy found wild in a forest in the centre of France, and known as the Savage of the Aveyron. . . . The results . . . were not satisfactory, and the attempt was abandoned. In 1828 it was revived, at Bicêtre (an asylum for idiots in France) by Dr. Ferris, . . . who undertook the education of a few of the more intelligent of the idiots, and this example was followed, in 1831, by Dr. Falret, at the Salpetrière. . . . In 1839 a school was organized at Bicêtre."—*Letter from George Sumner to Dr. Howe, dated Paris, Feb., 1847.*

to obtain accurate official information as to the number and condition of these unfortunate persons in the Commonwealth. In the winter of 1845 it was resolved to make a movement."

Probably my father felt that he should not appear directly as the prime mover in this matter, lest it be instantly set down as the vision of an enthusiast; but as usual he makes no mention of himself. On January 22, 1846, Judge Byington, then a member of the House of Representatives, moved an order for the appointment of a committee, "to consider the expediency of appointing commissioners to inquire into the condition of the idiots of the Commonwealth; to ascertain their number and whether anything can be done for their relief, and to report to the next General Court."

This order was passed and printed the same day, Judge Byington being made chairman of the committee. In its report, presented March 25, 1846, the committee urged strongly the appointment of such commissioners, and subjoined the following letter from my father.

To Judge Byington

March 12, 1846.

DEAR SIR: — You ask whether I think it expedient to have commissioners appointed by the State to ascertain the condition and capacities of the idiots who are supported at the public charge, and I answer that I think it not only a matter of expediency but of duty.

Every child in the State has a right to be taught at the public expense; and shall we overlook or neglect those who are helpless children all their lives long?

There are about *six hundred* idiotic children in Massachusetts, most of whom are born of poor and ignorant persons who can do nothing for them, and they soon become the

children and the charge of the public. And what do we, whom God so freely blesses with mental capacities and means of happiness, — what do we do with those helpless fellow creatures whom He throws upon our hands? We thrust them out of sight into the almshouses; we bury their one poor single talent, which He will require at ***our hands***, we feed them indeed and care for them, as we do for our cattle, but like cattle we let them go down to the grave without trying to kindle within them the light of reason which may guide them on their way to eternity.

Whoever has been in the habit of visiting our almshouses must have been struck with the pleasing looks of those poor harmless beings, in whom a human soul seems struggling with the animal nature which overpowers it. They are almost always gentle and timid creatures capable of affection, and possessed of enough intellect to encourage any one who has the time and means for attempting their instruction to do so; but the task is so difficult that few ever assume it; and the almost universal lot of the idiot is to be left to bask in the sun in summer, and hang over the fire in winter, to indulge whatever natural or unnatural appetites he may have, and to pass through life without the consciousness that he has a human soul.

This neglect of idiots is not only a wrong to them and a betrayal of our trust, but it is sometimes the cause of their suffering grievous ill-treatment. This is not the place to relate the sad story of some of them; nor should I be disposed to harrow up your feelings by doing so if it were. I know very well that in most of our towns the overseers of the poor and the keepers of the almshouses are humane people, and disposed to be kind to their helpless charge. But I know too that their good intentions are sometimes defaulted, and that some idiots have been cruelly misused. Not only are they often made the sport of neighbouring

children and the mockery of the thoughtless inmates of the almshouses, but sometimes the victims of evil-disposed persons.

Being helpless and unable to bear testimony against others, they have occasionally been treated with great inhumanity; idiotic males have suffered cruel oppression, and females have been shamefully outraged.

Nor is injury done to them alone; the community suffers on account of it, because the spectacle of degraded and despised humanity cannot be familiarly contemplated without harm; and every village which has an idiot or "silly person" who is made a butt of by the young and thoughtless, suffers therefor in its moral character. Man is made in God's image, and those who have not learned to respect humanity in every form will be wanting in due respect towards its great *Prototype*. Besides, the recoil of a wrong is more powerful than its stroke.

If it were not certain that the intellectual condition of idiots could be improved, still for humanity's sake it would be right to appoint commissioners to inquire into their physical condition and their actual treatment in order to ascertain whether their unhappy lot could not be lightened.

The State appoints commissioners to be the guardians of the sad and scanty relics of the Indian tribes, and to look after their rights and interests, and shall the six hundred children of our faith and race, who are far more helpless than the Indians, be left uncared for? The Mohammedans cherish the half-witted and regard their incoherent words as a sort of inspiration; and shall the benighted infidels be more charitable than the Christians of Massachusetts?

But it is not only possible that many persons who are now left to vegetate as hopeless idiots are capable of much intellectual improvement, it has now become a matter of certainty. Schools have been established for them in France

and in Prussia, and in those schools the most degraded and apparently helpless idiots have been much improved.

I have myself known several cases in our neighbourhood of persons who had long been considered as hopeless idiots, but who, to an experienced eye, showed the marks of capacity for great improvement. Several children have been brought to me who not only were insane, and consequently fair subjects for treatment, but who had been considered as idiots and treated as such; they had been in fact *educated to* be idiots, for all treatment of children is *education*, be it for good, or be it for evil.

I have in mind one case where the child of a rich and wise man showed such signs of idiocy as would, if he had [been] the son of poor and ignorant parents, have certainly condemned him to the almshouse, to neglect, to idleness, and probably to dumbness, [for he could hardly speak;] but by a resolute and judicious course of instruction he has been taught to read, has been improved in speech, and will, I doubt not, become a rational man, and be able to take care of himself.

Now may it not be that there are scores and hundreds of such cases among the poor and friendless? And is it not an awful thought that our wealthy community is yearly losing human souls that are entrusted to its care, whom the mere overflowing of our garners might have gathered into the bosom of society? Will not God in his righteous judgments demand them at our hands?

But even if we descend to lower considerations and regard the economy of the thing, we shall find that worldly wisdom would teach us to train our idiots to habits of industry. Of the many who are now supported at the public charge only a few do any work, and that is of the most unprofitable kind; to say nothing of the destructive tendencies of some who are left unemployed. Now it is certain

that the great majority of them might be taught to do some simple handicraft work; that they might be trained to love labour, and thus support themselves in whole or in part.

It appears that the considerations of duty, humanity, and economy all demand that the condition of the idiot at public charge should be inquired into, with a view to its speedy improvement.

With great respect I am,
Dear Sir,
Very respectfully yours,
S. G. HOWE.

On April 11th, 1846, the three commissioners were appointed, my father, Horatio Byington and Gilman Kimball. For nearly two years they laboured in this cause, first by means of circular letters to town clerks and other responsible persons in every town of the Commonwealth, and secondly by personal observation and inquiries. They visited sixty-three towns and personally examined the condition of "five hundred and seventy-four human beings who are condemned to hopeless idiocy, who are considered and treated as idiots by their neighbours, and left to their own brutishness."

On February 26th, 1848, the commissioners presented their first Report, written and signed by my father as chairman.

A few extracts will give its character.

"When we accepted the task assigned to us, it was not without a sense of its importance. We did not look upon idiocy as a thing which concerned only the hundred or thousand unfortunate creatures in this generation who are stunted or blighted by it; for even if means could be found of raising all the idiots now within our borders from their

brutishness, and alleviating their suffering, the work would have to be done over again, because the next generation would be burdened with an equal number of them. Such means would only cut off the outward cancer, and leave the vicious sources of it in the system. We regarded idiocy as a disease of society; as an outward sign of an inward malady. . . . We resolved, therefore, to seek for the *sources* of the evil, as well as to gauge the depth and extent of the misery. It was to be expected that the search would oblige us to witness painful scenes, not only of misfortune and suffering, but of deformity and infirmity, the consequences of ignorance, vice, and depravity. The subjects of them, however, were brethren of the human family; the end proposed was not only to relieve their sufferings and improve their condition, but if possible to lessen such evils in coming generations; the task, therefore, was not to be shrunk from, however repulsive and painful was its contemplation.

" It is to be confessed, however, that we have been painfully disappointed by the sad reality, for the numbers of beings originally made in God's image, but now sunk in utter brutishness, is fearfully great, even beyond anything that had been anticipated.

" The examination of their physical condition forces one into scenes from the contemplation of which the mind and the senses instinctively revolt.

" In searching for the causes of this wretchedness in the condition and habits of the progenitors of the sufferers, there is found a degree of physical deterioration, and of mental and moral darkness, which will hardly be credited.

" We would fain be spared any relation of what has been witnessed as well for our own sake as for the tastes and feelings of others, which must be shocked by the recital of it. It would be pleasanter simply to recommend such measures as would tend to remove the present evils and prevent

their recurrence. But this may not be. Evils cannot be grappled with and overcome unless their nature and extent are fully known. Besides, our duty was not only to examine into, but to *report upon* the condition of the idiots in our Commonwealth; and that duty must be done."

The story that follows is a terrible one, and may not be repeated here. At the close of the Report, my father says:

"No systematic efforts have yet been made in this country to teach a class of these sorely bereaved creatures, but individual efforts have not been wanting in Massachusetts. The success here obtained, for the first time, in the education of persons who by the English law are considered to be necessarily idiots, as 'wanting all those senses which furnish the human mind with ideas,' has encouraged attempts to educate idiots.[1] The results thus far are most satisfactory. In view of all these circumstances, therefore, we most earnestly recommend that measures be at once taken to rescue this most unfortunate class from the dreadful degradation in which they now grovel. . . .

"Massachusetts admits the right of all her citizens to a share in the blessings of education; she provides it liberally for all her more favoured children; if some be blind or deaf, she still continues to furnish them with special instruction

[1] My father here alludes to the case of Laura Bridgman. The passage from which he quotes is found in *Broom & Hadley's Blackstone, Vol. 2, page 83.*

"A man is not an idiot if he has any glimmering of reason, so that he can tell his parents, his age, or the like common matters. But a man who is born deaf, dumb and blind, is looked upon by the law in the same state with an idiot; he being supposed incapable of any understanding, as wanting all those senses which furnish the human mind with ideas."

The following passage is interesting in the same connection. "The presumption that a person deaf, dumb, and blind from his nativity is an idiot, is only a legal presumption, and is therefore open to be rebutted by evidence of capacity." *Chitty's Medical Jurisprudence, Vol. 1, pages 301, 345.*

at great cost; and will she longer neglect the poor idiots, — the most wretched of all who are born to her, — those who are usually abandoned by their fellows, — who can never, of themselves, step upon the platform of humanity, — will she leave them to their dreadful fate, to a life of brutishness, without an effort in their behalf?

"It is true that the plea of ignorance can be made in excuse for the neglect and ill-treatment which they have hitherto received; but this plea can avail us no longer. Other countries have shown us that idiots may be trained to habits of industry, cleanliness, and self-respect; that the highest of them may be measurably restored to self-control, and that the very lowest of them may be raised up from the slough of animal pollution in which they wallow; and can the men of other countries do more than we? Shall we, who can transmute granite and ice into gold and silver, and think it pleasant work, — shall we shrink from the higher task of transforming brutish men back into human shape? Other countries are beginning to rescue their idiots from further deterioration, and even to elevate them; and shall our Commonwealth continue to bury the humble talent of lowly children committed to her motherly care and let it rot in the earth, or shall she do all that can be done to render it back with usury to Him who lent it? There should be no doubt about the answer to these questions. The humanity and justice of the Legislature will prompt them to take immediate measures for the formation of a school or schools for the instruction and training of idiots.

"The benefits to be derived from the establishment of a school for this class of persons, upon humane and scientific principles, would be very great. Not only would all the idiots who should be received into it be improved in their bodily and mental condition, but all the others in the State and the country would be indirectly benefited. The school,

if conducted by persons of skill and ability, would be a model for others. Valuable information would be disseminated through the country; it would be demonstrated that no idiot need be confined or restrained by force; that the young can be trained to industry, order, and self-respect; that they can be redeemed from odious and filthy habits, and that there is not one of any age who may not be made more of a man and less of a brute by patience and kindness directed by energy and skill. . . . "

Not content with thus showing the necessity of immediate action in behalf of the idiots of the Commonwealth, my father added to the report a supplement, containing information which, he says, " may perhaps be useful for those who shall have the direction of that action; and likewise some facts and considerations the knowledge of which may tend to lessen the number of idiots in the next generation, and possibly to hasten the period at which this grievous calamity shall be removed."

The following passage is from this supplement,

" All those who have a living and abiding faith and trust in the goodness and wisdom of the Creator will readily believe that the terrible evils which now infest society are not necessarily perpetual; that they are not inherent in the very constitution of man, but are the chastisements sent by a loving Father to bring back his children to obedience to his beneficent laws. These laws have been as much shrouded in darkness, in times past, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt; and though they were written upon every man's body, no Champollion was found to decipher them. But a better day has dawned, and men are beginning to read the handwriting upon the wall, which tells them that every sin

against a natural law must be atoned for by suffering *here*, as well as hereafter.

"It is beginning to be seen, also, that man has a double nature and double interests; that he is a social being, as well as an individual; and that he cannot sin with impunity against the one nature any more than he can against the other. God has joined men together, and they cannot put themselves asunder. The ignorance, the depravity, the sufferings of one man, or of one class of men, must affect other men and other classes of men, in spite of all the barriers of pride and selfishness which they may erect around themselves. The doctrine of impenetrability does not obtain in morals, whatever it may do in physics; but on the contrary, as gases afford mutually a vacuum to each other, into which they rush, so the nature of every individual is a vacuum to the nature of society; and its influences, be they for good or be they for evil, penetrate him in spite of himself. It is clear, therefore, that in this as in everything else the interest and the duty of society are common and inseparable.

"Idiocy is a fact in our history of momentous import. It is one of the many proofs of the immense space through which society has yet to advance before it even approaches to the perfection of civilization which is attainable. Idiots form one rank of that fearful host which is ever pressing upon society with its suffering, its miseries, and its crimes, and which society is ever trying to hold off at arms' length, to keep in quarantine, to shut up in jails and almshouses, or, at least, to treat as a pariah caste; but all in vain. . . ."

But even these words did not satisfy my father. He wished to speak to a wider audience than the readers of reports; and therefore in this same year of 1848 he wrote a paper on the Causes and Prevention of Idiocy, which was printed anonymously in the third number of the *Massa-*

chusetts Quarterly Review, and many years after, in 1874, reprinted in pamphlet form over his own signature. In this paper are these memorable words:

"No man ever yet cheated any of the organs of his body of the amount of nervous energy fairly due to them, without being punished for it; because God never forgives a sin; that is, He never lets a man escape without paying the penalty which He ordained should be paid for every violated law when He made the law and created man subject to it.

"The doctrine that God ever forgives a sin, that is, in the ordinary sense of forgiveness, is one that has done incalculable mischief to mankind. Even if God *could* have any change of purpose, his love for his children would not let him weaken our trust in the certitude of his laws by a single instance of 'variableness or shadow of turning' in the whole history of our race.

"Let moralists convince men, if they can, that no sin of omission or commission was ever forgiven without payment of the uttermost farthing of the penalty, and there will be more hesitation about present gratification and less reliance upon future repentance; and let physiologists teach people that every debauch or excess or neglect is surely followed by evil consequences, and men will be more cautious about present indulgence and less reliant upon future temperance and physic. . . ."

The Report made a profound sensation in the community. There were, indeed, some people who laughed, and said to one another, "What do you think Howe is going to do next? he is *going to teach idiots!* ha! ha!" And they printed a caricature representing my father and Charles Sumner as twin Don Quixotes, riding a tilt against various windmills,

and made very merry over this last quixotism of the Chevalier. It seems charitable to suppose that these persons had not read the Report: yet my mother says that one good friend told her that "the Doctor's report was in his opinion a report *for* idiots as well as concerning them."

But the thoughtful people of Massachusetts were deeply stirred at this revelation of a hitherto unsuspected plague-spot in the community: and the Legislature, shocked but cautious, consented to allow my father to try an experiment, and appropriated $2,500 per annum for three years for the teaching and training of ten idiotic children.

That was all my father asked for the moment. Given the lever, he could always find the *pou sto* for himself. As in 1830 he had taken the three blind children into his own home, so now, without a moment's hesitation, he took the idiots. His day-time home, the home of his work and his thoughts, was still the Institution for the Blind; and it was in his own wing of the Institution that the new-comers were placed. A competent teacher, Mr. James B. Richards, was found for them; and the experiment began under my father's personal direction.

It succeeded even beyond his hopes. After a year's patient toil he was able to report that:

"The result thus far seems to be most gratifying and encouraging. Of the whole number received, there was not one who was in a situation where any great improvement in his condition was probable, I might almost say possible; they were growing worse in habits, and more confirmed in their idiocy. The process of deterioration in the pupils has been entirely stopped; that of improvement has commenced; and though a year is a very short time in the instruction of such persons, yet its effects are manifest in all of them.

"They have all improved in personal appearance and habits,

in general health, in vigour, and in activity of body. Almost all of them have improved in the understanding and the use of speech. But what is most important, they have *made a start forward.* They have begun to give their attention to things; to observe qualities, and to exercise thought. The mental machinery has been put in operation, and it will go on more easily and more rapidly in future, because the greatest difficulty, that of getting into motion from a state of rest, was overcome when it began to move. . . .

"It has been demonstrated that idiots are capable of improvement, and that they can be raised from a state of low degradation to a higher condition. How far they can be elevated, and to what extent they may be educated, can only be shown by the experience of the future. The result of the past year's trial, however, gives confidence that each succeeding year will show even more progress than any preceding one."

A year later, he was able to report as follows.

" . . . Most of these youth were, three years ago, in an utterly helpless and hopeless condition of idiocy. Some of them sat or lay in drivelling impotency, unable to do anything but swallow the food that was given them. They were void of speech and understanding. They were filthy in their persons and habits, and given to debasing practices. They were unable to dress themselves, or sit at table and feed themselves. They passed their time in idleness, without a thought or an effort for bettering their deplorable condition. Some of them were noisy and destructive in their habits.

"A great change has come over them. They have improved in health, strength, and activity of body. They are cleanly and decent in their habits. They dress themselves, and for the most part sit at table and feed themselves. They are

gentle, docile, and obedient. They can be governed without a blow or an unkind word. *They begin to use speech*, and take great delight in repeating the words of simple sentences which they have mastered. They have learned their letters, and some of them, *who were speechless as brutes, can read easy sentences and short stories!* They are gentle and affectionate with each other; and the school and the household are orderly, quiet, and well regulated in all respects."

After some words of hearty commendation of Mr. Richards and his assistants, my father goes on to describe in detail the progress made during the year by each pupil. The story is one of intense interest, and I cannot forbear to quote from the account of George Rowell.

"George Rowell is a congenital idiot. He entered our school in December, 1848, being then seven years and six months old. . . . In his gait and some of his habits, he reminded one of a monkey. In point of intelligence he was very low. Speech, that peculiarly human attribute, and the surest test in such cases of the degree of intellect, was wanting; he could pronounce only three words, and those only indistinctly. He was to all intents and purposes as dumb as a brute. . . . He had no sense of decency or duty, and no regard for the rights or feelings of others.

"There was, however, much vitality and energy about him, which, being expended through his animal nature, kept him active, restless, and mischievous. He was passionate and destructive, and given to picking things to pieces and destroying them. . . . His habits were those of an infant.

"Such was this boy, two years and a half ago; nor was there any reasonable hope of his improvement. . . .

"But now a great and happy change has come over him. He is decent in all his habits, and cleanliness has not only

become a custom but a want. He is neat in his dress; he sits at table, using a knife and fork, and eating as other children do. He makes his bed, sweeps the floor, assists in scouring knives, and does various little *chores* about the house, with great good humour and sufficient skill. But the most gratifying result is that he *begins to speak!* . . . He has learned to read simple sentences, and does read understandingly, and with pleasure and pride, such books as Bumstead's Primer. . . ."

Whittier, writing to a friend after a visit to the school, says of George Rowell, "The change is almost like a resurrection of a mind from death — or rather a new creation;" and George B. Emerson, in the *Christian Examiner*, tells of the poor lad's forming with his letters the sentence "*Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;*" and adds, "divine words, which are now familiar to the eyes, and which will soon, we may hope, reach the soul of the poor rescued child."

After two years of tuition, George made a short visit to his parents. When his teacher came to take him back to the school, the father tried to thank him for what had been done. "George," he said, "now plays with the other boys; he plays *like* the other boys —" he would have said more, but could only turn aside to weep.

I remember George Rowell well: "Littlehead," his playmates called him. In the early sixties he was a tall youth, busy, happy, and useful; his life a round of simple duties and pleasures, thoroughly performed, thoroughly enjoyed. When I think what his life would have been but for my father, I find no words, but am silent, as was the child's own father.

The happy story moves on to a happier climax. In 1851,

the Joint Committee on Public Charitable Institutions visited the school and reported that:

"The experiment seems to have succeeded entirely. The capacity of this unfortunate class for improvement seems to be proved beyond question. The school, however, must be abandoned unless adopted by the Legislature and put upon a permanent footing. Meantime, an institution has been regularly incorporated under the name of the 'Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth,' and the corporation is composed chiefly of persons who have been connected with the Institution for the Blind while the experiment for training idiots was going on in that establishment."

The Committee went on to recommend that five thousand dollars be paid regularly to the treasurer of this school, under certain provisions.

So the School for Feeble-minded was established, and continues to this day; as noble, helpful, and beautiful an institution as even Massachusetts owns.

In 1852 appeared the fourth Report; "being the third and final Report on the Experimental School For Teaching And Training Idiotic Children; also the first report of the trustees of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth."

In this Report my father says:

"When the first steps were taken in this matter by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1846, it was the common belief — indeed, one might say that with very rare exceptions it was the universal belief — in this country, that idiots were beyond the reach of the most zealous educator's skill, and almost beyond the reach of human sympathy. . . .

"Our law considered them as paupers, but classed them

with rogues and vagabonds; for it provided that they should be kept within the precincts of the House of Correction.

"The most melancholy feature of the whole was that they were condemned as worthless and incapable of improvement; and the law required their removal from the only place where they were comfortable, the State Lunatic Asylum, whenever it was necessary to make room for the less unfortunate insane, and it sent them, not to another asylum, but to the houses of correction. There was not, throughout this whole continent, any systematic attempt to lift them out of their brutishness. Even in Massachusetts, where the maniac is made to go clad and kept in mental quiet, — where the blind are taught to read, the mute to speak, yea, and even the blind mute to do both, — even here the poor idiot was left to that deterioration which certainly follows neglect. He had but little talent given him, and by neglect or abuse that little was lost, until, growing more and more brutish, he sank unregretting and unregretted into an early grave, without ever having been counted as a man.

"Now, besides this institution, there has sprung up a large and respectable private school in this Commonwealth (at Barre, organized by Dr. Wilbur); and the Legislature of the State of New York has organized one there upon a liberal footing. It has been shown here and elsewhere that even idiots are not beyond the educator's skill; and consequently, from every part of the country come up eager inquiries from anxious parents, in whose breasts the hope has dawned that something may yet be done for children whom they had considered as beyond hope.

"Even this measure of success, though it is only a part of what has been obtained, should give confidence and courage to those who enter new fields of practical religion. It should show that as no depth of sin places men beyond the redeeming love of the All-Beneficent, so no depth of ignorance ought

to place their neighbour beyond their earnest efforts for his relief. . . .

"The results are abundantly satisfactory. . . .

"Eighteen were dumb, or used only a few detached words in an interjectional sense, — as 'Mamma!' Of these, only ten remained. Four now talk, that is, use more or less words with meaning; two begin to do so; and four are still mute. Of the whole number, only four knew their letters. Of the remaining twenty-four, only twelve remained over a year. Of these twelve, eight now know their letters and can make out single sentences, and some can *read* simple stories.

"It is true that these children and youth speak and read but little, and that little very imperfectly compared with others of their age; but if one brings the case home, and supposes these to be his own children, it will not seem a small matter that a daughter who it was thought would never know a letter, can now read a simple story, and a son who could not say 'father,' can now distinctly repeat a prayer to his Father in heaven. . . .

"Such are some of the results of the Experimental School for Teaching and Training Idiotic Children, as far as they can be set forth in numbers and words; but as was observed before, the principal result, being of a moral nature, cannot well be so set forth. It is a delicate ordeal which public institutions of beneficence pass in rendering a report of their works. They may not be able to render a full account of all the good they do, even if they would. The balance, however, in which some would weigh the worth of their works is not fit for the purpose. One might as well weigh diamonds upon hay-scales. For instance, they say the State has granted seventy-five hundred dollars for this Experimental School, and by the showing of its friends there has been but a score or so of idiotic children in any way benefited; while with the same amount of money we might have sent many gifted young men

to college or taught hundreds of children in common schools, and they would have been worth more to the State than all the idiots that ever were or ever will be in it.

"But not so taught he whose simplest words are wiser than the wisdom of wise men, and who told us that if one sheep be lost we should leave the ninety and nine and seek until we find it. And shall we not, especially since we need not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness of ignorance, — shall we not seek our lost lambs, and gather them into the fold of humanity, that none may be lost, and that we may give account to Him, who surely will demand of us his own with usury?"

The school was soon moved from the Perkins Institution; not only on account of its own need of wider space, but because the blind pupils resented keenly, and perhaps not unnaturally, the presence of their weak-minded brethren. Always sensitive, they fancied, perhaps, that they might be classed with these unfortunates; even Laura Bridgman writes in her journal: "I should be so happy to be much more pleasantly established with the whole house if they could prescribe to the Idiots not to have our rooms."

In 1855 a pleasant site was chosen in South Boston, at some distance from the Perkins Institution, and a building erected which was for many years the happy and cheerful home of the feeble-minded children of the State.

During a number of years my father devoted a large part of his time to the service of the School for Idiots, visiting it daily, examining all candidates for admission, engaging all officers, prescribing diet, regimen, rules and regulations, discipline and exercises, and making all examinations in person. He kept the correspondence, and ordered all expenses. He also travelled through the State in search of pupils, and visited

other States, bringing before their legislatures the plan of having their idiotic children sent to the school at suitable charges.

In the winter of 1850-51 he appeared with some of his pupils before the state authorities of New York at Albany, showing what had been done in Massachusetts, and urging the establishment of a similar school in New York. Soon after this visit a law was passed for the establishment of an "institution for idiots," with an appropriation of six thousand dollars a year for two years. In July, 1851, Governor Hunt of New York wrote to my father, "Your visit to our capital last winter was of great service. We feel that we are much indebted to you for the success of the measure thus far, and hope we may have the benefit of your experience and counsel in carrying our plan into practical operation. . . . You must remember that we are new beginners in the good work, and until we have had some experience of our own, we must look to the *East* for light and information."

And in March, 1852, the Hon. Christopher Morgan, secretary of the New York Board of Education, wrote to my father, concerning the new school, "It may now be regarded as permanently established, and to your visit, more than anything else, are we indebted for this noble charity."

All this labour on my father's part was without money and without price. It was not until 1868 that he consented to receive a nominal allowance for his travelling and personal expenses. I should add that from this time forward he was the recognized authority on idiocy in this country, and parents brought their idiotic, feeble-minded or backward children to him from all parts of the United States and from Canada for examination and advice. This also was a labour of love; he never would accept a penny in payment of such services.

Until 1887 the School remained at South Boston, and was then removed to Waltham, its present and probably its permanent home. To-day, the ten pupils have increased to twelve hundred; and under the wise and benevolent direction of Dr. Walter M. Fernald each year shows some step forward in the great work of tending and elevating the helpless children of the Commonwealth.

The "Idiots," as we children used to call the school, was another of the happy play-places. We loved to run along the sunny corridors, to slide down the wonderful fire-escape, to swing and climb in the big airy gymnasium, to finger the simple, bright-coloured apparatus of the school-room. We found nothing sad or painful in the scholars, with their happy vacant faces; nothing melancholy in all the bright, cheerful place. Many of the children were pleasant playfellows enough, and I can testify that a half-witted girl may make a faithful and tender nursery-maid.

Here, as at the Institution, "Doctor" was the central figure. His visit was the event of the day; teachers and pupils alike felt the stir of his coming, like a "going among the tree-tops." He passed like light through the rooms; the dullest child brightened at sight of him, and dear old Charley Smith, gentlest of fifty-year-old children, would leave his wooden horse to run to him.

They loved him, the children whom he had rescued from worse than death. When he died, they grieved for him after their fashion, and among all the tributes to his memory none was more touching than theirs: "He will take care of the blind in heaven. Won't he take care of us too?"

CHAPTER VII

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

"I wonder if there be a man living anywhere, whatever might be his longing for fame or honour, who would not exchange any hope of funeral eulogy or of remembrance by his fellow citizens that he may have, to be remembered a hundred years after his birth by a gathering of blind children, for whose life he had lighted up their intellectual darkness and kindled the light that burned inward, especially if that honour should be paid when his children could rise up and call him blessed, and the companion of his life, still honoured in a vigorous age of intellectual power, should be present and know what was done."

GEORGE F. HOAR.

November 11th, 1901.

I HAVE already mentioned the constitutional restlessness which was a part of my father's nature, the "restless spur" of which my mother speaks, and which, while it drove on his achievements, added to his cares. Perhaps I should rather describe this quality as another manifestation of his tireless energy. Through him ran a trickle of the stream of vital power, of the driving force of the world. Where others needed rest, he needed only change of occupation, and when weary with the concerns of the public weal, he simply turned the current of his power into the smaller channel of domestic life.

He was fond of changing his place of abode. Many "moves" were made during my childhood and youth. We lived in Chestnut Street, in Boylston Place, in Mount Vernon Street; and at any time the whole family might be plucked up and carried over to the Institution to spend weeks or months as the case might be. The "Doctor's Wing" was always ready for us, and many happy childhood memories cluster round those lofty sunny rooms; but spite of all changes

we had two homes, and all other recollections are shadowy and fleeting beside those of Green Peace and Lawton's Valley.

Near the Institution for the Blind at South Boston, nestled under the green shoulder of Washington Heights, was a little domain of some six acres, with an ancient house shadowed by two giant Balm-of-Gilead trees. My father was much attracted by this estate, and in 1845, wishing to have a home of his own, he bought it, added one or two rooms to the old house, and moved the family there from the Institution.

The move was made on a lovely summer day, and my mother, as she entered the grounds, involuntarily exclaimed, "This is green peace!"

The name clung; Green Peace it was, and Green Peace it remained till the march of civic improvement swept it out of existence. It was the place my father loved best on earth, as to us children it was the home *par excellence* (though it is a curious illustration of the restlessness of which I have spoken that but one of us six was born there!), and it was his delight to improve and beautify it, adding now a room, now a tree, now a flower-bed. His passion for "construction and repairs" — another jet of the driving power — found ample scope here. Little by little the place grew into a Children's Paradise which it is a delight to remember.

The grounds were on two levels. Behind the house was a steep terraced bank lined and topped with cedar trees; there were seats here and there, and it was always summer; at least if winter ever visited the terrace I have forgotten it. Certainly no cold wind ever blew there; the sun lay hot on the cedar trees, bringing out their warm fragrance, and the little birds fluttered in and out among the close-packed branches, twittering and chirping, and picking up the crumbs we scattered after our luncheon-picnics.

The house stood in the centre of a long oval grass-plot, and in this plot my father set blossoming trees, laburnum and red and white hawthorn and others, so that it was a garden in the spring-time. A gravel drive surrounded the plot; behind this a long border ran along the foot of the terrace-bank, and here were lilac and syringa bushes, and snowballs, and pyrus japonica, and many another lovely thing. But this was not the garden. Across the driveway towered the Balm-o'-Gilead trees, a cedar hedge on either side, and between them a flight of steps leading down to the lower level. Here too it was always summer. (It was mostly spring, I think, on the grass-plot.) Passing along the box-edged path, with beds of scarlet verbena and lilies of the valley on either hand, one came to the summer-house, green-house, bowling-alley, all in one. The summer-house, which one entered first, seems on recollection to have been always rustling with seeds and dry bulbs, though it was also a pleasant place to have parties in. Opening a swing door one came into the greenhouse, with the bowling alley running along one side. The latter was a thing of mystery, for the balls, of some dark foreign wood, very hard and smooth, were named for the planets, and had distinct personality of their own; witness Uranus, who was large and ancient, and rolled with a sound like thunder, while Mercury was young and frisky, and went *whiz!* along the smooth alley, sometimes leaping over bounds and rolling into the greenhouse. For the greenhouse was two steps down, and there was only a low partition between. This place was as near fairyland as a child is like to find. On either side of the narrow plank walk were walls of roses; tiny Banksias in showers of pinky gold, long pale buds that opened into splendid creamy blossoms so heavy they could hardly hold their heads up — Maréchal Niel, I think they were — sweet Bonne Celine and many more. A few steps further and one came to the grapes, Black

Hamburgs with their purple bloom, Alexandria Muscats like golden globes of honey. Beneath, a close array of plants, all in blossom, all fragrant, all beautiful. In the middle was a little oval pond with a tinkling fountain; here were gold-fish; here also were we children sometimes, tumbling in and being fished out by Mr. Arrow the gardener, he of whom my sister Julia wrote:

> "Poor Mr. Arrow, he once was narrow,
> But that was a long time ago!"

The smell of a greenhouse is one of the most homelike smells to me. And underneath all the glory and light and perfume was a wonderful dark cavern, sweet too in its way, with moist, earthy odours, where ferns and other things lived till it was time for them to come up.

Below and on either side of the greenhouse stretched the garden; strawberry beds, rose beds, dahlia beds; most precious of all, rows upon rows of fruit trees, pear and peach, cherry and plum, my father's pride and delight. Some of the happiest hours of his later life were spent among his fruit trees, pruning, grafting, watching and tending the growth of blossom and fruit. I cannot think that the world has ever seen pears and peaches like those of Green Peace. We children were his constant companions in this pleasant garden state, and if we were not

> "Assimilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade,"

we were always learning something, whether it was the peculiar quality and singular fate of the Saint Michael pear (blighted, if I remember aright, in one season throughout Massachusetts, and never recovering), or the fact that it is dishonourable to take fruit without leave. We had all the

fruit that was good for us, for the asking; but I remember well the shock I received when once a little visitor picked up a peach and ate it without asking leave.

The comradeship with us children which was so integral a part of my father's life found its fullest expression at Green Peace. In the garden or in the house, he was always ready — when work could be laid aside — to be our merriest playfellow. How he found time for it I cannot now imagine; but to us it was the natural and inevitable thing that Papa should play with us, as natural as that Mamma should sing and play for us to dance. Romping among the haycocks on the green hill-slope beyond the garden; playing bear in the parlour, muffled in the great fur coat, growling horribly; telling us the story without an end of Johnny Lory; reading aloud to us in his deep melodious voice, Byron, Scott, Dickens, and on Sunday afternoons the Bible; letting us tumble over his desk, and explore the wonderful little drawers that contained his "picknickles and bucknickles;" these were the things that Papa did; and when now and then he refused to play, it was not on the plea of fatigue or work, but because he had "a bone in his leg," a jest which we accepted simply as a serious though happily a temporary disability.

Looking back, it seems to me noteworthy that while immersed in serious and absorbing work, my father should have found so much time to give his children. We had a nurse to wash and dress us, a governess or a master to teach us, till we went to school; but to live with, to play with, we had our father and mother; and I must think that the companionship with them was by far the most important part of our education.

Nor was it only playtime that brought us together. We were mostly very healthy children; but in the few illnesses that I remember, I have no special recollection of nurse or governess, but I know that our parents were constantly with

us, watching, nursing and cheering; and in that most painful crisis of childhood, the pulling of a tooth, it was the Chevalier or the author of *Passion Flowers* who went with Harry or Laura to terrible old Dr. Harwood, and held the little hand through the dreadful moment.

The first addition my father made to the old house was a large square room, used first as a parlour, later as a dining-room. Here many memories centre. On the floor was a Gobelin carpet, brought from Joseph Bonaparte's [1] villa at Bordentown, New Jersey, with a medallion of Napoleon and Joseph in the middle, and in the corners strange beasts not to be found in the Natural History Book. Tall mahogany bookcases stood against the walls, and between them hung pictures, the little Spanish prince one would have liked to play with, the beloved Santa Claus, the great Snyder boar-hunt which terrified one, as the dusky monster with gleaming tusks might, it seemed, come out of the frame and pursue one. At one end of the room was the grand piano, and my first recollection of my mother is standing by this piano, in a black velvet dress, her beautiful neck and arms bare, singing in her golden voice.

Here, when my father was editing *The Commonwealth*, he and my mother worked together at their desks, he supervising and supplying the political, she the literary material for the paper. (This was the first, and for many years the only part my mother took in public affairs, her babies, her studies and social engagements occupying her time fully.)

Here we children played and danced, a happy band.

These were the days when my mother used to sing:

> "Rero, rero, riddlety rad;
> This morning my baby caught sight of her Dad.
> Quoth she, 'Oh Daddy, where have you been?'
> 'With Mann and Sumner, a-putting down sin!'"

[1] Brother of Napoleon, and ex-King of Spain.

In 1851 my father built the "new part," as it was always called, a modern house connected with the old one; and here for many years it was his delight and my mother's to welcome and entertain visitors. Boston was in those days, as in these, full of delightful people, and most of them found their way sooner or later across the rather dreary district which lay between the city proper and Green Peace. Sumner and Mann, Parker and Longfellow, Felton, Agassiz, Hillard, James T. Fields, and Edwin P. Whipple, all were frequent visitors in the early days; later came John A. Andrew, Francis Bird, James Freeman Clarke and Mr. Sanborn.

Mr. Hillard's name reminds me of what was (I think) the only instance on record of a guest not being hospitably received at Green Peace. He was invited for a certain evening, but did not appear. Meeting him the next day, my father taxed him with desertion.

"I came," said Hillard. "I got as far as the gate, but your damned Free-soil dogs would not let me in."

It transpired that Arthur, the great Newfoundland, who was more zealous than amiable as a watchdog, had escaped from his kennel near the outer gate, and vigorously opposed Mr. Hillard's entrance.

To Green Peace, as to the Institution and the office in Bromfield Street, the nations of the earth came flocking. Here was held the reception for Kossuth mentioned in another chapter; here came distinguished foreigners with letters of introduction, usually to make a visit of some days. Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the German traveller of the early fifties; Arthur Hugh Clough; Desor, the Swiss naturalist, at one time the collaborator of Agassiz, and many others. But the undistinguished foreigners were more numerous still. There were, naturally, Greeks of every description, from Aristides, my childhood's idea of Apollo, with his blue-black hair and

flashing eyes, down to "Jim" (his real name is lost), sailor, cook, handy man, and beloved playmate of children.

It was before my recollection that three young Greeks came to Green Peace, one of whom, my mother tells me, was of such extraordinary beauty that Aristides is not to be mentioned beside him. These youths had just landed; spoke no English; desired to go to California. The beautiful one was the leader of the three, and a person of simple and direct mind. He saw a horse in a field, and — being now in a free country — took it, as the only visible means of reaching California. The owner of the horse having other views, and speaking no Greek, Antinous was arrested, imprisoned and brought to trial. The poor youth in despair appealed to my father, who promptly came to the rescue, attended the trial, and translated for the benefit of judge and jury the prisoner's defence of his action, which my father said was one of the most eloquent addresses he had ever heard. We may imagine that it lost nothing in the translation. Judge and jury were touched. A sentence was necessary, for the horse had undoubtedly been taken; but it was made as light as the law allowed, and the good-natured jailer made it still lighter by receiving the prisoner into his own home, where the young maidens of the family played and sang to him, and where he passed a brief and pleasant time.

Whether this gentleman (whose name I have never known) actually reached California or not I do not know, but my mother tells me that he afterward obtained a distinguished position as professor of the Greek language and literature at some Western university. If the learned professor should be still living, it may amuse him to recall the youthful time when he trusted too much to the hospitality of the Land of the Free.

Sometimes the foreign applicants (who though often learned were apt to be impecunious and helpless), were set

to teaching us children for a time. I remember several such teachers, among them Professor Füste, a German exile of 1848, and a man prodigious alike in learning and in person. De Sor nicknamed him the Mastodon Calf, and I dimly recall his mountainous figure and face like a full moon in spectacles. He made the most enchanting little paper houses, painted inside, with green doors and blinds that opened and shut. On one occasion my sister Florence, a child of much determination, tried to make the professor take her way on some point, instead of his own. Driven to desperation, he finally exclaimed, "I haf refused to opey ze Emperor of Austria, Meess; and do you sink I vill opey you?"

I remember also a highly accomplished Danish lady, who (my father found out later), had come to this country intending to join the Mormons. Not succeeding in this, (she was of a purple complexion, and as hideous as she was virtuous) she desired to become a lecturer, and prepared a lecture beginning

> "I am a Dane! I am a Dane!
> I am not ashamed of the royal name!"

I do not know that it was ever delivered.

These waifs of learning would sometimes stay at Green Peace for a time, my father studying meanwhile their ways and capabilities; then, whenever it was possible or advisable, he would find them some permanent employment. Indeed, not the smallest of his labours was that of conducting, unaided and unnoted, a kind of "Appointments Office" for foreigners; but of this I shall speak in another chapter.

Sometimes sterner matters were in hand; more than once Green Peace served as sanctuary in time of danger. A dim vision comes to me from early childhood of a white-haired man knocking at the door, clamouring fiercely for his daughter, and meeting with a stern refusal. His white hairs

covered nothing reverend; he was drunken and reprobate, and his elder children had implored my father to hide the little sister till they could find or make a home for her.

Again it was the slave-girl Martha, whose story is in itself a chapter of romance. She came north with her mistress, who (I think) brought an idiot child for my father to examine. Now the law declared that a slave brought into a free country was not obliged to return to slavery unless by his own desire. My father appealed to this law, and took the case into court, detaining Martha at Green Peace while the trial was pending.

She was brought before the magistrate and interrogated. Did she wish to go back to the South? "No!" she cried; and begged earnestly not to be sent back into slavery. My father won the case, and Martha grew up a free woman, on free soil.

It is only too easy to linger among these pleasant places of memory, but I must not leave Green Peace without saying a word about the parties that were given there. Probably the grown-up parties were like similar gatherings elsewhere; not so the children's parties! Nowhere else, I like to think, were just such theatricals given as we children remember. Scenes from "The Rose and the Ring," Thackeray's enchanting child-story, were arranged by my mother at two different times; the first performance showing Mr. and Mrs. William Story as King Valoroso and his queen, and Mabel Lowell (daughter of James Russell Lowell), and my sister Florence as Rosalba and Angelica; the second performance, several years later, with my mother as Countess Gruffanuff, my father as Kutazoff Hedzoff, and John A. Andrew (not yet Governor) as Prince Bulbo.

I can hardly remember the performance of the "Three Bears," with my father (in a huge black beaver bonnet)

as the Great Big Huge Bear, and the same Florence, a child of fairy-like proportions, as Silver Hair.

This was the kind of party that my father describes as "a good occasion — a religious occasion!"

I must not forget the wonderful "junk," or rocking-boat, one of the prime delights of our childhood, which stood in front of the house. I do not know whether my father invented this delightsome contrivance, but I have seen only one other, and that the one at the Perkins Institution. Shaped like a lengthwise slice of melon, set on grooved rails, with transverse seats, its whole length protected by iron hand-rails, — the junk furnished exercise and enchantment in admirable combination, and was apt to be filled with rosy, shouting children, working with might and main.

The only painful memory of Green Peace in the old days is that of my father's terrible headaches, apparently due to the malaria poisoning contracted by him in Greece after the Revolution. Over-fatigue or cold might at any time bring on one of these brief but most distressing illnesses. A deadly chill, followed by burning fever, was accompanied by such racking agony that one prayed for the prostration and insensibility that were to come after. This regular sequence was familiar to us all, but to strangers it was as alarming as it was painful. Once a guest was in the house when a headache came on; he offered his services as assistant nurse, and watched for some hours at the bedside. My mother and sisters, busy with the accustomed ministrations, moved softly about the darkened room, bringing ice or whatever was needed, but did not think to explain the matter to the guest. At nightfall he returned to Boston, and spread the news that Dr. Howe was dying. Early next morning he hurried out to South Boston to see if the end were come, and — met my father cantering along on his black mare, a trifle pale, but holding his head high, and ready for the day's work.

I have said that we had two real homes. The second, Lawton's Valley, near Newport, Rhode Island, was bought by my father in the summer of 1852, as a place of refuge for the family when the midsummer sun made Green Peace too hot for comfort. My mother thought it at first "a wilderness of brambles," but my father transformed it into a paradise even more lovely than that at South Boston. The farmhouse was enlarged and made comfortable, a garden made, trees planted. My father had never studied landscape gardening, but a subsequent owner of the Valley used to declare that the laying out of the place was a work of genius. As at Green Peace, the house lay under a hill shoulder, so that no cold wind reached it; in front the country fell away in broad meadow-lands where the sun always shone. A little distance behind the house a path led downward through a plantation of larches, set out by my father, to a wood-path cut through a growth of beech and white and black birch. Following this, one came to wonderful things. First the "upper dam," a place of terror, where a black wall towered over a black pool, a spectral waterfall creeping rather than flowing down the wet stones. The trees hung so thick overhead that no sun shone here; it was a place to be avoided, save in grown-up company. A little further, and one came to the mill. I was only two years old when the Valley was bought, but I have a vision, dim but abiding, of the miller standing in his doorway, white and ruddy. My father made the mill into a little house, with two or three rooms; it was a delightful play-house, bathing-house, or study, according to the age and tastes of those who occupied it. The millstones formed portentous doorsteps. Rounding the corner of the building, a stairway made of rough slabs of stone pitched down a steep incline; descending this, one came into the Valley proper. Here again was a waterfall and a pool; but now the water rushed foaming over the rocks, the round pool was clear and bright,

the whole place laughed in sunshine. The brook, which had formerly wandered at will through the deep natural gorge, was confined by barriers of flat stones, and ran along one side of the Valley, close to the rocky bank which rose abruptly to a height of eighty feet, clothed with birch and beech. The space between the brook and the opposite bank, once a waste of sand and stones, was now smooth green sward; and " all along the valley " were Norway spruces, slender creatures when I first recall them, now grown to great and stately trees, with solemn pointing fingers. All this was my father's work; but the great ash tree that towered in the centre of the Valley must have been old when he came. Under this tree were rustic tables; here many picnics were held, many gay frolics of one kind and another.

I must not leave this beloved place without speaking of the terror of our childhood, the deep pit under the old mill, a place all mystery and dusky shadow, within which lurked a savage old mill-wheel with black jagged teeth. He never did come out, but there was no knowing when he might; when one peeped in through the square hole in the wall the air struck cold and mouldy, like a bat's wing, and one caught dreadful glimmers of gaunt twisted irons that might be instruments of torture. One was glad to let the brambles close over it, and hurry back to the green and gold of the Valley.

After settling us at the Valley for the summer, my father would come and go as work and health permitted, dividing his time between Newport and the Institution. My memory of these summers seems to show " Papa " as something like a beneficent shuttle, flashing back and forth. Often my elder sisters accompanied him on these shuttle-flights; my sister Julia more and more often as she grew older and began to take part in the work among the blind. Often she spent a part of the summer with him at the Institution.

The summer flitting was apt to be a hurried and breathless time. I have a vivid recollection of arriving once at the Old Colony station just as the train was starting. My mother and some of the children were already safely bestowed. Why Harry and I were late I do not know, but I can see as if it were yesterday my father tossing us into the baggage-car and flashing in after us.

Although he was so ready to give it to us, time was to him a precious thing of which no moment must be wasted. When he rode, it was a whirlwind passing; when he drove, it was Jehu the son of Nimshi. When we children got a tumble, he cried, "Jump up and take another!" When anything was to be said or done, he said, "Fire away!" His favourite expletive was "By Harry Monmouth!" and indeed he also might have conquered at Agincourt.

Wherever he was, night or day, wife and children were constantly in his thoughts.

Even in sleep this was the case. One night, he being in Boston and my mother at Newport, some sudden noise startled her from her sleep, and she awoke, crying "Chev!" When my father came the next day, he said, "Why did you call me last night?"

Another, and a most singular anecdote of this dual consciousness of my father's belongs to Green Peace, and with it I may fitly close this rambling chapter.

During many years he walked daily from Green Peace to the office in Bromfield Street. In the course of this walk he used to pass by a small carpenter's shop on Broadway. One night he dreamed that this shop caught fire, and that he tried to extinguish the flames; so vivid was the dream that he awoke bathed in sweat from his imaginary exertion. The next morning when his walk brought him to the accustomed place, he looked — and saw only a blackened wall and a heap of charred timbers. The shop had burned in the night.

CHAPTER VIII

ANTI-SLAVERY WORK. NOMINATION TO CONGRESS

"In view of the world-wide fame of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe as a teacher of the blind and a friend of Greek liberty, it must not be forgotten that in the anti-slavery movement also, he played a part wholly characteristic and almost unique. He was a natural crusader or paladin; a man in whom every call to duty took a certain chivalrous aspect; who seemed a little out of place in a world of Quakers or non-resistants, even when men of those types were actually leading in the bravest enterprises of the time. While most of those around him were either indifferent to the wrong on the one side, or eschewed carnal weapons on the other, he could not forget the days when he had been surgeon in the Greek war for independence, or had seen the inside of a Prussian prison for having been president of a Polish committee in Paris.

"An eminent abolitionist once told me that on visiting Dr. Howe soon after his marriage, . . . the latter said that in his opinion some movement of actual force would yet have to be made against slavery, and that but for the new duties he had assumed by marriage, he should very likely undertake some such enterprise himself. His whole anti-slavery career was predicted in those words. They showed him as he was, a perfectly chivalrous spirit, working under the limitations of many duties and cares."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

FROM the year 1845 dates my father's active work against slavery. He hated the whole system, but was specially and ardently opposed to the rendition of fugitive slaves. The first case of this kind to attract general notice in Boston was that of Latimer, in 1844; probably my father knew nothing of this, as he did not return from Europe till September of that year.

He at first believed that gentle and friendly methods would be most productive of good in these matters: this is shown in the following letter.

To Dr. H. I. Bowditch

SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 3d, 1846.

Dr. Bowditch,

MY DEAR SIR: — My duties at home will prevent my joining you at eleven o'clock. I should regret this very much if I thought that my presence could be of any service, because it seems to me that now is the time when the tide of affairs may be "taken at the flood," and great results produced.

A league of those who in the South and West as well as in the North firmly believe servile labour to be as impolitic as it is wicked, may in a few years change the whole aspect of things in this country. I should not despair even of seeing the day when, high and noble interests being at stake, the truly great and noble spirits of the land would start forward to take the lead; men who will not now enter into the political strife when such paltry watchwords are inscribed upon the party banners. Under such men I should delight humbly to serve; and to forward such measures as they would propose, I should willingly "spend and be spent."

I will, in my narrow sphere, advocate any measure except such as tend directly to cut us off from the parent stock, for it seems to me that would diminish our usefulness and the slave's hope. If the slaveholder listens to us, his brethren and friends, with so much impatience, how would he hear us if we were aliens and enemies?

I carefully cultivate my few social relations with slaveholders, because I find I can do so, and yet say to them *undisguisedly* that slavery is the great *mistake*, as well as the great *sin* of the age. Now, do what they may, they cannot prevent such words from a friend making some impression upon their hearts, which are as hard as millstones to denunciations from an enemy.

It is not enmity and force, but love and reason, that are to be used in the coming strife.

Very truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

But later in this year of 1846, when Joe, the New Orleans negro, was kidnapped in the streets of Boston, — a free man, since his foot was on free soil, — my father sprang to the front of the indignant band of Abolitionists. He called a meeting at Faneuil Hall: John Quincy Adams presided, Sumner, Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker spoke; but my father was the chief speaker; and Col. Higginson says of his speech that "every sentence was a sword-thrust."

As this was one of the most important addresses my father ever made, I may be pardoned for giving it nearly in full.

". . . A few weeks ago, there sailed from New Orleans a vessel belonging to this port, owned and manned by New England freemen, under the flag of our Union — the flag of the free. When she had been a week upon her voyage, and was beyond the jurisdiction of the laws of Louisiana, far out upon a broad and illimitable ocean, there was found secreted in her hold a man, lying naked upon the cargo, half suffocated by the hot and stifling air, and trembling with fear. He begged the sailors who found him not to betray him to the captain, for he would rather die than be discovered before he got to Boston. Poor fellow! he had heard of Boston; he had heard that there all men were free and equal — he had seen the word 'Boston' written on that ship; and he had said to himself, 'I too am a man, and not a brute or a chattel, and if I can only once set my foot in that blessed city, my claims to human brotherhood will be admitted, and I shall be treated as a man and a brother!' — and he hid himself in the hold. Well, sir, the knowledge of his

being there could not long be kept from the captain, and he was dragged from this hot and close hiding-place, and brought upon deck. It was then seen that he was a familiar acquaintance — a bright, intelligent mulatto youth, who used to be sent by his master to sell milk on board; he had been a favourite, and every man, from the captain to the cabin-boy, used to have his joke with 'Joe.' They had treated him like a human being — could he expect they would ever help to send him into slavery like a brute?

"And now, what was to be done? Neither the captain nor any of his officers had been privy to his coming on board; they could not be convicted of the crime of wilfully aiding a brother man to escape from bondage; the man was to them as if he had been dropped from the clouds, or picked up floating on a plank at sea; he was thrown, by the Providence of God, upon their charity and humanity!

"But it was decided to send him back to New Orleans; to deliver him up to his old owner; and they looked long and eagerly for some ship that would take charge of him. None such, however, was found, and the *Ottoman* arrived safely in our harbour. The wish of the poor slave was gratified; his eyes were blessed with the sight of the promised land. He had been treated well for the most part on board — could he doubt that the hearts of his captors had softened? Can we suppose that sailors, so proverbial for their generous nature, could have been of their own accord the instruments of sending the poor fellow back? I, for one, will not believe it.

"But the captain communicated with his rich and respectable owners, men whom he was accustomed to honour and obey, and they decided that whether a human being or not poor 'Joe' must be sent back to bondage; they would not be a party, even against their will, to setting free a slave." (Loud cries of "Shame! shame!" and "Let us know the

name of the owner!") "The name of the firm is John H. Pearson & Co." (Repeated cries of "Shame! Shame!") "It was a dangerous business this that they undertook; they did not fear to break the laws of God — to outrage the laws of humanity; but they did fear the laws of the Commonwealth. For those laws threatened the State's prison to whoever should illegally imprison another. They knew that no person except the owner of the runaway slave, or his agent, or a marshal of the United States, had any right to touch him; they were neither the one nor the other; and they therefore hid their victim upon an island in our harbour, and detained him there.

"But he escaped from their clutches; he fled to our city — to the city of his hopes — he was here in our very streets, fellow-citizens! He had gained an asylum — he called on us for aid. Of old, there were temples so sacred that even a murderer who had taken refuge in them was free from pursuit; but no such temple did Boston offer to the hunted slave; he was pursued and seized, and those of our wondering citizens who inquired what it all meant were deceived by a lie about his being a thief, and he was dragged on board ship.

"But the news of this got abroad; legal warrants were at once procured; the shield of the *habeas corpus* was prepared to cover the fugitive; officers of justice were urged to the pursuit; the owner of the vessel was implored to give an order for the man's surrender — but all in vain. A vessel was found, bound for New Orleans, which would consent to be made a slave ship of." (Loud cries for the name of the ship.) "The *Niagara*, belonging to the same owners — and on board of this ship the man was sent back, to receive the lash and wear the shackles for his ill-starred attempt to be free, and to drag out all the days of his life as a degraded, wretched, and hopeless slave!

"And now, fellow-citizens, how does all this differ from piracy and the slave trade? The man was free — free at sea, free on shore — and it was only by a legal process that he could be arrested. He was seized in our city, bound and carried into slavery, by those who had no more right to do so than has the slave-trader to descend upon the coast of Guinea and carry off the inhabitants. All these facts are known and admitted; nay, they are defended by some who call themselves followers of Him who said, 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;' they are defended, too, by some of those presses whose editors arrogate to themselves the name of Watchmen on the Towers of Liberty!

"And now it will be asked — it has been asked, tauntingly — how can we help ourselves? What can this meeting do about it? In reply, let me first state what it has *not* proposed to do about it. It is not proposed to move the public mind to any expression of indignation, much less to any acts of violence against the parties connected with the late outrage. As to the captain, it is probable that he was more sinned against than sinning. I am told that he is a kind, good man in most of the relations of life, and that he was made a tool of. Let him go and sin no more. As for the owners and their abettors — the men who used the wealth and influence which God gave them to kidnap and enslave a fellow-man — a poor, trembling, hunted wretch who had fled to our shores for liberty and sought refuge in our borders — let them go, too! their punishment will be dreadful enough without our adding to it. Indeed, I for one can say that I would rather be in the place of the victim whom they are at this moment sending away into bondage — I would rather be in his place than in theirs; ay! through the rest of my earthly life I would rather be a driven slave upon a Louisiana plantation than roll in their wealth and

bear the burden of their guilt; and as for the life to come, if the police of those regions to which bad men go be not as sleepy as the police of Boston, then may the Lord have mercy on their souls!

"But, Mr. Chairman, again it is asked: 'What shall we do?' Fellow-citizens, it is not a retrospective, but a prospective action which this meeting proposes, and there are many ways in which good may be done and harm prevented, some of which I hope will be proposed by those who may follow me, and who probably will be more accustomed to such meetings than I am. But first let me answer some of the objections which have been urged by some of those gentlemen who have been invited to come up here to-night and help us, and who have declined to do so. They say: 'We must not interfere with the course of the law.' Sir, they know as well as we know that if the law be the edge of the axe, public opinion is the force that gives strength and weight to the blow.

"Sir, we have tried the 'let-alone system' long enough; we have a right to judge the future by the past, and we know that the *law* will not prevent such outrage in time to come, unless the *officers* of the law are driven by public opinion to do their duty. What has made the African slave trade odious? Was it the law or public opinion?

"But, sir, in order to test the strength of this objection, let us suppose that instead of the poor hunted mulatto, one of the clergymen of Boston had been carried away into slavery. Would the pulpit have been silent? Had one of our editors been carried away, would the press have been dumb? . . . Suppose a lawyer had been kidnapped in his office, bound and carried off to work on a slave plantation; would the limbs of the law have moved so lazily as they did week before last? . . .

"And yet, sir, are any of these men more precious in the



SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

sight of God than the poor mulatto? Or suppose a slave-ship from the coast of Guinea, with her human cargo on board, had been driven by stress of weather into our port, and one of her victims had escaped to our shores and had been recaptured and carried off in the face of the whole community; would there have been any want of 'indignation' then? And, sir, is there any difference? Would it be a greater crime to carry such an one away? Except that as this man had been once a slave, he might be made a slave again — that is, that two wrongs might make a right.

"No, Mr. Chairman, these are not the true reasons. The true reason is, sir, that the 'peculiar institution' which has so long been brooding over the country like an incubus, has at length spread abroad its murky wings, and has covered us with its benumbing shadow. It has silenced the pulpit; it has muffled the press; its influence is everywhere. Court Street, that can find a flaw in every indictment, and can cunningly devise ways to save the murderer from the gallows — Court Street can find no way of escape for the poor slave. State Street, that drank the blood of the martyrs of liberty — State Street is deaf to the cry of the oppressed slave; the port of Boston, that has been shut up by a tyrant king as the dangerous haunt of freemen, — the port of Boston has been opened to the slave-trader; for God's sake, Mr. Chairman, let us keep Faneuil Hall free! Let there be words of such potency spoken here this night as shall break the spell that is upon the community. Let us devise such means and measures as shall secure to every man who seeks refuge in our borders all the liberties and all the rights which the law allows him."

The outcome of this speech and those that followed was the formation of a Vigilance Committee of forty, with my father as chairman. Col. Higginson tells us that this com-



mittee, afterward enlarged, continued in existence all through the anti-slavery period; and he adds, "The history of Boston will be incomplete until the records of that committee are published."

I have endeavoured to find some trace of these records, but with little success. Probably it was not intended that they ever should be found. The members of the Committee were: S. G. Howe (chairman), Ellis Gray Loring, John A. Andrew, Samuel May, Charles F. Hovey, George W. Bond, William C. Nell, S. E. Brackett, Francis Jackson, Robert Morris, J. W. Browne, J. B. Smith, W. I. Bowditch, Cornelius Bramhall, Samuel E. Sewall, A. T. Stone, H. B. Stanton, J. G. King, Daniel Weeden, Wendell Phillips, John L. Emmons, A. B. Phelps, H. I. Bowditch, Theodore Parker, S. L. Curtis, T. T. Bouvé, Richard Hildreth, Joseph Southwick, James N. Buffum, J. A. Tunis, Walter Channing, W. F. Channing, Jas. T. Fisher, A. C. Spooner, James Freeman Clarke, William F. Weld, A. B. Merrill, George Dodge, Henry James Prentiss.

The formula of invitation was as follows.

BOSTON, Sept. 26th, 1846.

DEAR SIR: — Permit me to inform you that you were appointed a member of the *Committee of Vigilance*, chosen at Faneuil Hall on Thursday the 24th inst., to take means to secure the protection of the laws to all persons who may be in danger of abduction from the Commonwealth; and to request you to be present at a meeting thereof to be held at Dr. Bowditch's house, No. 3 Otis Place, on Wednesday, Sept. 30th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. At this, the first meeting of the Committee, it is of the highest importance that, if possible, every member should be present and assist in its deliberations.

S. G. HOWE.

On Dr. Bowditch's own copy of this note (preserved in a scrapbook), he has written in pencil:

" Dr. Sam'l G. Howe's letter shows him admirably as a man full of energy and of unbounded liberality. His speech at Faneuil Hall demonstrated the same traits."

Mr. Sanborn, speaking of the Vigilance Committee, says that it " continued to exist, in various forms, until the hunting of fugitives ceased in Boston, and the citizens began to enlist the same stalwart negroes as sailors and soldiers, who had for so many years been hunted as runaway slaves in the streets of the city and the country towns of Massachusetts. At that period (1862-63), Dr. Howe was by national appointment a member of an emancipation commission, holding sessions in Virginia and South Carolina. Thus had the whirligig of time brought about its revenges."

The following brief note to Theodore Parker tells its own story. It is undated, and may concern any one of the Boston fugitives.

DEAR T. P.: — Write me a note by bearer. *Tell him* merely whether I am wanted to-night; if I am he will act accordingly about bringing my waggon.

I could bring any one here and keep him secret a week and no person except Mrs. H. and myself would know it.

Yours, CHEV.

The following letter to Mr. Langhorne, a Southern gentleman, though written some years later, still belongs properly to this period.

Letter to Wm. M. Langhorne

Wm. M. Langhorne, Edgewood, Va. Sept. 5, '56.

DEAR SIR: — I recollect perfectly your proposal to instruct blind negroes. It was a most humane and Christian project, and I trust you have not abandoned it.

You ask me whether in my opinion you would not "take from Northern fanaticism a potent weapon by a vigorous and systematic plan of moral and religious instruction of our (your) negroes." I answer that any plan for the moral elevation of the blacks must have a higher motive than that of human favour or disfavour. Never mind what fanatics in the North who would give to slaves their freedom may say, never mind what fanatics in the South who would deny them freedom may say, but go on, in God's name, and give to the negroes moral and religious instruction.

But in order that they may obey the Scripture command, and be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, enlighten their minds with ample knowledge; cultivate their understandings; improve all their faculties; teach them to reason; to understand all the laws of God whether revealed in his book of nature or in the Bible; to know their rights and duties, and the rights and duties of others. Do not bury their poor talent in a napkin, but improve and increase it. Do to them as you do to your own children. Develop all the moral and all the mental faculties which God has implanted in them (and to smother which is quenching the spirit), train them up to the practice of all the virtues, including self respect and a determination to wrong no man and let no man wrong them; do all this and the blessing of Heaven will rest upon you.

If, thus enlightened — thus trained — the negroes on arriving at man's estate choose to work for the whites without wages; choose to be considered as chattels; to be bought and sold as cattle are — to be deprived of all those rights which you value so highly — why, then they may do so, at their own dreadful peril and cost; for it would be selling what they ought to maintain to the last gasp of their lives.

Until you have done all this you should not conclude as you seem to do that they do not want to be free; any more

than you would take a white child of eight or ten years old and assert that because he said he preferred to be always a child and depend upon you, he therefore renounced the glorious privilege of coming to manhood, calling no man master, and bowing down to God alone.

Remember, you have kept your slaves in mental childhood; you do not help them develop to the uttermost the mental faculties which God gave — as he gives every thing, — to be used and improved.

Look at the matter, my dear sir, from the standpoint of high humanity, — of reason, — of Christianity (not the *letter*, but the *spirit* of Christianity), and I think some scales will fall from your eyes. They have from mine, for I did not always think as I do now about it.

Truly yrs, S. G. Howe.

My father's labours for the negro ended only with his life; for when slavery was abolished he continued to work for the freedman as he had worked for the slave. We shall see more of this hereafter.

In 1846 my father, upon urgent solicitation, but strongly against his own desire and judgment, consented to stand for election to Congress, as the candidate of the "Conscience Whigs," against Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, the champion of the "Cotton Whigs." (The nomination was first offered to Sumner, who declined it.) His nomination was ratified, on November 5th, by a meeting held in Tremont Temple, Boston, where John A. Andrew presided, and where Charles Sumner and Charles Francis Adams spoke. Mr. Sumner, after telling the story of my father's meeting with Lafayette in the "Three Days" of July, 1830, went on to say:

"I shall feel a satisfaction in voting for Dr. Howe, beyond even the gratification of personal friendship, because he is

not a politician. He is the friend of the poor, the blind, the prisoner, the slave. Wherever there is suffering there his friendship is manifest. Generosity, disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, and courage have been his inspiring sentiments — directed by rare sagacity and intelligence. Such a character reflects lustre upon the place of his birth, far more than if he had excelled only in the strife of politics or the servitude of party. He has qualities which especially commend him at this time. He is firm, ever true, honest, determined, a lover of the right, with a courage that charms opposition; he would not fear to stand alone against a fervid majority. Knowing war by fearful familiarity, he is an earnest defender of peace; with a singular experience of life in other countries, he now brings the stores he has garnered up, and his noble spirit, to the service of his fellow-citizens."

But these things were not what his fellow-citizens wanted. An anti-slavery agitator, a man whose motto was "*Fiat justitia, ruat coelum!*" was not desired in Boston in those days. Mr. Winthrop represented the conservative, aristocratic element, which was then and for many years after so strong there, and my father's defeat was a foregone conclusion, as I must think it a most fortunate one. Had he been elected, much work must have suffered which was waiting for his hand; work which no other man of his day could have done. Even the nomination was a misfortune — or so it seemed to Horace Mann, who wrote to their common friend George Combe:

"At our last Congressional election Howe consented to be the candidate for Congress of the anti-slavery and anti-war party. I think in so doing he made a great mistake. Another man would have served as a rallying point as well as he; and such is the inexorableness of party discipline

that he at once lost a great portion of his well-earned popularity and extensive influence. He was proscribed, and a few days after failed of being elected on the School Committee, which he might have been but for that misstep."

The following letters belong to this period. One of them at least, that of November 3d, 1846, to Mr. Sumner, shows how unwillingly my father had accepted the nomination to Congress.

To Charles Sumner

September, 1846.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I want you to repeat to yourself, aloud, all your objections to speaking to-night; to challenge each excuse and find from what part of your nature it comes, and to shoot down every one that utters not the shibboleth — "Conscience, benevolence, duty!"

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

Would Hillard help us? Would he preside or speak?

To Charles Sumner

November, 1846.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I feel as though I had swallowed a pepper corn, when I think that no one *dares* to be made a martyr of in the cause of humanity. Do you ascertain whether the Natives[1] have nominated in your place; also what is the result of the mission to Adams; and let me know by a messenger. I think I can find a man during the night who will have the courage to do what, as yet, *you and I* have not dared to do.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE (*very mad!*)

[1] *I. e.* the "Native American" party, then prominent.

To Charles Sumner

SOUTH BOSTON, November 3rd, 1846.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I am placed in a cruel position. I am assured by what I saw last night that I should be carried into the School Committee with a rush.[1] I must sacrifice that; I must lose the opportunity of doing certain good; I must, moreover, sacrifice my tastes, my wishes, my hopes, my interest of every kind. I must stand before the public a man defeated in what they will consider his first attempt for political office. I must be considered as a last resort, accepted only after all others had been applied to in vain. My position is much worse than yours was; nevertheless I leave myself in your hands.

If I am first nominated by the Young Whigs, let them write me a letter, — enclosed is my answer. Let both be published *before* the Native nomination is published, else I shall lose what else would tell much (if properly addressed), — the support of Catholics.

Remember, I make my conditions.

Ever yours, in bitterness of grief,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

NEW YORK, Saturday, November 7th, 1846.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I am grieved by learning that you are ill in body, but more grieved by knowing that you are sick at heart. Some would suppose that greater indifference to the opinions of others, contempt for the revilings of the bad and carelessness about the criticisms of anybody, would indicate greater independence of spirit and moral heroism than you exhibit. But those who know you (and all will by and by) know that you are now making greater sacrifices

[1] *I. e.* if he did not accept the nomination for Congress.

to your principles than you would by throwing away fortune and station and hopes. You are sacrificing what is to you dearer than life or fortune or fame, the social regard of those whom you so love as friends. Our fathers pledged their lives, fortunes and honour in support of their cause; you are doing more than they did in the way of sacrifice, and I would not wish you were less affected in spirit, because you would then be less warm and true in your affections.

I should have thought you a braver man had you stood to the nomination[1] that was forced upon you; but I had not the heart to urge you to do so, because I saw you suffering torture. During your whole course in this matter I have watched you closely, and have learned to respect and admire you even more than before. It has never been my lot to know a man more perfectly loyal to truth, right and humanity than you have been. Your efforts and sacrifices cannot be lost, for if no other good comes out of them this will come, that your example will kindle and keep alive high purposes in the souls of hundreds, of whom I am one. You are my junior by many years, but to you I owe many of the feeble aspirations which I feel, for progress upwards and onwards in my spiritual nature.

In regard to our present struggle with the powers that be, I have a sure instinct that we shall be beaten, that we shall suffer what will be called a disgraceful defeat; we shall be laughed to scorn for our futile attempt. Nevertheless, so help me God, I would rather be in my position, though not two men vote for me, than in Winthrop's. I would rather be advocated and supported by your voice and sympathy than by the eloquence and the endorsement of every Whig orator in Massachusetts, with the intellectual giant of a Webster at their head.

But mail time approaches. I must close by wishing you,

[1] For Congress.

dear Sumner, all the peace of mind and all the enjoyment of which your noble virtue and disinterestedness make you so worthy. . . .

Julia sympathizes deeply with you, and is learning to love you nearly as well as your friend,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

NEW YORK, November 9th, 1846.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I wrote you from the storm and bustle of New York, while you are in the midst of the storm and bustle of an election. Yet I suppose you have not much bustle, after all, because the old Whigs will have it all their own way.

I have heard the roar of the great Bull of Bashan [1] and am breathing freely; if his immense power can make no more impression upon our position, then it is indeed impregnable. "Nobody voted for the war!" [2] Roar, Bull of Bashan, roar that lie till the ends of the earth echo it back; it will ever be a lie.

"Why should the Representative of Boston be selected?" Because he *was* the representative of Boston, and it becomes Boston to be the first to rebuke the wrong doer.

However, it is of no use to talk about all this now. We are beaten, routed, laughed to scorn, — *e pur si muove!*

I am grieved, deeply grieved about Hillard.[3] God bless him, and grant that he may have the same peace of mind and entire self-approval that you and I have. I hope we shall love each other none the less for having disagreed about our political duties.

I have met many Boston gentlemen here, and some old friends. They regret my course; they say I shall be mis-

[1] Daniel Webster.
[2] The Mexican War.
[3] George S. Hillard, who followed in the wake of Mr. Winthrop.

understood by all except my personal friends. I knew that very well before. As for the New Yorkers, they are for the most part heathen. Even Silliman condemns, but still loves us. . . .

I long to see you and to do what I can to comfort you; for I know that you are sorely stricken, and that you have not such means of defence as I have. You are thinner skinned, and you have not a wife and babies, more shame to you!

But I am surrounded by bankers and lawyers. I cannot hear myself write.

Good-by: God bless you.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

MARCH, 1847.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I will not write a notice of Rev. G. Putnam's sermon[1] to-day, because I have just read it, and it has given me so much grief, shame and pain that I could not write calmly. The sermon seems to me (now) to be an *atrocious* one.

I impute no bad motives. I believe the writer to be as honest a man as I am, and a much better one, but unwittingly he has broached doctrines which seem to me treasonable to God and to humanity.

"Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's!" ay! had I been a Jew I would have done so, and rendered him defiance, opposition and war, — war to the knife, while a Roman eagle floated over my country. "Government must be regarded as a divine institution!" ay! and so must right and justice be regarded as divine institutions; older, more sacred, more imperative; and when they clash, let the first be as the potsherd against the granite.

[1] Practically defending American slavery.

But enough; I am excited, and will go and get a cool breakfast.

S. G. H.

The following letter, though in a different vein, belongs to this period.

To Charles Sumner

SOUTH BOSTON, April 8th, 1847.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I have read this volume of Fourier (*Théorie de l'unité universelle, Vol. IV*) with the greatest interest. Seldom if ever has a book excited in me such strong feelings of pleasure and pain, admiration and disgust. It is the work of a great mind, led astray by a false philosophy; the herculean effort of a blind giant.

Fourier was a wonderful man. He grasped the widest principles of nature and picked up the smallest atoms. He starts with the great and only true doctrine, that every passion was implanted by God for good purposes; that when duly and harmoniously developed in one and in all men, then humanity will be a great family of brethren, cooperating for each other's interests and thereby promoting each other's pleasures. He justly condemns all the theories of repression. He points out, in a masterly manner, the vices and errors and absurdities of what is called civilization . . . Fourier overlooks this great truth, that the human race was meant for progress, and that certain animal passions were given to reign paramount during certain stages of that progress, and afterwards to be starved and reduced into their proper weakness and subserviency to the ruling passions. . . . He errs equally in his conception of the capacity of mankind for the family affections. The sons and expectant heirs of rich parents can reverence and love and really wish them to live, Fourier and France to the contrary notwithstanding.

Among the morals to be drawn from the book is the impor-

tant one that the clearest heads and the kindest hearts may be clouded and hardened by a life spent in an immoral and vicious, though ever so refined a community.

Ever truly yours,

S. G. HOWE.

On February 23d, 1848, John Quincy Adams died. He was at the time Member of Congress, and on April 3d Horace Mann was elected to fill his place. As will be seen from the following letters, my father was as desirous and as confident of Mr. Mann's success as he had been doubtful and half-hearted in regard to his own. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, labouring with tongue and pen in his friend's behalf.

To Horace Mann

Sunday, — 1848.

MY DEAR MANN: — I have been much exercised in spirit about your position, but conclude that you find it necessary to maintain it.

I can understand how poignant must be your grief at the thought of leaving the field of your labours; but without allowing myself to look back I see much in the future to console me.

I could not say anything last evening, for Charlie[1] talks faster and better than I can. May it not be that you will do even more for the cause of education out of the office of Secretary[2] than in it? Will not the moral effect of your unofficial labours be greater than that of your official ones? Can you not attain a position in which you will bring even more official influence to bear upon your favourite subject?

Should you, as you may, put yourself at the head of the

[1] Charles Sumner.
[2] Of the Board of Education.

great anti-slavery (not abolition) [1] party which is growing up here, you can become Governor or anything else that you aspire to. It is true that you will aspire to nothing but what will give you greater means of usefulness, but that very disinterestedness will promote your high ends. It appears to me that you should in the very outset, in the letter to the committee of nomination, take the high ground you will afterwards maintain.

It is absurd for me to reach up from my littleness to tender counsel to one so high as you, but my love for you is as great as though we stood face to face.

You can afford to trample all doctrines of *expediency*, all trimming, all manœuvering, all tactics under foot. If you have one fault it is over caution; you are not reliant enough upon your own powers, — and upon the power of the earnest, honest, noble purposes of your mind. I hope you will throw all calculations about effect to the winds, and speak right out to the electors what your heart prompts you. I hope you will not, as Sumner advises, try to write a letter *to* disarm the liberty party, but one that *ought to do so* whether it is likely to do so or not.

Oh! for a man among our leaders who *fears* neither God, man nor devil, but *loves* and trusts the first so much as to fear nothing but what casts a veil over the face of truth. We must have done with expediency: we must cease to look into history, into precedents, into books for rules of action, and look only into the honest and high purposes of our own hearts; that is, when we are sure we have cast out the evil passions from them.

Would to God I could begin my life again; or even begin

[1] At this time the opponents of slavery formed two distinct parties, the *Abolitionists*, headed by Garrison and Phillips, who refused to vote or take office under a Constitution sanctioning slavery, and the more moderate Anti-slavery Party, who, working for the same end, the emancipation of the negro, believed that they could best do so by taking part in politics and working with the tools already provided.

a new one from this moment, and go upon the ground that no fault or error or shortcoming should ever be covered up from my own eyes or those of others.

I believe you can write a letter that will ring through this land like a clarion, and proclaim that a champion is entering the political arena with vizor up and with no other arms than truth and honesty and courage. I know you will do so. I only want to warn you against the over activity of your caution. You are too much afraid of the Devil and his imps; you do not rely enough upon your own generous and high impulses. Believe me, you need no armour and should fear no open assaults or secret ambuscades.

However, I need not write any more; all I have said is nothing worth except to show you that I am ever and most sincerely yours.

S. G. Howe.

To Horace Mann

April 2, 1848, Saturday Evening.

My dear Mann: — I have been hoping to see you all the week, but you came not to me. I have comforted myself with the thought of going to you to-morrow, but must give that up — because I have *caved in*. After a week of hard work I broke down, have been suffering severely all day, and can now just hold up my poor head.

The last thing I did was to write an article for the *Journal* about you: this I finished after midnight last night, and then found that my cerebral boiler had "busted." With a day or two of rest it will be well, but I cannot venture to Newton to-morrow.

Men tell me that you will certainly be elected; some say by a thousand, some by a smaller majority. No other man in the District except you can be elected. I count upon your going, and I mean to escort you thither as your humble esquire.

You see I take the liberty in my communication to pledge you to a certain line of conduct, the highest I could conceive; you will soar above my feeble conceptions. . . .

God bless you,

S. G. Howe.

To Horace Mann

South Boston, Thursday eve., April, 1848.

My dear Mann: — I hear of you in town, but cannot find you. Do come and see me, or let me know where and when you can be found.

I should like to go with you to-morrow evening wherever you may go to speak. You do not need the aid of any claqueurs, but it would do me good to shout "amen!" to your noble sentiments and stirring appeals.

My heart is with you. I am not given to prayer, not particularly gifted in that line; but if honest earnestness and fiery zeal could make me a good wrestler, — somebody would catch a fall every hour from now to next Monday, and *it would not be me.*

I want to say God bless you; as long as you keep yourself in the right He can't help doing so.

Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

Early in 1848 the friends of freedom became deeply interested in the then famous Drayton-Sayre case. The allusions to it in my father's letters of this period are so numerous that a brief account of the episode seems necessary.

The Revolution of 1848, which made France a republic, and set all the thrones of Europe shaking, sent a great wave of hope and resolve through this country also. All classes of Americans united in rejoicing over the libera-

tion of France from the bonds of monarchy; the anti-slavery men of the north took fresh heart; and in Washington itself a bold attempt was made to put in practice the much-vaunted principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. To explain this attempt it should be remembered that in the District of Columbia, the tiny national reservation set in the very heart of the slave country, State laws had no power, but that slavery reigned there *de facto* for lack of federal laws to abolish it.

One day a small schooner, the *Pearl*, came up the Potomac to Washington, and discharged her cargo of wood. Her captain was named Drayton, her mate Sayre; plain, straightforward, stout-hearted men both. They seemed in no hurry to depart, but lay beside the wharf for several days, apparently with no special object. The time came, however, for the *Pearl* to take on her return freight. Under cover of night and silence, singly or in twos and threes, a band of fugitive slaves stole through the deserted streets, crept trembling on board the vessel, and were welcomed by the captain and mate. When all were embarked (there were seventy-seven souls), the anchor was raised, and the *Pearl* dropped noiselessly down the stream.

For a few hours the hearts of the fugitives beat high; but the venture was too audacious to hold any real promise of success. The alarm was given. An armed steamer was sent in pursuit; the unhappy slaves, together with the captain and mate, were arrested, brought back to Washington, and marched to prison, escorted (not without threats of lynching) by a furious mob.

The rest of the story is sad enough. Some of the negroes were ransomed by Northern contributions, and gained the freedom for which they had risked their lives; but the greater part — among them a number of persons of education and refinement — met the most dreadful of

all punishments, being "sold south" by their owners, in sight of the National Capitol.

Drayton and Sayre were tried in the criminal court before Judge T. H. Crawford, and sentenced to pay, the former a fine of $140, the latter one of $100, and costs, for each case, half the fine to be given to the owner of the slave. Being unable to pay they were imprisoned. My father and Mr. Sumner persuaded Mr. Mann to undertake their defence, but spite of all their united efforts the two men remained in prison till 1852, when Pres. Fillmore granted them an unconditional pardon.

Horace Mann writes concerning this case:

"I cannot believe but this trial is to have an important influence on the subject of slavery in this District. We are quietly and silently making thunderbolts, which will by and by be hurled at the heads of the pro-slavery men here."

Frequent allusion is made to this case in the letters that follow.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, April 28th, 1848.

MY DEAR MANN: — It has long been lowering and threatening over my head, but at last it pours, and oh how it hurts! Immediately after you left I broke down, and though confined to the house but one day I have been unwell ever since. I should have been off, but one of my pupils, detained during vacation by illness, grew worse, and I have just now come from her funeral.

Yesterday I undertook to write you about the men confined in Washington[1] jail for trying to help our brethren and sisters to the enjoyment of their rights, but I failed.

We (the[2] Committee) want you to act as their counsel. Cannot you undertake to do it? You will not of course be

[1] Drayton and Sayre. [2] Vigilance.

moved by any consideration of remuneration, though we mean that the counsel shall be paid. The South will employ the ablest devil that can be found to convict these men, let us do what we can to foil them and establish the right.

Do think favourably of this. A great crisis is at hand. The North cannot, must not, will not be longer *particeps criminis* in this infernal business. The North will awake; it will demand the abolition of human slavery in the District of Columbia. It is looking about now for leaders and champions; it will support, honour and reward with blessings and praise whoever *now* becomes a mouthpiece and speaks out the pent-up feeling with which it thrills, but which it knows not how to utter.

You can be the *man*, the leader, the hero of this coming struggle for freedom and the right. Do, my dear Mann, think seriously about this, and let me know whether you cannot lift up this banner.

I shall try to come and see you soon.

Thanks for your letter: God bless you. Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, August 8th, 1848.

MY DEAR MANN: — I was obliged to give up, some ten days ago, bolt from my orbit (mile track) and fly to the "Springs." I "bowed my head to taste the wave" and — got better. I found myself perfectly *hors du combat* when I left, but am now myself again.

In the mean time you, my dear Mann — what toils and troubles and trials have you gone through in that Tophet which has been heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated! I pity you somewhat, but almost envy you besides. As for your *speech*, I know not how to express the feelings of gratified pride and admiration which it excited

in me. But never mind the impression it made upon me and your friends, who know the mint which stamps such coin; let me tell you what men say who have not been over great admirers of you—Manlius Sargent, for instance—stopped me in the street and said he wanted to express to *me* (and he hoped I would express to you) his feeling of admiration and gratitude. Says he, "you may tell Mr. Mann, if you please, from me, that I have never been more touched, moved and persuaded than by his noble speech. I have read every syllable of it again and again, and put it into the hands of my friends, and requested them to read it and preserve it. I think he has done great honour to his constituents and to his country." He was very warm, and enthusiastic even, upon the subject. I asked him to write to you, but he fought rather shy, saying he did not feel intimate enough with you.

Should anything delay your coming home please send me, as soon as may be, an account of the expenses of the trial already incurred, and an estimate of any future ones.

We know little about the trial here, except from the meagre, cold-blooded and partial notices in the papers. By the accounts you seem to have come out best in the encounter with the District Attorney, and indeed to have made the most of a bad bargain. I have no doubt that when the world shall read the story your plea and your conduct will be an immense aid to the cause of emancipation.

I meant to write a long letter, but here I am interrupted and must close. Ever yours, S. G. Howe.

To Horace Mann

South Boston, May 25th, 1849.

Hanging Day!

My dear Mann:—If I thought that keeping away from you awhile would bring you to me I should try the total

abstinence plan a few days, but having no faith in it I shall come after you as soon as I can. It would be much easier, however, to make you a visit if you lived some hundred or two miles off, rather than so near that one can run out "at any moment."

The wind is east, the weather gloomy, my stomach recalcitrant, and though yesterday I was gay as a lark, I feel now that I could contest the palm for superiority of depression in the spiritual barometer with Washington Goode,[1] who is to be duly strangled at noon. If killing or taking life is an evil, did it ever occur to you that the public does wrong that right may come of it when it takes one life that others may be saved? However, we have high authority for this, and the great martyr suffered on Calvary upon this principle.

I have never read anything on capital punishment; that is, never gave the subject any study. I used to pin much faith on your speech and opinion, and cling to the old doctrine; but somehow or other my instincts and sentiments have long made me feel that it was hollow and selfish, and that if it was ever good for anything the time has long gone by in old Massachusetts.[2]

I hope to see you soon, and meantime am very faithfully yours,

S. G. Howe.

On March 8th, 1850, Horace Mann writes from Washington to his wife:

"Mr. Webster spoke yesterday; and (can you believe it?) he is a fallen star! — Lucifer descending from heaven! His intellectual life has been one great epic, and now he

[1] A negro homicide.

[2] In later life my father's disapproval of capital punishment became much stronger.

has given a vile catastrophe to its closing pages. He has walked for years among the gods, to descend from the empyrean heights, and mingle with mimes and apes!"

These words are a fit expression of the feeling roused among the friends of freedom by Daniel Webster's famous speech on the Fugitive Slave Bill. For years Webster had stood as the champion of liberty; now, as a last bid for the presidential nomination, he renounced the principles and declarations of a life-time, and took his stand beside the slaveholders and their Northern supporters. It was indeed a "vile catastrophe," and was felt as a tremendous blow by the Anti-slavery and Free-soil party. In *Ichabod* Whittier has crystallized for all time the sentiment of the Free-soilers in regard to Webster's defection. This lamentable occurrence was followed in September by the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill.

Longfellow wrote in his diary on September, 12th, 1850:

"The day has been blackened to me by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill in the House, Eliot of Boston voting for it. If we should read in Dino Compagni that in the tenth century a citizen of Florence had given such a vote, we should see what an action he had done. But this the people of Boston cannot see in themselves; they will uphold it."

Among those who upheld the bill was Cornelius Felton; this was the cause of the break of friendship between him and Sumner, to which frequent allusion is made in my father's letters.

The Free-soilers, far from being discouraged by the double calamity, were roused by it to fresh activity, and the principal work of the Vigilance Committee took place in the years that followed. It was needed; for the hands of slavery were mightily strengthened by Webster and his Northern supporters, and the demands of the slaveholders grew every

day more arrogant. While General Taylor lived, he stood stoutly against them; but he was dead now, and Millard Fillmore, who signed the Bill, proceeded to enforce it in Boston.

The first slave case to come under this act was that of William and Ellen Craft, well known in its day and for many days after. This negro couple came to Boston in the year 1849. He was a cabinet-maker, she a seamstress; sober and industrious people both. They settled down, found work, joined Theodore Parker's congregation, and lived in peace and quietness for nearly two years.

But the Law had not been sleeping, and in November, 1851, a man named Hughes appeared, armed with authority to seize the two fugitives and take them back to Georgia. He applied to the proper officer for a warrant, called upon the marshal for assistance, and descended upon the Crafts' quiet dwelling, expecting an easy victory. But the Vigilance Committee had also been awake. The kidnapper found William Craft armed with two revolvers and a formidable dirk; Ellen was nowhere to be seen.

Hughes blustered and raged; he had sworn that he would carry the pair back with him to Georgia; but Mr. Sanborn tells us that my father "persuaded" him to leave Boston that afternoon without them. Theodore Parker, at whose house the woman had been concealed, married the couple legally, gave them a Bible and a sword, and they sailed the following week for England.

Theodore Parker, writing in his diary on November 6th, 1851, says:

"Saw Dr. Howe this afternoon: he looks better, in fine health and spirits. I went with him to the Faneuil Hall meeting of Free-soilers. Sumner was on his legs — a fine speaker, a very sincere and good fellow, only he wants

courage. Howe is braver and richer in ideas, but not so well trained for literary work."

Yet there was surely no lack of courage in this speech of Sumner's, made on the eve of the State election. He attacked the Fugitive Slave Bill, and declared that he would never obey it, because "from beginning to end it sets at naught the best principles of the Constitution, and the very laws of God." He added: "Into the immortal catalogue of national crimes it has now passed, drawing by inexorable necessity its authors also, and chiefly him, who, as President of the United States, set his name to the Bill."

The next fugitive slave to be captured in Boston was Shadrach, whose rescue is so vividly and picturesquely described by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson in his *Cheerful Yesterdays*. The admirable chapter entitled *The Fugitive Slave Epoch* is known, or should be known, to all who are interested in the history of that romantic and dramatic period.

This was in February, 1851. In April of the same year came the capture and attempted rescue of Sims. Three years later, in 1854, Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave escaped from Virginia, was seized in Boston and sent back into slavery by Edward Greeley Loring, a Slave Law Commissioner of Boston, and at the time Judge of Probate in Suffolk county.

An attempt was made by the Vigilance Committee to rescue Burns, but it failed. In the struggle, which took place in the office of the Marshal of Massachusetts, a man named Bachelder was killed in resisting the rescue, and several of the rescuers were wounded, among them Colonel Higginson.

A number of prominent Boston men combined to purchase Burns from his master, and the sum demanded ($1200) was raised.

Mr. George Baty Blake promised to give Mr. Hamilton Willis (who with Rev. L. A. Grimes was collecting the subscription) "any amount you might think proper to call on me for."

Colonel Suttle, the master, came to Boston, and the agreement was about to be drawn up, when B. Y. Hallett, the District Attorney, interfered, telling Suttle of the attempted rescue. Upon this Suttle threw up the agreement, and Hallett, pointing to the spot where Bachelder had fallen, said, "That blood must be avenged."

Burns was carried away by force, imprisoned in Richmond, and five months afterwards was put on the auction block and sold for $910 to a North Carolina trader named McDaniel. The trader subsequently delivered him to his Boston purchaser in Baltimore for $1300 and expenses.

Burns reached Boston in 1855, and died in Canada in 1862.

This was the last of the Boston fugitive slave cases; the four letters which follow relate to it.

To Theodore Parker

MONDAY, May, 1854.[1]

MY DEAR PARKER: — Your words of Saturday have been like live coals in my vitals. I started to go in yesterday, but was too ill to get to your house. I have long made up my mind not to avoid a struggle and a conflict with the myrmidons of this infernal law, but I cannot make it up to seek one. Perhaps my children are the beams in the eye of my reason.

Something must be attempted; but I think not here in Boston, for it will be useless. But it may be attempted with hope of success, on the passage towards the South. I should say in New York City. A dozen resolute men, awaiting his

[1] Before the attempted rescue of Burns.

arrival *there*, can rescue him; a thousand cannot do it here.

I shall try to find you.

S. G. HOWE.

To Theodore Parker

(1854.)

MY DEAR P.: — I have come to see you: — no public meeting I think, but a band of fifty, to say the man shall not go out into slavery, but over our bodies: — of the fifty one is

S. G. H.

To Theodore Parker

FRIDAY, 9 P. M., June, 1854.

DEAR PARKER: — I must go, or choke in this disgraced and degraded community. I am sick at heart and sick in body. — But one thing I want done. Draw up a brief, terse, strong address to E. G. Loring, stating that the community has lost confidence in him, — that we cannot trust our orphans to the charge of such a man. Put it round at once for signatures. If done *now* it will receive the signatures of a great majority of the people.

I go to Newport and hope to get strength and heart enough to come back and work again. CHEV.

To Horace Mann

SOUTH BOSTON, June 18th, 1854.

MY DEAR MANN: — I have sometimes been happy enough to get a glimpse of you through your letters to Downer — for you had in them, once in a while, a kind word for me. Yesterday, however, there was a hard one, — though I know not unkindly meant; — you said "out of sight out of mind;" *et tu!!* You have never been out of my mind — never out of my heart. I have not written simply because I had little or nothing to say, except that I love you, and that you know well enough.

We have gone through a terrible ordeal lately: a week of intense, painful, dreadful excitement. I saw the whole, from the broken door, the pointed pistols and the flashing cutlasses,[1] to the last sad funeral procession. During the latter I wept for sorrow, shame and indignation. Then, let me tell you (and I know enough of mobs to know it truly) — had it not been for the citizen soldiery and the armed citizen police, the *people* would have rushed upon the United States troops, disarmed and routed them and have rescued poor Burns. With a constable's pole in advance, — with a scrap of law as big as this sheet, — the people would, *at any time*, and against all obstacles, have done so. The fear of the law, — the fetish of law, disarmed and emasculated us.

The most interesting thing I saw in the crowd was a comely coloured girl of eighteen, who stood with clenched teeth and fists, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, — the very picture of indignant despair. I could not help saying, " do not cry, poor girl — he won't be hurt." " Hurt !" said she, " I cry for shame that he will not kill himself ! — oh ! why is he not man enough to kill himself ! " There was the intuition, the blind intuition of genius ! — had he, then and there, struck a knife into his own heart, he would have killed outright the fugitive slave law in New England and the North.

As it is, poor Burns has been the cause of a great revolution: you have no idea of the change of feeling here. Think of Sam'l A. Eliot, the hard, plucky and " sort of honest "[2] Eliot, coming out for repeal of Nebraska or disunion !

Things are working well. God will get the upper hand of the Devil, even in Boston, soon. As for Loring — old Ned

[1] The attack on the Court House to rescue Anthony Burns.

[2] In reading these letters, allowance must be made for the intense feeling of the time. I cannot verify this quotation, but Mr. Eliot's honesty admitted of no qualification.

Loring,[1] whom you loved, and whom for a while you *boosted* up on your shoulders into a moral atmosphere, he has sunk down, and will die in the darkness of despotic surroundings. I wrote to him, and talked with him before the decision; I have had a letter from him since, but it is a hard and heartless one. I have liked him much; and am loth to lose the last of my associates in that circle; but I must. If he is white, I am blacker than hell; if he is right, I am terribly wrong.

I think you should write to him. I have set going the enclosed address to him. Would it were better! but it is honest, and has cost me a pang and a tear. Goodbye, my pleasant old friend; if you are going *up*, I go down; and *vice versa*.

As for myself, dear Mann, I am very much as I was. In health no better, nor worse. In spirits at zero. In hopes for myself, nothing beyond happiness reflected through that of my dear children. They are, thank God, *always* well and jolly. They never know an ache or a pain; are industrious, affectionate, obedient, truthful, and *very* bright.

Let me hear from you, do! Shall I never see you? ah — I do not like to think of turning my face to the wall, and going away from earth without again grasping your hand. I'll try not to do so.

With kind regards to Madame, ever, dear Mann, yours,

S. G. Howe.

In all these cases my father took an active part, giving to the cause every moment that could be spared from his other pressing duties.

Having begun this chapter with a quotation from Colonel Higginson, I cannot do better than to end it with another, the closing paragraph of his address on " Dr. Howe's Anti-

[1] Judge E. G. Loring, who decreed the return of Burns to slavery. The feeling against him became so strong that he was obliged to leave Boston and take up his residence in Washington.

Slavery Career," delivered at the Memorial Meeting after my father's death, and subsequently printed in his volume entitled "*My Contemporaries.*"

"His anti-slavery life was, in short, that of a man of chivalrous nature, with a constitutional love for freedom and for daring enterprises, taking more interest in action than in mere agitation, and having moreover other fields of usefulness which divided his zeal. With a peculiarly direct and thrilling sort of eloquence, and a style of singular condensation and power, abrupt, almost impetuous, — like a sword with no ornament but the dents upon the blade, — he yet knew that the chief end of life is action, and not thought. With all his intellectual accomplishments, he would, as Thoreau said of John Brown, 'have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a fallen man.'"

CHAPTER IX

"THE DOCTOR"

"The thrill of this strong heart, that feared no difficulty and shrank from no encounter, communicated itself first to teachers and then to pupils. The Institution became a happy home of diligent spirits, preparing for a life of use and service. A new fountain of hope and of cheerfulness sprang up among these so-called unfortunates, and this good power will live among the blind as all high and precious influences, once communicated, do live and grow on earth."

JULIA WARD HOWE, *Memoir of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.*

THE title of "Doctor" is always a comfortable one. Perhaps more than any other title save the tender ones of close relationship it connotes helpfulness, kindness and humanity; the good physician is the best-loved of men.

To the inmates of the Perkins Institution, during a period of forty-three years, there might be many physicians; there was but one "Doctor." As in his colony at Corinth, so here; he was "governor, legislator, clerk, constable." Wherever he went, whatever he did, his blind children were always close to his heart, and a large part of his time was devoted to them. And he had more time than most people, for he still held the belief recorded in his early journal that "to spend more than four or at the most five hours in sleep was a wanton murdering of time."

Four o'clock often saw him up and dressed, and by five he was at his desk, answering letters, writing editorials for the *Commonwealth* or some other periodical, or working on the reports into which he put the whole strength of his mind and heart. In some of his letters to Mr. Sumner, we have seen

that my father distrusted his own power of writing for the press, but he enjoyed it greatly. Speaking of this once, he said, "I take the time before breakfast, and I do not think it *wrong* to give that, I have so much pleasure in this writing."

This reminds me of another peep-of-day pleasure of his, the morning ride; and here I must linger a little, for as we children grew old enough, it was our privilege to share this pleasure with him. We used to take turns, and he gave us careful instruction in the niceties of seat and carriage. The delight of these early morning rides is not to be forgotten; the stealing downstairs in the cool, dewy morning, springing into the saddle, the little black mare dancing with impatience; then the canter through the sleepy streets and out into the green blossoming country.

My father remains, in my mind, the ideal of the perfect rider. He commonly rode with one spur, holding with Hudibras that if one side of the horse went, the other could not stay behind. "Hudibras" was one of his favourite poems, and he often quoted it.

> "But now, like lobster boiled, the morn,
> From black to red began to turn;"

or

> "Ay me! what perils do environ
> The man who meddles with cold iron!"

Most familiar of all — it is always his voice I hear reciting it,—

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

Our horses were always black, I think, and always swift; their very names were "Breeze," "Blast," and the like, and they were required to live up to them. They and my father understood and loved one another, and there are

many stories about his ways with them. Shall I be forgiven if I ramble still further afield and tell one or two of these stories?

Once at Green Peace, my father was going to drive, with my mother and my sister Florence, in a closed carriage, with a large window in front. As the driver was mounting the box he dropped his whip, and got down to recover it. This startled the young horses, and they bolted down the driveway. My father tried to open the big window, but it stuck fast. He flashed through the plate-glass as if it had been paper, and catching up the reins, stopped the runaways in less time than it takes to tell of it. When Thomas came running up white and breathless, he found "Doctor" quietly shaking the bits of glass from his coat and hat, and explaining to my terrified mother that he "went so quick there was no time to get cut!"

My mother tells me still another "horse" story. Once during the days of their courtship, my father and Charles Sumner were visiting her family at Newport. They were about to take a drive, when the horse balked. My mother's brother, who was standing by, made every effort, with voice, hand and whip, to induce him to start; Mr. Sumner, on the back seat, said with sonorous persuasiveness, "Come, boy! come, boy!" in vain; the beast stood like a statue.

Suddenly my father, who was on the front seat, leaped over the dasher, ran with incredible swiftness and lightness along the shaft, pinched the horse's ear, and was back in his seat, reins in hand, in time to guide the astonished animal as he sprang forward. He was then forty years old; my mother says that her brother, a young and active man, stood amazed at this flash of action.

It was twenty years later that he stopped a runaway team in a crowded city street; and this story he used to tell

himself with great enjoyment. There were ladies in the carriage. My father dashed into the street and caught the horses' bridles: then, when he had stopped their plunging, he stood for a moment at their heads, soothing and talking to them. At this instant a well-dressed man stepped up to the carriage, opened the door with great *empressement*, helped the agitated ladies out, and — received with complacency their fervent thanks for having saved their lives! while my father, with a nod to the coachman, slipped quietly away on the other side, unseen and unnoted.

Still another memory of my mother's shows his quickness in a different way. He was walking along Washington Street once, when a furious dog rushed at him and bit his hand severely. There was no Pasteur Institute in the forties. My father instantly raised up the skin and flesh of the bitten part, and holding it firmly, entered the nearest apothecary's shop.

"Cut this piece off!" he said briefly.

The apothecary exclaimed in horror. He could not; he would not, without a surgeon's order; it was out of the question.

"I am a surgeon, damn you!" said my father, "and I command you to cut it off!"

It was cut off. My father dressed the wound with his other hand, and went about his business.

At six o'clock he was at the Institution, reading prayers to the whole household assembled in the hall. This again was one of his great pleasures, and I know that his pupils still hold these readings in affectionate remembrance. Indeed, no one who heard them could well forget the deep, melodious voice, the reverent intonation, the sweet and earnest gravity. Perhaps the blind, with their exquisite sensitiveness to sound, did not need the other impression that some of us have, of the stately figure, the noble head bent

over the sacred book, the whole aspect of simple and humble devotion.

The service was a simple one, in accordance with my father's beliefs and principles; a reading from Scripture, carefully chosen, a hymn sung by the pupils, accompanied by one of their number on the organ, and the Lord's Prayer. This form of service is retained to this day in the Institution.

Speaking of these matters in a letter to a friend, my father says:

"We have no comment upon God's word as set down in the Scriptures; but by frequent reading and putting the Testament into each pupil's hands we leave him free to form his own opinion.

"My own views upon religion are that it should rather be an affair of the heart than of the head; of the feelings than of the intellect. I hold him to be a truer Christian who religiously feels and acts than him who religiously believes and thinks."

In another place he says:

"It is childish to be deterred from the pursuit of truth by the fear of its consequences; it is absurd to urge as an argument against any science, that it may overthrow Christianity. If Christianity is false, then the sooner it is exploded the better. God is truth, and whatever else is truth must be good; but, thanks to Him! He has founded His religion in the eternal principles of nature. The study of those principles, then, only confirms us in our religion, and encourages us to go on; and they have less faith in Christianity than we have, who fear to have it tested in any possible way."

The following letters also touch upon this subject.

To J. B. Clark

Oct. 4th, 1845.

Hon. J. B. Clark, Eutaw, Greene Co., Ala.

DEAR SIR: — . . . I am told that you intend to send your son to some Institution for the Blind, and that you had selected this, but that among your doubts and hesitations was the fear of his having some religious sectarian notions indoctrinated into him. If any person having the means of knowing the course of instruction pursued in this Institution has given you this impression, he is highly culpable. The majority of our pupils are of the strict orthodox faith; the majority of them attend their own place of worship; they have entire liberty of speech; and they never need hear anything to shake their own peculiar faith. . . .

The great lesson — the hard lesson — your son has first to learn is — *to be blind:* to live in the world without light; to look upon what of existence is yet vouchsafed him as a blessing and a trust, and to resolve to spend it gratefully, cheerfully and conscientiously, in the service of his Maker and for the happiness of those about him. The first step is to become so accustomed to the use of his other senses as to reap every possible advantage from them, to establish new means of relation with things about him, and to do by means of hearing and feeling what others do by sight. This can most readily be brought about by associating with other blind persons, and especially by being in a school for the blind. There he will soon learn to feel that he is not a lonely isolated being, cut off from all the enjoyments and occupations of others and excluded from competition with those about him; but he will find himself one of a number who are contending for knowledge and power and distinction, and who, thus stimulated to action, bring into operation a hundred faculties and contrivances which alone they would never have resorted to. It is the self-confidence, the mental

reliance, the habit of effort, which would be of great use to your son, and not the books, maps and other appliances of a "Blind School." In about three months he would learn to be active and self-reliant, in six he would learn to read; and then he would have attained the principal good which he could expect there, unless he intended to devote himself to the study of Music or the Mathematics.

Very truly your friend,

S. G. Howe.

To Mr. Ford

June 20th.

Mr. Ford, Granville, Vt.

My Friend: — I wish to have your deliberate opinion and advice upon a subject of much importance to your child: —

I learned a week ago last Sabbath that Cynthia was about to be baptized by immersion in the sea. I had no previous notice of it, and as it was a very cold and rainy day, I forbade it, because I knew it would be dangerous to her health.

Had the day been ever so favourable however, I should have done the same. I cannot give my consent until I have first laid my views before you, and ascertained your wishes in the matter.

You have not seen your daughter for five years, and can hardly know so much of her mind as I do. I have refused my consent to her immersion for the following reasons: she is but fourteen years old, her intellectual faculties and her judgment are not yet well developed for a girl of her age. She is backward in all those studies which require reflection; she can but very imperfectly give any reasons for her belief in commonly received truths; much less can she assign any satisfactory reason for choosing one form of faith rather than another.

Should she apply to me for permission to contract marriage, to go into the world and set up in business, to bind herself to any contract for her future years, I should refuse it upon the ground that she was not old enough or mature enough in judgment to act for herself. Upon this ground and upon no other have I refused to Cynthia my permission to be immersed and to join the Church.

Should any persons, taking advantage of any excitement of feeling, urge her to any of the acts which I have mentioned above, I should consider them as acting unwisely and unkindly, nor can I refuse the same judgment to those who urge her to be immersed and to join the Church.

Were she my own child I should act in the same way, because I should wish her to act prudently, and to select wisely that church and sect which her mature judgment would cause her to adhere to.

I have always made it a rule in the administration of this Institution, not to interfere with the sectarian belief or worship of the pupils. I have left each one free to go to what church he chooses; and I have refrained from inculcating any views of my own.

Were Cynthia of age, or of mature judgment, I should leave her free to act for herself in this matter: and even now, although I think it would be very unwise to allow her in her tender years solemnly to pledge herself to one form of faith and to one sect rather than another, and to bind herself for her whole future life when she really does not know how many sects there are, or what are their grounds of belief; I say, even now, if you, her parents and natural guardians, wish that she should do so, I shall oppose no obstacle to it.

I shall wish to hear from you and her grandfather before I take any further steps in the matter.

Very truly your friend,

S. G. Howe.

Anything in the nature of jesting on religious subjects was extremely repugnant to my father; and yet I cannot help recalling here two anecdotes which have often made me smile.

As late as the fifties, the New England world was pretty definitely divided into Orthodox and Free-thinker, the latter term being one of obloquy; and as it was known that my father was not a member of any Orthodox communion, many good people thought him little better than one of the wicked.

It is related that one day a pious Baptist minister called at the Institution to see my father; possibly (though this is but surmise) he wished to expostulate with the Doctor on his lack of conformity to established things. Daniel Bradford, the steward, a man of great shrewdness and intelligence, and devoted to my father, received the visitor, and told him that the Doctor was at prayers.

"Prayers!" cried the parson. "Does Dr. Howe have prayers?"

"Come and see!" said Bradford. The visitor followed him up to the hall, looked and listened, and departed to spread the report far and wide among his brethren that "Howe was a pious and a praying man!"

My father was displeased on hearing of this; he never noticed his critics in these matters — rarely in any matters.

The other anecdote also concerns Daniel Bradford, for many years a familiar and a beloved figure to all who knew the Institution. When the workshop was first opened, my father wished to have daily prayers there also, and appointed Bradford to read them. The good steward was anything but a praying man himself, and he disliked this task extremely. On one such occasion my father, I know not by what chance, came into the shop just before the hour for service, and found Bradford bustling about, settling his wig and crying irritably, "Where's that damned Bible?"

He was never asked to read again.

A friend once remonstrating with my father on his non-attendance at church — "I pray!" he replied. "I pray with my hands and feet."

In its early years the Institution was an object of great curiosity, and the frequent visitors were sometimes troublesome.

One day an old lady broke away from a party which was being "personally conducted" by an attendant, and wandered about, popping her head in at every door. Finally she popped it into the office where my father sat writing. After watching him for a few minutes —

"Be you blind?" she asked. The Doctor looked up, and answered in a confidential tone: "No! be you?"

Until his health began to fail under the weight of years and labour, my father always held certain courses in the school curriculum; but this was a small part of his activities. He was from first to last "the very pulse of the machine."

Miss Maria Moulton, for over forty years the matron and household saint of the Institution, says in some notes written for my aid in this work:

"When I came to the Institution in 1853 nothing struck me more forcibly than the personal magnetism of Dr. Howe, which from him permeated every soul in the large household, and incited the recipients according to their gifts to 'overcome obstacles' in a marked degree. His quick and unerring perceptions were like second sight. In a surprising manner he would feel the state of the moral atmosphere upon entering the doors. An 'east wind' could not be mistaken."

Numberless anecdotes testify to this unerring perception. One of these relates how a certain blind youth contrived to elude the vigilance of teachers and attendants, which, as there was at this time but one building for boys and

girls, was constantly exerted to keep them apart. This boy, being minded to play Pyramus, bored a hole through the partition separating the boys' part from the girls', and contriving to get word thereof to his Thisbe, talked with her whenever occasion served. One evening he found Thisbe somewhat chary of speech, answering his outpourings mostly in monosyllables. He was remonstrating upon this, when the voice on the other side, deepening suddenly in tone, said, "And now, Graham, I think we have talked here long enough; we'll finish the talk in my study!"

It was the Doctor!

Another time, a boy who possessed a great power of mimicry thought it would be fun to imitate the Doctor and scare his comrades. Accordingly, finding some of them one day making more noise than was seemly in the library, he administered a severe reprimand, and ended by calling each boy by name and bidding him "go to bed!"

The unhappy boys filed past him out of the room in disconsolate procession, with hanging head, and the mimic was left, as he supposed, master of the situation; when, very quietly, the voice he had been imitating said, "Very well done, Fred; and now *you* may go to bed!"

Again, it was a party of girls who, being at the Institution during the Christmas holidays, decided to honour the season by ringing the old year out and the new year in. They carried out their plan so successfully that at midnight on New Year's Eve every bell in the Institution (and there were many bells!) was ringing a merry peal. The mischief was naturally laid at the boys' door, and a rigorous investigation was proposed; but this roused the girls' sense of justice, and they sent a committee of one to make full confession to the Doctor. My father said little, and that little not unkindly. Nothing further was heard of the matter until some days later, when the pupils were going to a concert. All were

assembled and ready for the start, when my father came into the room and said quietly, "The bell-ringers may stay at home!"

Miss Kimball, who tells this story, adds, "Now this meant something more than the loss of a concert, for each department felt keenly a reproof administered in the presence of the other; and seven crestfallen maidens left the hall. It is said that the Doctor was heard to remark afterwards that it would never have done to let those girls go unpunished, for the sake of discipline; but that when he was young he would doubtless have done the same thing himself."

I cannot refrain from quoting another passage from Miss Kimball's beautiful tribute to my father.

"On one occasion a lonely, homesick little girl had lost her way in the Institution. She felt the place to be very large, and herself to be very small; at length, becoming thoroughly frightened, she sat down on some stairs and began to cry. Here the good Doctor found her, and with great gentleness took her into his office, where he told her how happy the little girls were there, and that she would soon be happy too if she would be good and brave, and do her best every day. Then this hero of the Greek Revolution, this founder and director of institutions, himself took his little pupil to the matron, leaving her comforted and happy.

"This incident has remained a pleasant memory throughout all these years, and the kind words spoken in Dr. Howe's office, but then little understood, have helped that woman to be brave, and to try to do her best every day."

Another former pupil of the Institution tells me that once, on a bitter winter day, she was practising on the organ in the hall, when "Doctor" came into the hall. Finding it

cold, he brought screens and placed them round her seat, then put footstoves inside the enclosure, thus making a warm little room inside the great chilly one.

These anecdotes might be multiplied by the hundred; indeed I only wish it were possible for me to give in full the messages of tender remembrance that have come to me from the pupils of the Perkins Institution, but this may not be. The spirit of all is voiced by one,[1] when he says:

"During my whole stay of seven years at Perkins, I do not recall a single instance where a pupil had a word to say against our great benefactor. . . . Though he has been gone from us thirty-two years, yet is my memory of him clear; and if at the close of my earthly pilgrimage I shall be permitted to enter through the portals of heaven, I trust I may see the Doctor face to face, and tell him in my simple way how very much I have tried to profit by his early instructions."

Not all the pranks played at the Institution were so innocent as those described above. Sometimes my father had to do with unruly or even malicious pupils. With these he dealt summarily; witness the case of Jane T——, a girl whom he considered "morally idiotic," and who gave him much trouble. At one time she refused to eat. My father tried persuasion, reasoning, command, threats, all in vain: she would not eat. Thereupon my father put a catheter tube up her nose, and fed her through it three times a day for three weeks. Then she gave in, and after that ate in the usual way.

Once a pupil was detected in a petty theft, the fact becoming generally known in the household. The next morn-

[1] Mr. Aaron C. Blakeslee, for the past twenty-three years connected with the School for Blind at Lansing, Michigan.

ing at prayers my father opened the Bible, and pupils and teachers listened expectantly for the customary passage from the New Testament or the Psalms. Instead, he read with solemn emphasis, "*Thou shalt not steal;*" and closed the book. The pupil who told me of this incident thought that no other punishment was inflicted on the offender, and that none other was needed.

Twice during my father's directorship a pupil set fire to the Institution, with intent to destroy it. In the first volume of this work I have given some account of one of these occasions, when my father's quickness alone saved the building.

The following letter relates to the matter of the incendiary fires.

To Charles Northend

Feb. 19th, '58.

Chas. Northend, Esq., New Britain, Conn.

DEAR SIR: — I have just received your note of the 17th.

I was never more perplexed in my life than I was with respect to the course that should be taken with Frank V——.

I am glad, therefore, that you have made inquiry of me, for it gives me an opportunity of saying what some intelligent and kind friend of Frank's should know.

More than a year ago, an attempt was made by one of our little boys to set fire to the building, and we had a narrow escape. Some three or four months ago the attempt was renewed, and I discovered that Frank had planned the mischief. It appeared moreover, from his own account, that he had been one of the instigators of the former attempt. He confessed the whole matter, and I took precaution to get evidence confirming his account. After some deliberation, I determined to depart from our rules, and inflict corporal punishment. He and another boy were chastised very severely, at two separate periods.

It was done in such a way as to show them that there was no anger or resentment about it. Efforts were made, also, to make them see the enormity of their offence, and to awaken their moral sense. During several weeks, everything was said that could be said, by the matron and the teachers, to make a proper impression upon their minds.

Frank's mother wrote a letter to him, which set forth in feeling terms the pain which his conduct had caused her. I talked to him several times, and though he did not manifest any real contrition or sorrow, he admitted most fully and freely that his conduct had been very wicked. He seemed perfectly candid, and talked with childish simplicity about the whole transaction. The thought, however, that it might have resulted in the death of many human beings, did not seem to affect him any more than the thought of burning so many rats might have done. He did not seem to have the slightest desire to harm any one, nor did he bear any malice toward anybody. What seems to have been uppermost in his mind was the wish for some kind of strong excitement.

After some weeks, he surprised us one day by saying that he had had in the night an almost irresistible impulse to renew his incendiary attempt. His conversation and deportment brought to my mind vividly the theory which is sometimes put forth to explain such cases, that there is a distinct species of insanity called pyromania, or fire mania, which compels persons to this particular form of crime. Whatever truth there may be in this theory, and however much Frank may have been free from moral responsibilities by reason of an impulse beyond his control, my duty seemed plain. I could not allow the property that I am appointed to watch over to be perilled by his longer continuance here.

You ask me whether he can ever return here. I answer that it will depend upon his conduct and disposition hereafter. I think it is doubtful whether Frank will ever grow

up to be a man of sound mind. I should not be surprised if he should manifest extraordinary peculiarities, and give great trouble to his friends. Nor indeed, should I be surprised if these peculiarities should subside.

There is nothing malicious about him. At times he is very docile, and is open to moral influences. He is intelligent and inquisitive. Very much will depend upon the sort of moral influence to which he is subjected. I trust that this may be good, and I shall be glad to hear that he is doing well.[1]

Truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Northend

Feb. 24th.

Chas. Northend, New Britain, Conn.

Dear Sir: — I have received yours of the 22nd. I was not aware that my correspondent was a person so well known to me by reputation. I had supposed the letter was from some other person of the same name.

Your interest in the subject of education and your familiarity with its methods will enable you to understand the case and to do much more for the boy than an ordinary person can. . . .

The idea that there may be a morbid development of mind, having such peculiar characteristics as to require a place in nosology, and to merit the name of pyromania, is rather gaining ground. It is not by any means certain however, that such form of mental disorder exists; but there are some circumstances which favour this idea.

First, there have been a great many detached cases, well authenticated, of children being possessed of a very strong

[1] This boy also tried to hang himself, not because of unhappiness, but merely "to see what it was like." He very nearly succeeded. I believe he died young.

and irresistible propensity to incendiarism, without any adequate cause for it being known. The desire for notoriety, by which some endeavour to explain it, is not satisfactory, because the children do not seek notoriety in any other form, and because they most carefully conceal their agency in the conflagration which they have created.

This was not the case with Van Dusen.

Secondly, there is, doubtless, some peculiarity in the organism which adapts us not only for relation with the external world, but for peculiar relation with peculiar elements. The modifications of this give rise to an endless variety of tendencies; in a word, to what we call varieties of character. Is it unreasonable then, to suppose that where the organism falls into a morbid condition, there shall be morbid manifestations, that is, perverse action in one direction, and in one direction only? We are obliged to recognize such mental disorders as homicidal mania, suicidal mania; and we admit their essential difference, both in our theory and in our practice.

I do not speak from authority; but I presume that a physician in a lunatic asylum would feel safe in trusting a patient who had a tendency to suicide, to watch over one who had a tendency to homicide. We know that patients in insane hospitals who have not the suicidal tendency, will watch over those who have and prevent them from committing suicide, though they themselves are stark mad.

However, the point to which I would ask your special attention as an educator is this: during the period of growth and development of the body, it sometimes happens that a particular propensity manifests itself with great violence during several months or years, but afterwards subsides. Take for instance the propensity to steal. This sometimes breaks out at a certain period of childhood or youth, and continues so active and irrepressible, that the hasty observer

would say that the child is an incorrigible thief, and will end in the State Prison. If however, the child is carefully treated, this morbid disposition entirely subsides; and the youth grows up to the average standard of honesty, and feels no more the temptation to steal than ordinary persons do.

Now I believe that this morbid moral manifestation mainly arises from a morbid condition of the bodily organism. This morbid condition arises perhaps in some cases from unequal and disturbed growth of different parts of the brain and nervous system; and it may be that when the equilibrium is established, and the organs of the different faculties (or if you prefer the form of expression), when the material agents for the mental manifestations come to be harmoniously developed, then the morbid manifestation ceases — that is, the propensity is no longer excited to passional activity.

I will relate a case in point. Many years ago, I knew a little child, intelligent and amiable, who had always been under good moral influences. When about nine years old, there suddenly manifested itself a propensity to steal. This was very much more active than in those cases of pilfering so common among children. The propensity was intensified into passion. It lasted about two years. It then subsided, and the child has grown up to be a person of irreproachable character. It does not cost that person any more effort to be honest than it does ordinary people.

In a few years another child of the same family developed the same propensity, on arriving at the same age. The morbid tendency lasted about the same time and then disappeared. When the next child arrived at the same age, the same phenomenon was manifested; the same results followed. They have all now arrived at maturity, and are not only persons of blameless life, but have no inordinate temptations to resist.

Now according to common notions, these persons during

a certain phase of their life were thieves, and deserved the most severe punishment. Such is not my notion. They deserved correction, it is true, and they became correct eventually; but I think the correction came more from internal than from external causes. I think the mental aberration came from disturbance in the mental organism.

The desire to possess, which we do not blame in the infant or very little child, is generally controlled by the development of higher faculties as the child grows up. Now the development of these faculties is the result of growth and development in the organism, and any disturbance of the condition may be followed by what we call moral obliquities.

Perhaps I have not made myself understood in my attempts to set forth some instances of an action of matter upon mind, but I should be greatly misunderstood if the inference were that I undervalued the importance of the reflex action of mind upon matter.

I hope you will watch Van Dusen's case, and let me know how he does. I have great hopes of him still, provided his mental aberration does not take new form.

Truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

The fire set by Van Dusen is still remembered at the Institution. The story goes that Miss Mary Paddock, then and for many years after one of my father's most able and devoted assistants, had on a pair of brand-new slippers when this fire broke out, and that by the time the "all out" signal was given, the slippers were in holes.

Miss Paddock's name recalls some of the stories about the exhibitions my father was in the habit of making in other States with a view to bringing about the founding of schools for the blind. As I have already said, he would often, especially in the early years of the Institution, take three

or four promising pupils and a couple of teachers, and go — it mattered not how far — wherever the need might be.

Once he was in Vermont, giving exhibitions here and there. Desiring to go to Northfield, where the next one was to be held, he found there was no train. That was a small matter. He found a locomotive somewhere, chartered it, packed his four blind children in, bidding Miss Paddock "take that little flibbertigibbet of a Jennette A——, and hold her hands so she can't blow us all up!" and he would see to the rest; and so reached Northfield in time to keep his engagement.

On one of these trips one of his dreadful headaches came on, and he was obliged to send Miss Paddock to the hall with the children, his other assistant, Mr. Alexander McDonald, staying to care for him. During the performance Mr. McDonald came in, and whispered to Miss Paddock, "Hurry this through! Dr. Howe is very ill; I don't know whether we shall find him alive."

Fortunately Miss Paddock was accustomed to the headaches, and was not surprised to find my father, a few hours later, ready for the next stage of the journey.

Now and then, but rarely, a pupil harboured personal resentment against my father for some deserved rebuke or some fancied injury. Miss Moulton tells of one such case.

"His great heart could not hold resentment, and it seemed that often under grievous provocations he could not even allow it to enter.

A blind lady who owed to him her education and was beholden to him for tender kindnesses from childhood up, having been made to believe (for a time) wicked untruths, wrote him an ungrateful and cruel letter.

He wrote back: 'Your letter is destroyed; for the time may come when I would wish to ask a favour of you or you of me, and I would not have those words stand in the way.'"

The following letter speaks for itself.

MY YOUNG FRIEND: — You desire my forgiveness for having written and left here some verses which you say were "calculated to do me harm, and which were sure to provoke me." I cannot extend any forgiveness to you, my young friend, because you have not done me any harm, and have not offended me at all. I never knew anything about the writings; and if I had, I should have been concerned merely for you, because you were the one such a thing would injure, not I. The doer of wrong, and not the sufferer, is the one to be laughed at or pitied as the case may be. You have heard about the good and wise Socrates; well, he used to say that no man could ever insult him; that even if a person should meet him in the street and spit in his face, he would only insult and injure *himself*.

I have never done or said a thing to you but what was *intended* for your good; now, if you chose to return my good with evil, it was surely not me but yourself you were injuring, and you must ask pardon of yourself and of God.

But really, my young friend, it is not of much matter: it was childish folly on your part; and you show your good sense and your goodness of heart by repenting of it. I assure you, I have never had and never shall have any feelings toward you but those of kindness and good will.

Truly your friend,

S. G. HOWE.

But as I have said, these cases were rare. As a rule, my father's pupils loved him more than they feared him; more it would be difficult to say.

One of them writes to me: —

"When I first met your father, he gave me an impression of sternness tempered with justice. Later I understood that

tenderness often swayed justice, and that kindness was the inflexible rule of his life. In regard to the school, we were sure that there were two codes of law under which we lived, and we spent much time in trying to determine which laws were made by the Doctor and which by the teachers, for the former could not be broken with impunity. Now and then we came to grief.

"Grapes must be shared by all when they were ripe, (great quantities of the old Isabella grape grew in the courtyard of the Institution at this time), and it was a crime to take a bunch before all were gathered. He had a very kind but very telling way of showing the selfishness of getting more than our share. If we were so unfortunate as to be summoned to his office, we were never punished with long speeches, and after one such occasion I felt more affection for him than ever, and had no dread of going again. The older we grew, the nearer we came to him, and the more we knew him the more we loved and honoured him. He thought nothing too good for us, in religion, literature or art."

"When he said 'good morning,'" says another pupil, "it made us feel that we had had a long talk with him, and the memory of it went down with us all day."

My father's loving care of his pupils was not to be contained within the walls of any institution; it followed them to their homes, in vacation time and after they had left the school. I could fill a volume with letters to them and to their parents, all breathing the same deep and tender interest, but a few must suffice to show their general tenor.

To Theodore Dutton

Feb. 4th, 1846.

My dear Theodore:—. . . You have done very well by becoming convinced of the importance of knowledge;

and when you reflect that youth is the season best fitted for obtaining it, you will I hope resolve that your youth shall not pass away unimproved. It is said, you know, that if a man loses an hour in bed in the morning, he has to chase after it all day, and (even) then seldom overtakes it. So it is with life. If we neglect in the morning of our days to learn those things which Providence fitted us to learn, then we go chasing after them all our days, to the neglect of other things, and seldom overtake them after all. . . .

To Mrs. Ward

March 5th, 1852.

Mrs. Ward, Charleston, S. C.

DEAR MADAM: — I have been in receipt of your letter several days, and have given the subject of it due consideration. I find it perfectly natural that you should feel such a yearning desire to be with your boy; I can well conceive what would be my own feeling if thus separated from my child; but, after all, we are not to be guided by our *feelings*, but by our judgment and reason. It is clearly going against God's will to put down reason and to set up desire, in our conduct in life.

We must and ought to love our children with all our hearts; love them better than ourselves, but be willing to sacrifice our own feelings and inclinations for their good.

We must not cheat ourselves with the notion that we are striving for their good, when we are only striving to gratify our own feelings and inclinations.

I cannot in any way be convinced that it is for your *son's good* to go away upon a long and perilous voyage, and break up his habits and association here; because I do not see any call of *duty* to take him away — on the contrary, there is risk and expense, and a likelihood of his having again to go through with a home-sickness of which he is now cured.

The boy is doing very well, in his health and in his studies. He is hearty, active and cheerful. He could not be any better for going home now; he might be worse. I have talked with him about vacation, and he anticipates pleasure from going to the excellent lady in the country with whom he was before. I pray therefore, Madam, try to discipline your feelings a little longer; make a sacrifice of your feelings and desires for your boy's good. He will make a man of whom you may be proud, if you leave him to finish his education — but if you pet and caress him, and make a baby of him always, he will never come to have a manly and independent character.

Your friend,

S. G. Howe.

To S. Fairbanks

Nov. 17, '48.

Hon. S. Fairbanks.

Dear Sir: — In reply to your question the other day whether there was any truth in the story that I led blind persons to the polls, on the last election day, and guided their hands to the ballot box while they dropped in their votes, I said that there was not, and that probably there was no foundation for it.

I now learn that there *was* some foundation for the story. One of our teachers, who is blind, wished to vote, and our principal teacher, Mr. Littlefield, led him to the polls, and guided his hand to the ballot box.

From the satisfaction which you manifested when I told you the story was untrue, I am led to believe that you regard the act of helping a blind man to vote as an improper one: and I know that you have so much rectitude of purpose and so much kindness of heart that you will be glad to be disabused of such an error.

I consider the act of Mr. Littlefield as *perfectly proper;* and I should feel ashamed of myself if I could hesitate a moment about leading any blind man to the polls, and guiding his hand to the ballot box, if he was duly qualified and wished to vote.

Look at it, my dear Sir, for one moment, and if there ever was the shadow of doubt in your mind about the propriety of the thing it will vanish away.

We endeavour by all means in our power to inspire the blind with a proper degree of self-respect; we educate them for the world, for citizens of a free country; and when their education is finished, we bid them go out into the world and take their place among men. The blind person whom Mr. Littlefield led to the polls is a most intelligent, high-minded, and worthy young man.

He was trained here in our school: he afterwards went through college, and graduated with honour. He feels the same interest in the general politics and welfare of the country that you and I do; he is as desirous as we are of discharging all the duties of a freeman, and exercising all the privileges of a voter; and why should he not vote?

I say nothing about the practice so common here of paying for carriages to carry the old, the feeble, or the lazy to the polls, out of a fund to which our wealthy men contribute; but I ask you, if on the morning of the election you had met one of your friends who had by accident lamed himself, and injured his arm so as not to be able to hold his hand steadily, and he asked you for your aid, would you not have given him your arm to lean upon as he walked to the polls, and even steadied his hand, if he so wished, while he dropped his vote? And shall I refuse my aid to my fellow man because he is afflicted with the dreadful calamity of blindness? God forbid!

But it would be an insult to your understanding and to

your heart to suppose that any argument is necessary to convince you of the propriety of Mr. Littlefield's action.

If you should think the matter worth mentioning to your informant, please say, that Dr. Howe did *not* lead a blind man to the polls, and guide his hand to the ballot box at the late election, but that he regrets that he had not the opportunity of doing such a kind and righteous act.

Now that I am upon the subject, let me say that if I had chosen to exercise my influence here, and especially if I had, as is often done in Boston, paid the poll tax for others, I might have sent more than half a dozen persons to the polls from this house, every one of whom, probably, would have voted the Free-soil ticket.

But I did no such thing. I leave the inmates to make up their own mind on political matters, taking care that they shall have the means of getting that side of the question that they would *not be likely* to get from me. The only newspapers that have been regularly supplied to them and paid for by the Institution are the *Daily Advertiser*, the *Courier*, and the *Evening Journal*, all staunch Whig papers; and if they have not been able to convince the blind of the correctness of the doctrines they teach, it is their own fault.

Excuse this long intrusion upon your patience and believe me

Very truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

To James Grosvenor

June 8th, '53.

James Grosvenor, Bangor, Maine.

Dear Sir: — I could not well develop the "general principle" upon which intermarriage of cousins should be discouraged without writing an essay. A little reflection

will show you that one might infer from *a priori* reasoning that such intermarriage is forbidden. A little observation of animals and of men will show you that manifold and manifest evils do follow such intermarriage, in many cases; and that it is fair to infer their existence in cases where they are not observed.

For the last twenty years I have been engaged in studying all the phenomena of blindness, and for six years those attendant upon imbecility. During all this time the evidence of physical and mental evils following intermarriage of relatives has been accumulating, until it has brought me irresistibly to the conclusion and conviction that God has written plainly in the great books of Nature this commandment, "thou shalt not marry thy cousin." I have seen scores and scores of cases where it was perfectly clear to my mind that the parents had caused the blindness or the imbecility of children just as much as though they had picked out their eyes, or flattened their skulls, with their own hands.

People fail to see the evil consequences of intermarriage of blood relatives because those consequences are not uniform — because they do not always appear in the *immediate* offspring, and because they are often rather negative than positive; that is, the offspring possess general vital force in a *minus* quantity, or minus force in some special organ. Sometimes, again, one child suffers or dies, and the others seem to escape.

Sometimes the constitutional tendencies of the parties marrying are to diverse bodily ailment, and they seem for awhile to neutralize each other. When, however, the tendency of each is the same way, as to insanity, epilepsy, phthisis, or to any special affection of the brain or any other organ — then the consequences are felt immediately, sensibly, and often with terrible severity. My attention has been called this very week to a case where *four* children have been

born idiotic from one such forbidden union. But I cannot enlarge.

I hope you will give the matter serious attention, and if you can prevent the marriage of cousins or near blood relatives, you will do good and prevent sin and consequent evil.[1]

Truly yrs,

S. G. HOWE.

The loving care of which I have spoken is further illustrated by the following anecdote, taken *verbatim* from Miss Moulton's notes. I make no apology for quoting freely the words of this sweet and saintly woman, and only wish I had twice as many to quote.

"I wish that you could have seen him as I did, bending at midnight over the dying form of Mrs. Sheldon, who had recently come to board with her little daughter at Mrs. Burrill's Seminary, to be near her son Isaac, one of our pupils. The girl suddenly sickened and died in a mysterious way. Afterward the 'wolf at the door' was named *diphtheria*, being as far as we knew the first case in Boston. Mother's love had sustained Mrs. Sheldon until after the funeral; then she sank prostrate, and in a few hours a messenger brought the Doctor to receive her last words. It was a fight with Death. The frenzied mother was screaming, 'I *cannot* die! I *must* live for Isaac's sake! Doctor, you *must* save me for my boy! I *must* not die! *save me! save me!*'

"He, standing over her with a serene force like the wheeling planets in space, simply said, 'Madam, *we must all yield to the will of God!*'

[1] In later life my father somewhat modified his views on this subject, though he always deplored intermarriage.

"No farther outcry; in a few minutes all was over.

"Afterward the cause of the mother's terror was understood. Her brother, a notorious gambler of the far West, would leave no stone unturned to get possession of Isaac, and through him possession of a large estate. The mother had appointed Mr. Kirkland, a worthy man, as guardian.

"After her decease the uncle claimed that he was the rightful guardian. Not being sustained by the Judge, he abducted his nephew and fled, to Michigan as I think. Dr. Howe, although far from well, went after the lad, having obtained a requisition from our Massachusetts Governor, and brought him back to school. The uncle persevering in his persecution, Mr. Kirkland entered legal proceedings against him. Mr. Benjamin Butler, (not General then) was opposing counsel. The Doctor and myself were summoned as witnesses to attend court in Greenfield, Massachusetts. The winter was most severe, and the journey was made at the coldest period. Dr. Howe was wretchedly ill, and looked like a walking ghost. He uttered no word of complaint until a flaw in the indictment caused the case to be dismissed. Then he literally sank down. His flesh was blue and cold, while great beads of sweat rolled off his forehead. He was powerless to raise a finger; but had the occasion demanded it, I believe that such was the power of his mind over his body that he would not have succumbed even then."

My father and Mr. Kirkland won the fight against the uncle. Isaac returned to the Institution and finished his course there. He died young, but while he lived my father had charge of him and his affairs.

My father's watchful care extended over teachers and assistants as well as pupils. Miss Moulton gives us the following instance:

"One morning, while Mr. Campbell,[1] the head music-master, was giving a lesson, the Doctor entered the room.

"'Mr. Campbell, you must have a change. The carriage will be here in twenty minutes to take you and Miss Moulton to the station, for you are to go for a week to my house at Newport.'

[1] Mr. Campbell's remarkable achievements are now well known. The following extract from my father's Report of Perkins Institution for the Blind for 1874 is interesting in this connection.

"A very striking proof that total blindness does not necessarily prevent men from planning and accomplishing enterprises which require ability, good judgment, and pluck, is the successful establishment of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, in London, England, mainly by Mr. F. J. Campbell, who was a teacher in our Institution during eleven years, assisted by a corps of teachers trained here also. . . .

"He came to Boston in 1858, and applied to me for employment; and I gave him a post as teacher of music. He soon gave proof of zeal, industry and cleverness. He was of very great service, in inspiring the blind pupils with confidence in themselves, and stimulating them by his example to effort and self-reliance. He gave important aid, also, by his zeal for work, and his readiness to undertake anything calculated to improve the establishment, whether called upon to do so or not.

"He became my principal assistant; and I relied much upon his zeal and counsels.

"After eleven years' service he went abroad to improve his knowledge of music; and probably with the hope of finding a wider field for usefulness and distinction.

"When Dr. Armitage made the acquaintance of Mr. Campbell he wrote to me inquiring about his character and fitness for the task. Being satisfied on this point, it appears that he intrusted the matter to him. Mr. Campbell could not find suitable teachers in London; and sought some who had been trained in our school. He applied to me to give leave of absence to one of our teachers to help him, and I consented with pleasure. He then applied for another and another, as his school grew; and he obtained them because I felt bound by duty to the cause to help what was in reality an American institution, struggling for existence in a foreign land, which would give the blind greater advantages than any existing there.

"For this I consented to part with several of my most valued assistants and teachers; and the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind soon became virtually an American institution for the instruction of British youth, with Mr. Campbell as its head, my valued friend and assistant, Joel W. Smith, as the principal assistant, and such excellent teachers from our school as Miss Mary Knight, Misses Greene, Faulkner, Howes and Dawson to do daily work.

"The enterprise may be considered in some sense as a reflux in the tide of emigration, carrying back to the mother country returned emigrants, who go to plant and rear institutions upon our improved models, in the loved old mother-land. May it flourish, and may the blind of Great Britain be benefited by our work; and cheered by the knowledge that bonds of sympathy are being woven between them and their fellows here."

"'But, Doctor, it is *impossible!* I have six lessons to give to-day, beside lots of other things to do!'

"'Yes, I know all about it! I know, Mr. Campbell, that if you go the bottom will fall out of Boston; but *go you will!*'

"We went."

That this was not the only time Miss Moulton was sent away is clear from the following letter.

To Miss Maria C. Moulton

DEAR MISS MOULTON: — I write to say that everything is going on well, and that we all hope you will remain away long enough to get recruited.

I have seen for some weeks that you were not looking well; and though you seemed better within a few days than you were a fortnight ago, still you were well nigh tired out.

You would not believe my word if I could fashion my language so as to express the regard and esteem I have for those qualities of yours which make you the moral sheet anchor of the household; but at least credit the assurance that I should regard your failure in health as not only a great sorrow, but a great loss to us all. Truly yours,

S. G. HOWE.

I must not leave dear Saint Moulton (as my father called her) without another word. She was one of the dear friends of our childhood; indeed, she was the friend of every one who knew her. Her sunny sitting-room was the heart of the Institution. Here "Doctor" came to take counsel with the wisest of his many helpers; here came teachers and pupils for recreation, rest, counsel or sympathy. Here, too, we children loved to come, to hear or tell stories, to act our plays, to admire her quaint and pretty knicknacks. I can see her now, sitting by her little table, work in hand; the stately figure; the silver hair

framing the rosy face with its noble features; the heavenly look and smile that greeted the little troublesome child who probably came to interrupt a busy hour.

It was Miss Moulton who planned the Christmas festival which my sisters recall in their Life of Laura Bridgman. It was in 1854, and we were staying at the time in "The Doctor's Wing" at the Institution. The Christmas tree was set in the centre of our large drawing-room; a noble tree, laden with gifts for pupils and teachers. At the appointed time, my mother sat down at the piano and struck up a stirring march, and in came the blind girls, walking two and two. When all the rest were assembled, the doors were flung still wider open, and the Fairy Queen entered; Laura Bridgman, dressed in glittering fairy gauzes, waving a tiny sceptre and guiding a fairy chariot, heaped with flowers and presents for old and young. To be exact, the chariot was our donkey-cart, and was drawn by our donkey, José. Dear José! How could I leave you out of Green Peace, where you belong? Forgive me, little brown shade; or let this neglect offset the many times you rubbed me off your back against the fence!

Laura was radiant with delight, yet the smile which trembled on her lips was not allowed to break out, and it was with grave dignity that she handed her gifts to her maids of honour, who were to distribute them. Someone asking why she was so serious, she replied demurely, "It is not proper for a queen to laugh!"

My father was at all times slow to think evil of anyone; but once convinced that a nature was malicious or depraved, he spared no pains to prevent it from injuring other natures.

"*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum!*" was the second of his mottoes, the first being the already-quoted "Obstacles are things to be overcome!" The following letters show that in some cases he could not allow mercy to temper justice.

To Alexander McDonald

Dec. 19th.

Mr. Alexander McDonald, Sch. for Blind, Janesville, Wis.

My Friend: — I have just learned that upon your arrival at your post you found F—— there under an assumed name; and I am fearful that you did not at once follow the proper course with regard to him. You may have hesitated, and felt embarrassed about what was your duty. It appears to me however that it was a plain one, and I hope that you have so seen it and acted up to it; but lest you should not have done so I must give you my views about it.

F—— is a very bad and depraved youth. In my whole experience with the blind I have never met a person who exercised such a pernicious influence on all about him. He seemed like a lump of vice which radiated a vicious atmosphere about him. Kindness was lost upon him. He seemed to have no moral sense whatever, and to be moved only by fear and low motives.

Now such a person deserves all our pity and all our assistance, but he should not be allowed to exercise a pernicious influence on other youth; we have no right to do them a wrong in an attempt to do him a kindness.

His being there under a false name shows the cunning of the man. He knew that there was a standing rule among institutions to reject applicants who had been dismissed from other institutions.

It appears to me to be your duty to inform the directors of your school of F——'s character; to warn them of the danger to other pupils of having him among them, and to throw the responsibility of keeping him upon them. God grant that I am mistaken; that he be reformed in heart and in spirit, and that I may not be throwing any obstacle in his way to goodness.

I want you to do your duty promptly and courageously;

you have information about this person which you ought to give to your directors; you owe it to them; and they will have a right to complain if you withhold it.

After you have done your duty to them, if they wish to retain F——, then you must do all you can to carry out their wishes and to benefit F—— as much as you can; but do not let him deceive you — and do not let him work evil among your pupils. Your friend,

S. G. Howe.

To Mr. Myers

Feb. 26th, 1846.

Mr. Myers.

Sir: — I received your letter of the 16th inst., yesterday. I do not know that there is anything in my public or private character which should induce you to direct such a missive to me.

It appears you have, or think you have, a nostrum which you keep secret, but which you think will be of immense benefit to the blind; and you propose to me to join you in making money by selling it.

Now although I hold that a man has a right to be paid for his time and trouble in administering any valuable medicine, yet I deem it his duty to his fellow men to make it known as widely as possible, that all may have the benefit of it. I should think I was committing a great wrong if for any pecuniary benefit I should be instrumental in concealing any great truth or any great good from others.

I have no faith in secret medicines, but if I should ever discover one which was really good, I should make it known over the country as fast as the press could do it.

You will perceive therefore that I am not the sort of person whom you desire as an agent.

Yours,

S. G. Howe.

P. S. I am accustomed to pay the postage when I write to persons (especially to strangers) on my own private business, and you forgot to do so; and as this answer is in reply to a letter with a view to your own advantage you must assume that small expense.

I have tried in this chapter to give some idea of my father in this his best-loved work. All through it, I have seemed to see him as I love best to recall him, a man in the prime of life, his black hair touched with silver, but his figure as erect, his blue eyes as bright and keen as in his ardent and adventurous youth. Now in his office, in the second story of the Institution, that wonderful office, second in interest only to the one in Bromfield Street, busily writing (yet never too busy to let us children come tumbling in, to upset the sand-boxes, meddle with the electrical apparatus, and "carry on" generally), now in the class-room, giving a lesson; now passing from room to room with his quick alert tread, seeing all, noting all; the ruling and guardian spirit of the house. No one who saw him thus will ever forget him; no one who came under his influence will ever cease to feel it.

One hundred years after my father's birth, on November 10th, 1901, a great concourse of people summoned by the pupils and graduates of the Perkins Institution met together in the city of his birth to do honour to his memory. Many noble and heart-stirring words were spoken on that occasion; many tributes were paid, as sincere as they were beautiful. I would gladly reproduce them all here; but this chapter must end as it began, with words of my mother's; these being the words she spoke at this memorial meeting:

"We have listened to-day to very heroic memories; it almost took away our breath to think that such things were done in the last century. I feel very grateful to the pupils

and graduates of the Perkins Institution for the Blind who have planned this service in honour of my husband. It is a story that should be told from age to age to show what one good resolute believer in humanity was able to accomplish for the benefit of his race. As this wonderful record has been brought to our remembrance, my mind has turned to the dear Lord's parable of the mustard seed. He said that the kingdom of heaven was like this seed, one of the smallest that could be planted, but if planted, sure to grow into a stately tree with spreading, hospitable branches. In what has been shown us to-day we may recognize the mustard seed of more than one good undertaking.

"Dr. Howe, having become deeply interested in the condition of the blind, gathered six little blind children and took them to his home, where he began their education. This was the small mustard seed. We now behold the great tree which has sprung from it; throughout our vast country have sprung up nearly forty institutions dedicated to the instruction of the blind.

"Again, Dr. Howe hears of a little girl in Hanover, New Hampshire, who in infancy has lost both sight and hearing through an attack of scarlet fever. He goes at once to visit the parents and persuades them to give the child into his care. The education of Laura Bridgman, which he accomplished with wonderful patience and ingenuity, became a revelation to the world of the past, that a human soul imprisoned in a blind and deaf body could be taught the use of language, and could thus be brought into happy and helpful relations with human society. The path by which he led Laura Bridgman to the light has become one of the highways of education, and a number of children similarly afflicted are following it, to their endless enlargement and comfort. What an encouragement does this story give to the undertaking of good deeds!

"I thank those who are with us to-day for their sympathy and attention. I do this, not in the name of a handful of dust, dear and reverend as it is, that now rests in Mount Auburn, but in the name of a great heart which is with us to-day, and which will still abide with those who work in its spirit."

CHAPTER X

TUNING THE INSTRUMENTS

"The years between 1850 and 1857, eventful as they were, appear to me almost a period of play when compared with the time of trial which was to follow. It might have been likened to the tuning of instruments before some great musical solemnity. The theme was already suggested, but of its terrible development who could have had any foreknowledge? Parker, indeed, writing to Dr. Howe from Italy, said, 'What a pity that the map of our magnificent country should be destined to be so soon torn in two on account of the negro. . . .'

"On reading this prediction, I remarked to my husband, 'This is poor dear Parker's foible. He always thinks that he knows what will come to pass. How absurd is this forecast of his!'

"'I don't know about that!' replied Dr. Howe."

JULIA WARD HOWE, *Reminiscences.*

IN the year 1850 the strain of unremitting work told heavily upon my father. The malarial fever contracted in Greece had left a poison in his system which he could never throw off, and which was to attend him through life in various shapes. At this time he became greatly interested in the then new system of hydropathy as formulated by Priessnitz. A water cure had recently been established at Boppart on the Rhine, and thither my father determined to go, to try the combined effect of the cure and of complete change of air and scene. He obtained four months' leave of absence, and sailed for England in June, with my mother, my brother Henry,[1] a child of two years, and myself, an in-

[1] Henry Marion Howe, born March 2d, 1848.
Laura Elizabeth Howe, born February 27th, 1850.
At the time of my brother's birth my father was deeply interested in the crisis in France which resulted in the Revolution of 1848. When recording in the family Bible the birth of the long-wished-for son he wrote after the name "*Dieu-donné!*" and then added "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!*"

fant in arms. The two older children, Julia and Florence, were left in the care of friends.

The following letters tell of this all-too-short holiday.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, June 8th, 1850.

MY DEAR MANN:— . . . We depart on Wednesday next. I would I could say with a light heart, but I cannot; my heart is heavy and foreboding: its strings will break with my children tugging from this side the Atlantic.

To you, dear Mann, I know not how to say farewell. I never see you, seldom hear from you, and yet feel as though I was losing a very near and dear companion when I put the ocean between us. But I'll not think about it.

So at last you are down upon the Brazen Faced Thunderer;[1] woe be to him! Much is expected from you, by friends and foes. I overheard accidentally a pretty remark yesterday; one of the Thirty-one [schoolmasters], the leading spirit, was yesterday dining at Parker's near me; he did not see me, but I heard his remark in answer to some one who said, "Webster is down upon Mann, and there'll be a fight:" — "Well! I'll bet Daniel 'll get worsted — that Horace Mann is a terrible fellow in a controversy."

We are all so very anxious, we hold our breath; to-morrow morning I shall hear your MS. read, but no one else will, I presume, except William Schouler. I proposed to Sumner to have Downer, upon whose attachment to you I count as upon a natural law, and upon whose quickness of intellect I count as upon an axiom. But Sumner over-ruled.

I can hardly hope you will find time to write to me, but if you do I shall be glad.

Good-bye, God bless you,

Ever yours, S. G. H.

[1] Webster.

To Charles Sumner

AT SEA, Thursday, June 20th, 1850.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — It is not safe to count upon continuance of such fickle things as wind and steam, or prosperity of any kind, but barring accidents, we may reasonably hope to be off Cape Clear by midnight to-night, and to be in Liverpool before noon on Saturday; if you should receive this by the steamer that leaves on Saturday it will be the first instance on record of a mail being sent back by passengers who left America in a steamer of the week before.

The maximum of speed by ocean steamers has not however been attained, by any means; and if the American Line should succeed in crossing in ten days, the managers of this line will at once lay down the keels of boats that will cross in eight days. It can be demonstrated that in ordinary weather, boats with more power and a longer stroke can move with one sixth, or even one fifth greater speed than this one, and with safety too; but it must be by sacrifice of freight room, by greater expenditure of fuel, and by curtailing the cabin accommodations. The only question is, will it pay? The old ones say no; I say yes! Such are and ever must be the discomforts of a sea voyage, that passengers will be found to fill a steamer at $200 a passage, provided they can cross in a week, rather than go in one that will take ten or twelve days, though the price be but $100. . . .

Among many omissions made before leaving, one troubles me. It was to answer a letter of Beckwith's (I believe that is the name), Secretary of the Peace Society, informing me of my appointment as delegate to some National Congress. The letter was received nearly six weeks after its date, and only just before my departure. I meant positively to decline, and must beg you to apologize to him and tell him I cannot consent to be considered as a delegate. I have my reasons for this, dear Sumner; I do not wish even to be

considered as a member of any peace society. God speed the cause of peace and human brotherhood, and give me strength so to live as to advance it as far as my humble example goes, but I cannot and will not pledge myself to live by their principles.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Theodore Parker

LONDON, July 5th, 1850.

MY DEAR PARKER: — We have been here in this great maelstrom for nearly a week. On entering it and driving on, for miles and miles, through its streets and squares and parks, all hedged in by stores and houses and palaces, and thronged by thousands and hundreds of thousands of men and women, riding or walking, rushing or lounging, labouring or idling, we had the usual feeling of the utter insignificance of the individual in the presence of the mighty mass of the living race. What were we to London? But turning to our little boy, who was sitting and playing with the tassels of the carriage, we had another feeling: the insignificancy of the mass compared to the individual. What is London to Samuel South Boston? [1]

We have already seen something of life in London; our former acquaintance with some of the big (hum) bugs saving us the usual loss of time in getting into the charmed circle. I was before painfully impressed with the hollowness, the coldness, the selfishness and the sin which pervades high life here; and the pain is more acute now that I have a more vivid perception of the cruel injustice to the masses of the people, upon whose suffering bodies the super-

[1] At my brother Henry's birth, Theodore Parker said to my father, "As you called Julia 'Romana,' because she was born in Rome, so you ought to call this boy 'Sammy South Boston.'"

The boy was named Henry Marion for my mother's two brothers, but my father never forgot Mr. Parker's suggestion, and used often to speak of himself as Samuel South Boston.

structure of fashion and rank is raised. The inequalities of wealth, of social advantages and of domestic servitude are bad enough with us, but here they are dreadful, and as the French say, "*ils sautent aux yeux*" at every step you take. Talk about negro slavery! talk about putting iron collars around serfs' necks and stamping them with their owners' names! what are these to taking grown-up men, decent, intelligent, moral men, dressing them like monkeys, with green coats, plush breeches and cocked hats, powdering their heads, and then sticking them up behind your carriage, two or three in a row, — not to do you any service, — not the slightest, not even to open your coach door, for *one* could do that, — but just to show them off as your serfs, and make your neighbours die with envy because you have the power to commit more sin against humanity than they have! I have no stomach to eat a dinner after having been ushered into the house through a double row of powdered, wigged, liveried lackeys, and sitting down in a chair with half a dozen guests and finding half a dozen men to wait upon them; give me rather brown bread on a wooden platter than turbot &c. off golden plates.

But here I am interrupted by Twisleton,[1] who has come to carry us off to the Exhibition, so I must close and trust to luck for finishing what I have to say in a postscript; if that does not get written, good-bye.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

11 GOWER ST., LONDON, July 9th, 1850.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — . . . I did not intend to go into the *grand monde* here at all, and called on very few persons; but somehow or other we have got in for it, and have engagements for several evenings ahead.

[1] The Hon. Edward Twisleton, brother of Lord Say-and-Sele.

The pleasantest dinner we have had was at Stephenson's, M. P. (the tubular bridge man) who has one of the most beautiful houses in London, fitted with exquisite taste and adorned by choice articles of *virtu*. Among other things he has the original of Powers' Fisher Boy, which strikes me as the most beautiful and original thing he ever did. The dinner was *on ne peut pas mieux:* I should say the most remarkable thing about it was the paucity of edibles. Everything was exquisite in appearance and flavour, and yet one had to partake of every dish in order to make as hearty a dinner as one is disposed to after fasting until seven P. M. The portion of soup was very tiny, and eaten with a tiny spoon; the fish just enough to taste; the *pièce de resistance* only so in name; and so through to the dessert, which was very rich and ample. It is true it was a Sunday dinner, and was called an unceremonious one; I think I observe, however, that there is a great improvement in London dinners, in respect to profusion; there is enough, but only enough. So far as I have seen and known, wine-bibbing has materially diminished. My impression is that the luncheon has risen in public opinion, and that the English are adopting the French *déjeuner à la fourchette;* they used, I know, long ago, to lunch pretty heartily, but perhaps lunch is now becoming *par excellence* the meal.

These culinary speculations are very crude and founded on very narrow observation; they are therefore worth little, but then they cost me nothing, and you shall have them, *valeant quantum.*

I have not called on all my old friends and acquaintances or your friends, being rather shy of seeming to challenge attentions, which in English mean dinners. I shall, before I go, call on Morpeth [1] (that was), Ingham and others of your friends. Some have been very, very kind, as Sir H. and

[1] Earl of Carlisle.

Lady Inglis; the first trotted in to see us and welcome us as soon as he heard of us, and the latter brings in her knitting and chats away of an evening with Julia. They are most kind and worthy people.

To Theodore Parker

EDINBURGH, August 2nd, 1850.

MY DEAR PARKER: — I have not heard a word from you since I left home, and this causes me regret, because I have no means of answering the questions which I am always asking myself about you and your health and your doings, &c. &c. Do give me the means of satisfying myself.

I was amused and pleased the other day in London, being in the private reading-room of the great Athenæum Club: — among the books upon the centre table was one much thumb-worn and evidently greatly in use, and I took it up to see what it was; — what think you, — the Bible, — or Hoyle, — or the Court Guide? No; — *Parker's Discourses!*

I find you useful sometimes even here, as a means of interesting people in my poor talk. The other day, visiting a very quiet family in the country, I found an ancient maiden lady in the library whom I did not know, — that is, we had not been introduced. We tried to talk, but it was dry work, and the weather and politics, &c. were soon used up. At last she, finding I was an American, asked if I knew Theodore Parker, the new light; upon which I said, in Yankee phrase, that "I guessed I did not know anybody else," — upon which the antiquated maiden grew suddenly bright and animated, waxed warm in looks, and was at once only a bright middle-aged lady. She knew all about you too, and believed in you, and said you were the man for her money, &c., &c. Luckily for you she had never read the description of you by the correspondent of the *New York Mirror*. I told the

maiden that you were not so well stricken in years as you looked. " In short," said I, " Mr. Parker is not an old man by any means, and though you could hardly believe it if you should see him in the pulpit, ***he is not much older than I am!***"

There! did I not pay you a compliment? If you think not, ask Felton, who was not ashamed to pass for my father!

I have come up here to attend the meeting of the British Scientific Association, which you should do next year. I have seen a few big bugs, and some who only feel big; and some little bugs who may be big ones by and by. It is a beautiful city, as you know, and if it were not so confounded cold I should enjoy the remarkable scenery about it more than I do.

I have not done anything since I left home worth writing about. My principal business has been dawdling about the streets, studying nothing, paying close attention to nothing. I let my poor, weak brain lie fallow, and am almost ashamed of so doing; but *que voulez vous?* one cannot use up his brains and have them too.

I have found out that in the matter of idiocy they do not know so much in England as they do in France, and in France not half so much as they and the world think they do. The French are a little given to charlatanism, it must be said, and the Idiot School of Paris does allow the world to think that the wonderful things done in it are wonderful, upon the supposition that the forward pupils are idiots, which they are not. . . .

Believe me, dear Parker, most truly yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

EDINBURGH, Aug. 2, '50.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I have flitted from London to this beautiful city to attend the meeting of the British Association.

I missed, however, the two first days, I am sorry to say, having only arrived last night. I have seen several notabilities, of whom I'll say something when I know more.

I had a letter from you by Mann before the last, and was very glad indeed to get hold of your hand. You tell me to read *In Memoriam;* I read little at home, less in travelling, but I have read, devoured, that beautiful book long ago — I came across it one evening in London.

I knew Hallam *père* and was glad to receive a very kind message from him through a friend, hoping to see me, &c., he having gone to the Continent.

Who shall, who can write the father's *In Memoriam?* Oh, Sumner, you have capacities for love, but you have no more conception of some of the ways of love than has a blind man of colour; —the love of children, for instance; a father's love for his son! You would be touched doubtless by hearing of Hallam's pillow being still found wet with the tears that flow from his eyes when they open in the morning to the blank which his son's death has left, but you cannot understand how much of joy there may be in his sorrow.

I have been over to Paris for a few days in order to do up some work and save time. Saw not much there, but some things interested me. For instance, the increased circulation among men. We are only at the beginning of the immense improvement to be effected in the world's moral condition by means of steam. Last week some shrewd people got up a plan by which they could make money thus — they advertised that they would pay all *road* expenses from Paris to London for those who would go on Sunday and come back on Wednesday for thirty francs! six dollars! and one thousand Frenchmen availed themselves of it! Think of that! A Frenchman can go by railroad and then boat from Paris to London in twelve hours, back again in the same time, for six dollars. He may stay in London two days and see much

for four dollars more, so that his whole excursion will not cost over ten dollars.

This was only the first essay. There were over four thousand who left Paris on the excursion; some went to Dover and back, some only to Boulogne and back, of course at less prices. This movement will be continued. By new arrangements in crossing and saving time at custom-houses they will this month go in eight hours, and by and by in six. You will have tens of thousands of Frenchmen going to England, tens of thousands of English to France, and then how are you going to make them fight?

That company will do more than the Peace Congress; I think I shall take stock in it instead of joining the Peace Society.

The custom-houses are to get a severe shaking by this tramp of the people, and they will be at last shaken down, and the world will rejoice over their fall as it did over the fall of the Inquisition and other bygone abominations. Fifty years hence and there will be free intercourse between England and France — you'll see it — I shall not.

The passport system is getting a shaking already; and but for the temporary reaction in favour of conservatism it would have been put down in France ere now. The conservatives are taking every advantage of this reaction, and the poor thing whose [fate] has put him where he is,[1] is trying to make his place a permanent one. You may judge how ardent is the desire for peace and the quiet pursuit of business, and how sick and tired people are of all agitation, when you see that they make no protest at all against the late attempt to gag the press. The fact is that save the agitators, those whose *métier* it is to trouble the political waters, the people of France don't want to be bothered any more for the present

[1] Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III. By the Revolution of 1848 he was made President of the French Republic (Dec. 20, 1848).

with any political questions; they won't be excited again for awhile, and when the agitators plead, they reply "A plague on both your houses!" By and by, in a few years, they will have rested, the stream will begin to swell again; the million of boys now between five and fifteen years old will be in ten years [restless] turbulent spirits between fifteen and twenty-five, and they will insist upon having their "goings on," as we used to say in college, and they will have them; and the world will make a hitch forward. As a whole I should say France had gained much by the revolution. But how far they are behind the English in their ideas of personal right and personal dignity! They are fierce republicans, they say, the English still royalists, but a Frenchman submits to infringement of personal right and to personal indignity that would set John Bull in a fury and make him knock down the government official. For instance, he submits meekly to have his pocket searched and his bag overhauled at the city barriers every time he returns from an excursion into the country, and in matters of passport and other things shows the white feather before the man of authority. But I have no time now to do more than to beg you to write me often and fully. I long for your news; why don't you send me some papers? I hope to be home early in October.

Good-bye,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

LONDON, Aug. 11, '50.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — At last we have done with England, and go to Paris to-morrow morning, where we shall join the girls.[1] I have attended the meeting of the British Association (saving the two first days) and Julia has been spending some time with the Nightingales at Lea Hurst in Derbyshire.

[1] My mother's sisters.

As touching the Association, it was a failure as measured by my anticipations. There were over one thousand members, and yet only a score or so of really eminent men. Brewster, Sedgwick, Owen, Carpenter, Chambers, Murchison, Mantell, &c., &c.

The section I attended was that of Physiology as a subsection of Statistics. A very great interest was excited by Dr. Carpenter's [1] showing the entire and perfect connection and dependence of mental manipulation upon corporeal conditions. He approached it cautiously, but not so cautiously as not to alarm the divines and metaphysicians, who flared up at once and brought on a most animated and interesting debate. You never saw such a flurry among white neckcloths. The new professor of metaphysics in the university and his brethren from Glasgow flew to the assault, and assailed Carpenter, who defended his ground, and even gained new ground from his adversaries. He is a man of extraordinary power and learning, and one of the best disputants I ever heard; ever good-natured, cool and collected, and yet correct and impressive. He has a most extraordinary head; very like Scott's; less veneration, ideality and wonder, with a more active temperament and better moral development. At the age of thirty-eight he has put himself at the head, the very head, of British physiologists, and among the foremost in the world. In his debate he appealed to me, quoted my idiots and Laura (he has my reports more at his fingers' ends than I have). He invited me to get up a paper; I tried, but, under the excitement, and in my exhausted state, the pumps sucked; I only made myself ill and effected nothing. Oh! for Parker's brain and his chest under it.

I have been shocked and grieved at the news of the dreadful storm on our coast which carried such desolation to hun-

[1] Dr. William B. Carpenter.

dreds of households, and to yours, my dear Sumner,[1] among the number. The report here was that George Sumner was lost: it is not so I presume.

Ever and ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

PARIS, Aug. 20, '50.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I am always cheered by the sight of your "hand-o'-write" and that of your last letter was more than usually welcome. Notwithstanding your sad errand you seemed to be in an elastic and healthy tone of mind, and I know too well by experience of the opposite condition what a blessing that is: may my friend never fall from the one into the other!

You will be surprised at the date of this, and exclaim, "Why are you not *en route* for Frankfort?" I'll tell you. I had concluded or been persuaded by your letter and other considerations to go and attend the Peace Congress. I left Paris for that purpose on Friday evening last so as to be in Frankfort on the 20th, but I had hardly got an hundred miles when I began to feel the sure premonitions of an attack of *cholera morbus*. I remained all night in a miserable inn, hoping to be able to go on by the early train; but it was too certain that the grip of disease was upon me; I therefore turned back with all speed to get properly attended here. I was quite ill Saturday and Sunday; yesterday better but unable to travel, and to-day not fit for a fatiguing journey. I must therefore give up the Congress. All I should have done would have been to move for an adjournment *en masse* to the seat of war in Holstein, and discuss war between the two hostile armies. I am sick of this preaching to Israel in Israel; the Gentile ought to hear. Peace men should go to Russia, and Abolitionists to the Slave States. Besides,

[1] Sumner's brother Horace was lost at sea in this storm.

this calling upon France and Germany to disarm while Russia has the open blade in hand is what I cannot do. Our combativeness and destructiveness are the weapons God gives us to use *as long as they are necessary*, in order to keep others less advanced than we are in quiet by the only motives they will heed, selfishness and fear; you may as well appeal to conscience and benevolence in babes and idiots as in Russians and Tartars, I mean *en masse*. Conscience and benevolence they have, ay! and so have babes and idiots, but they are (not) yet called into life and action.

You tell me to go about sightseeing and to enjoy the rare opportunity before me. I go to see nothing — I care little for shows. I want to be back in the only place in the world which is fit for me or has charm for me; in my own office with the harness on my back. I wish you had my opportunity and I had yours. So goes the world. . . .

Kind words to Longfellow, Hillard, Felton, &c. Tell Briggs my conscience has been continually smiting me about my neglect of that Frenchman in prison. I hope he is out.

Ever, dear Sumner, most affectionately thine,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

MARIENBERG, BOPPART, Sept. 7, '50.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — Here I am at last where I ought to have been two months ago. This is a most lovely place, and Julia and I have been enjoying walks upon the banks of the Rhine, and rambles upon the hillsides, and musings among the ruins, and jaunts upon the waters as we have enjoyed nothing since we left home. We could well spend a whole summer between Coblentz and Mayence and not exhaust all the resources of the country. It is well said that no one sees the Rhine who only sails up and down the stream in a steam-boat. Yesterday we drove from this to the St. Goar; explored the vast mines of the Rheinfels; crossed

over and clambered up to the picturesque castle nicknamed the Cat, and wandered about in ravines and valleys which are now filled with the clustering vines.

Though I have visited the Rhine twice before and explored some of the ruins, I never had before a sense of the exquisite charm of the scenery, simply because I was always in a hurry. This is my besetting sin, you know. Now I have time enough; I take my early bath, and then with Julia wander off to some picturesque spot and enjoy the changing beauties of the scene to my heart's content. I return in time for my evening bath, and so the days go by. I have been here about a week.

As for the Water Cure, I do not think much of it; the water is not the best; not so good I think as that of Brattleboro, and as for the physician he is nothing. However, as I am doing pretty well here I shall bide the arrival of Crawford [1] and his party and go on with them to Basle, perhaps to Geneva. Thence they will go to Lyons, Marseilles and Rome. Julia will accompany them, and I shall turn my face westward. I hope to sail from Liverpool on the 5th October at the latest, possibly a week earlier, so as to be back at my post at the end of my four months' furlough.

We have been long without American news; I am anxiously expecting our budget. The 30th ult. was a sad day to me. I could not by any effort keep my thoughts from Boston — the jail — the wretched criminal, and the dreadful and disgraceful scene there enacting.[2] I say disgraceful, without pretending to decide whether the time has arrived when we may safely do away with capital punishment — if we cannot it is to our disgrace. You and all Boston must have suffered dreadfully: whither could you fly to avoid thoughts of the

[1] Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, who married Louisa Ward, my mother's sister.

[2] The execution of Dr. Webster, a professor in Harvard, for the murder of Dr. Parkman.

scene, if one so far away as I was could not keep it out of mind? There was a terrible fascination about it: I calculated the difference of time, and — supposing the execution would take place between twelve and one o'clock at Boston, which would be between five and six here — I hurried up and down the streets until long past the hour and then went to dinner with what appetite I could.

I have nothing special to say touching our *personnel*. Julia and the children have been in the enjoyment of perfect and uninterrupted health: mine has been very precarious; sometimes I have been pretty well — then down at zero again. I trust that my brain at least has got rested, and that when I return to regular hours, regular habits, pure water and plain roast beef I shall be able to put on my harness, and at least die with it on my back.

Remember me kindly to all friends; tell Longfellow we think often of him and speak of him in our walks: when we come to a spot of choice beauty we say, no doubt Longfellow has often clambered up and rested here. Would he were with us to point out the beauties which a poet's eye so quickly sees!

Adieu, dear Sumner. I long much to see you and be with you; I hope (selfishly) you will not be engaged this coming winter. Ever thine,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

BOPPART, Sept. 26, '50.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — . . . I leave Boppart this week for England *viâ* Paris. . . . As for political matters, . . . my impressions, from all I see, are strongly in favour of the notion that, *malgré* the reaction, there has been an immense gain to the cause of liberty in Germany.

I have been surprised to find how easily some of the ardent republicans have become discouraged, and how they have

lost faith in the people. Varrentrapp, a most excellent Republican, is despondent. It is because their faith did not go deep enough; it was founded not upon the core of humanity, which is always sound, but upon the supposition of the people having attained a degree of intelligence and virtue which they proved in the hour of trial not to have attained. I tell them that to doubt is to be damned; that to doubt the capacities of humanity is to blaspheme God, and be without religion in the world. They shake their heads and call me red, very red; perhaps they think me green. . . .

Most affectionately yours,

S. G. H.

My father returned to this country in October, and plunged at once into work of all kinds. As always, the fortunes of his friends, and beyond them the fortunes of his country, were close to his heart, and severe labour awaited him in this field.

The Free-soil party and the Democrats had united to form a Coalition, and had nominated George S. Boutwell for Governor, and Charles Sumner for Senator. As will be seen by the following letters, my father could not approve of the Coalition, but he thought Sumner's election a matter of prime importance, and prepared to do his utmost to bring about the desired end.

Apparently the relief afforded by the German water cure was slight and transient, for from now on the note of physical suffering is often struck in the letters, though such suffering was seldom allowed to interfere with his working up to and beyond the furthest limit of his strength.

To Charles Sumner

SOUTH BOSTON, (Oct. or Nov.) 20th, 1850.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — It sometimes happens that the familiarity of affection between men lessens the respect for

the intellect, so that we may add to the adage, "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country," the words, "among his friends." Such, however, has not been my case with regard to you. I find myself always inclined to defer to your judgment. I have, in my misgivings about the morality of the Coalition, comforted myself with the hope that you, having examined the whole ground narrowly, would be able to show me that these misgivings were groundless. You failed to do so the other evening, and I had a painful conviction that our party had failed to act up to the highest dictates of morality.

I have carefully read the article you sent me. No matter who wrote it, it is very unsatisfactory; it only shows that the *end* was most desirable; it fails to justify the *means*. The writer says plainly "If they (the Democratic candidates) were not *men of anti-slavery sentiments* I think the argument is so strong in favour of the Union that I would vote for them, not from choice but from necessity."

Excuse me, my dear Sumner, but I think that such a sentiment is unworthy of you, or of any who are honoured by your confidence and friendship. Argue as we may, blind our eyes and our consciences as we may, this is doing wrong that right may come out of it.

You will understand how strong is my feeling about it, when I tell you that the only thing which has restrained me from urging you, with all my heart and soul and strength, to accept the opportunity which offers of stepping up to the highest platform in our land and pleading the cause of humanity there, is a misgiving about the political morality of the means by which this opportunity has been presented to you.

If I were ever so selfish I should urge you to secure such an opportunity, because every new laurel that is placed upon your brow brings joy and gladness to my heart. I wish,

however, that every leaf should be of perennial greenness, and not that which is bright to-day and next year fadeth away. We must talk about this, for there is yet another view of the matter, and one in which you would seem justified and called upon to accept even the consequences of an unjust coalition. Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Green Peace, Thursday Evening (probably 1850).

My dear Sumner: — I have called twice without finding you.

Why do you not put upon me part of the duty of lionizing strangers? I can show them our own and other Institutions without going very much out of my beat. If I can serve them and you it will be a pleasure indeed. I now look upon your time and thought as far more valuable than my own, and if I can spare you for higher labours I shall be content.

As for myself, alas, the silver cord is loosed. I have lately, encouraged by apparently returning vigour and urged by letters from Lieber and Henry, applied my mind to the preparation of a paper for the Smithsonian on Laura; but a few hours' brain work prostrates me. Slight as have seemed my ailments, they have been deep-seated and severe; more so than you can conceive, unless you are physiologist enough to know how much is required to exhaust the fountain of a nervous energy so abundant as mine was and which has never been abused. But *n'importe;* let the wreck of me not rot uselessly, but let the bits be of some use to my friends, and to you the most beloved of them.

I send you Felton's letter.[1] I have read it not only with brimming but with overflowing eyes; it has made me sad and heart-sick. What a lesson! How completely are most

[1] See *ante*, page 265. This was evidently a letter written before the quarrel between Felton and Sumner.

minds moulded by external pressure, and how untoward is that pressure in our old friend's case. He is not one of those who are a law unto themselves; he is not even richly gifted in capacity for the highest and best moral attainments; but think of what he was with old surroundings and what he is now! When he wrote that letter you did not deserve his praise and admiration so much as you do now; I say this deliberately. You then merited and had the homage of the heart and the affections, for your own overflowed to your friends; but now you have a claim for the approval and admiration of the intellect. I sometimes fear that the fountains of affection are growing less abundant; but never mind; you will soon open a new spring, and the living waters of love will gush forth at the call of wife and children, as they never have at the call of friends.

But I do not know what I am writing about, except to say I want much to see you: — yet when I see you I have nothing to say worth your hearing. But then I have nothing to say to my children worth hearing, though I love to be with them even when they sleep. . . .

Ever yours,

S. G. H.

A new call now sounded, and there was no more thought of the "silver cord" as my father sprang to answer it. A daily newspaper was needed to support the Free-soil and Anti-slavery interests, and he was asked to be one of four to organize and conduct it. As usual, he simply added this burden to the rest and went on. The paper was organized, named the *Commonwealth*, and the first number appeared on January 1st, 1851. My father described it as "not a *party* Free-soil paper, but a Free-hold paper;" and my mother says of it in her "Reminiscences," "Its immediate object was to reach and convince that important portion of

the body politic which distrusts rhetoric and oratory, but which sooner or later gives heed to dispassionate argument and the advocacy of plain issues."

My father had much to do with the management of this paper, and was for some time chief editor. His great interest in the new work is abundantly shown in the letters of the period.

To Horace Mann

SOUTH BOSTON, Dec. 29th, 1850.

MY DEAR MANN: — It is not as you say, out of sight out of mind, as far as regards my feelings towards you. I was too grateful for your letter to answer it in the hurry and turmoil in which I have been. I have been looking and longing for a leisure hour to confer with you, and I seize the first one I have had.

Shall I tell you all about myself? A part of each day I have to *fight for life;* if I do not take at least one cold bath I get sick; and if after each bath I do not take smart exercise for at least half an hour I should turn into an icicle and die. I am up at half-past five, and chilled down and warmed up again by half-past six, for the first exercise at the Institution. I have to work there and to walk some six miles daily and see to my idiots, and worry the rest of the time.

I have been hard at work in all odd hours writing a paper upon, or rather against, the proposed State Reform School for Girls. I suppose it will be published and I shall send you a copy. My ground is that we should not build a great central House of Reformation and gather the girls there, because the principle ought to be that of separation and diffusion, not of congregation of vicious persons, because the girls will be exposed to public gaze, and get the character of bad girls, and learn to think themselves such; because we have thousands and thousands of natural reform schools, viz. virtuous families, in which they ought to be received and reformed,

&c., &c. The Boys' Reform School costs, with the interest on the capital, $27,000 per annum. I maintain that with half this sum we may place the girls in good families, paying a bonus and giving their services as domestics, and support a corps of *women* whose business it shall be to visit them and see to them. But you will see my plan.

I have been put upon the Board of Trustees (of four) to get up the new Free-soil paper, and a precious mess I have made of it, — for it takes so much of my time as not to leave enough for sleep. I send you the prospectus which I published last evening.

I have nearly closed a bargain with Elizur Wright to merge his *Chronotype*[1] in ours and to work as *sub-editor* on a salary of $1300. He is to do the office work, news, etc.; to have a bit in his mouth and say nothing editorially that the *Chief* does not approve. The Chief was to be Palfrey, but yesterday he threw a bombshell into the Free-soil camp in shape of a Confidential Circular to the Members of the Legislature, calling upon them *not* to unite with the Democrats and to have nothing to do with the plan of selling a Governor and buying a senator. This alarms our trustees, and though I think it is the true doctrine I cannot make them think so. I never could see how this coalition was anything but a compounding with the devil: a bad thing done that a good thing might come out of it; (to use an absurd figure, for good never can come out of evil). However, perhaps it is my stupidity, for wiser and better men than I approve it. Sumner and others took a good deal of pains once to convince me (and succeeded in doing so) that it was necessary to carry Free-soil principles into State elections: now they want to *unconvince* me, and to prove to me that it is not necessary to have a Free-soil Governor or to vote for one.

We have a fund raised for our paper, and can carry it on

[1] A paper edited by Wright

for some time at least. We have a good deal of talent that can be worked in; Wright (a host in himself), Hildreth, Adams, Palfrey and Bird, Bradburn and others. We shall be, for the first few weeks, dependent on labours of love, and hope you can help us. Can you not send something that will be useful?

I have seen G. B. Emerson several times, and he sought occasion to talk with me about you. He is a very singular man. He has much war in his elements. He wants to be generous and true and high, but has not enough *back-bone.* He said he was about to write a notice of your labours (which as he said were really *prodigious* and unparalleled) when your *Notes* appeared; and then, said he, "I found it would be of *no use,* that people would not hear," &c., &c. He did not know how much he yielded to the blast; how much nobler it would have been for him *then* to have spoken and turned the public clamour. Finding how much he made of the *Notes,* I put it to him whether he and others were not treating you as though you had been guilty of some moral delinquency, of some unprincipled act, whereas, according to the worst showing of your worst enemies, you had shown nothing but bad temper and bad taste. He could say nothing. He admits and deplores, as he says to me, the demoralizing influence of D—— W——[1] upon the public of New England. I compared him to a great black mountain which possessed the power of disturbing the moral compass, and producing moral shipwreck, and he admitted the truth of the comparison.

I tell you, Mann, you gave the old fellow a terrible shaking; his hold upon the public of the North is loosened very much; there is a feeling of disgust gradually spreading through the community, and it only needs something to crystallize round to assume vast proportions. If any

[1] Daniel Webster.

one should set forth, strongly and vividly, the falsehood and treason to virtue and right which is implied by this worship of an immoral, drunken debauchee, people would see it and be ashamed of it. They would see that they are but little better, in the homage they render to mere strength of intellect, than the savages in their homage to mere bodily prowess.

I have had some occasion to know something of your successor [1] and his mode of doing business, — but what a falling off! It took me nearly a week to get an answer to a question about the rules of the Normal School, and the answer was finally from a *sub* saying that it was the *opinion of the Secretary*, &c. &c. that the rule was so and so, but he would ascertain, &c.

There will be very busy and exciting times here this week and the next, and no man can say what the end will be. The Democrats will try to outwit the Free-soilers, but these are upon their guard. Sumner cannot strongly will one way or another: my advice is worth little because I know little about the machinery, — but my love for Sumner makes me wish that he could be exalted by something better than a coalition which I regard as rather iniquitous.

Sumner feels very anxious and disturbed about it: he means to be perfectly upright and conscientious, and will not compromise any of his high principles. It will be hard for him to escape unpleasant dilemmas. He dislikes to give up his dreams of a quiet literary life. He is a rare and noble spirit, too good for the political *ring*.

Remember me kindly to Madame, and believe me, dear Mann, Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

The time had now come (January, 1851) when the Coalition must try its strength against that of the Whigs. The Free-

[1] The new Secretary of the Board of Education.

soil party feared that Sumner would be defeated, and my father's intense anxiety caused him to share these fears in some measure. The contest was a long and bitter one, lasting over three months, during which time twenty-six ballots were taken. On January 22d, Sumner was elected by the Senate; but the fight in the House dragged on till April 24th, on which day Sumner was finally declared Senator for Massachusetts, by one vote.

The following letters show the white heat of anxiety and distress to which my father was roused.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, Jan. 23rd, 1851.

MY DEAR MANN: — I am very unfortunate in my attempts to correspond with you. I wrote a long letter last night and left it at South Boston, and it is now too late to get it for the mail. It was perhaps of no consequence, but explained a little the awkward and unfortunate chain of untoward events which have defeated Sumner's election.

On the first ballot to-day Sumner lacked five of the record he gained; they are now on the third, and I shall know the result before long.

The excitement here is *intense:* the pressure upon the waverers enormous. There are at least a score of Whigs voting for Winthrop who in their souls long to see Sumner elected, only their souls are not their own.

Our friends are very much encouraged to-day about the result: I am not. There are Democrats, I fear, who have voted for Sumner because they thought to save their pledge and do no harm to their party, but who will start back at the last pinch. I was in hopes they would be rebuked by the thunder of popular indignation at home, last Saturday and Sunday, but it is not so. The truth is that though the *sentiments* of the Democratic masses point in the right direction

when let alone, they will not be let alone by the leaders, nor by their own prejudices. They would plunge the country in war and go to the death, to rescue three hundred white Americans from Indian, Russian or Algerian bondage, — but as for three million *black* Americans, why "*damn 'em! good enough for them!*" They have no business to be speckled, as the man said when he agreed to spare all snakes but the speckled ones.

3 o'clock.

Third ballot taken — Sumner still in the vocative. He seems to be the least interested man among us. Oh for five men like Downer, — to work outside: they could carry Sumner through.

Park Street and Beacon are sweating blood: grant they may sweat to death! Ever yours in haste,

S. G. Howe.

To Horace Mann

Boston, Friday, 24th Jan'y, 1851.

My dear Mann: — You will see by the papers that Sumner falls short four votes to-day of his yesterday's vote. I have been doing what I can, and have thrown aside the repugnance I had to being seen in the State House. I was astonished to find that save Downer's there was no energetic Free-soil pressure from without: within, our friends are like a flock of sheep without a shepherd.

I find that one of the Free-soil Whigs who is voting for Phillips is Rev. Mr. Wight of Wayland, father of our Miss W——, an excellent man and very conscientious, but whom Dr. Parkman and others had made to believe that Sumner was a very dangerous demagogue. I have laboured hard with him, and shall bring all the influence to bear upon him

that I can. We will fight it out, but alas! it is almost a desperate game.

I wrote you a hasty line yesterday. I will write again to-morrow.

I have had a very heavy pressure of business — Annual Reports and others on my shoulders — but am getting free.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Horace Mann

FRIDAY, 31st Jan'y, 1851.

MY DEAR MANN: — I have summoned some good men and true to hold a council of war. Alas! we are in an extremity, but so much the more it behooves us to fight. Can't you send something for our paper upon the crisis, and the responsibility resting upon those who, having the power to send guardian angels to Washington, send devils to destroy, or do-nothing squires to sing peace, peace when there is no peace?

I'll take care you are not known.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Horace Mann

TUESDAY, February, 1851.

MY DEAR MANN: — Many thanks for your spicy and able article; truly you are *great on Scripture!* I always have said I would pay a higher pew tax if you were in the pulpit than I would for any other preacher since Socrates. I shall have the article in to-morrow morning if possible.

We have got still to fight on, and I begin to think that we shall succeed; the bolting Democrats, and many others who in their hearts have sided with them, begin to be in an agony of fear that the Free-soilers will stand firm and go before the people defeated by *their* treachery. They will hardly adjourn without fulfilling their contract.

We must keep the Free-soilers supplied with ammunition and *stiffening:* you have no idea what a limpsy set they are. Good honest men, and inclined to be brave and persistent, but utterly without head or backbone. They had a caucus yesterday afternoon, in which Stone of Charlestown put forth as a *feeler* the question of the propriety of changing the candidate. I had got Hopkins down; he was there; so was Downer. They asked the outsiders to express their sentiments: Hopkins made a strong argumentative speech; Downer put in some hot shot, and I used my popgun (at half cock perhaps), and I tell you Stone took nothing by his motion. We left them brave as Julius Caesar; how long they will *stay put* I don't know.

We want more from you. Short, spicy articles. Your *incog.* shall be kept if you do not betray it yourself, which you will do by your *piety.* I can keep dark, even to my chum and brother Sumner, and often do.

Ever yours,

S. G. H.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, Feb'y 6th, 1851.

MY DEAR MANN: — The telegraph will tell you the result of to-morrow's fight before this reaches you.

Adams, and the shrewdest men I meet, say it is impossible to foretell what will be the result. The knowing Whigs say they will be beaten; whether they say so to *gammon* us, I know not. For myself I have little hope. It looks to me as if the Democrats meant to let Sumner get within one or two votes, and yet not get in; it is however a dangerous game.

This I know, things *look* better than they ever have before. The Coalition has certainly gained three votes, the Whigs have certainly lost two; and unless some of the Democrats who voted for Sumner before bolt the track, he goes in. I fear they will.

There has certainly been much hard work done, and much drilling and coaxing resorted to to bring the waverers into line. I have done what I could in conscience, — but oh! Mann! it goes against the grain. I have a right to boost Sumner all I can, and I will do so, but not as a Coalitionist, not by working with pro-slavery men. Think of Free-soilers voting to put Rantoul into the Senate; he is no more a Free-soil man than R. C. Winthrop, not a whit! the Free-soilers should have declined all State offices, and claimed the long and short term.

However, let that go.

Mr. W—— is a very pig-headed, impracticable man, all the more so because he means to be liberal and thinks he is so. Others have yielded to the great outside pressure upon them.

We have one more card, and that we must play if Sumner fails to-morrow: we must bring pressure enough to bear on Wilson and every Free-soiler in office, to make them go to Boutwell and tell him to put Sumner straight through, or they will all throw up office, leave the responsibility with the Democrats, and go before the people and make war with them. Boutwell is a timid, cunning, time-serving *trimmer*. He can elect Sumner if bullied into it: he has only to send for half a dozen men to his closet and tell them that Sumner must and shall be elected, and he will be. He won't do it unless he is forced to do so, and Wilson will not force him unless he is forced by outside pressure. We can manufacture that pressure, and by the Jingoes we'll squeeze him tight but he shall do it.

You complain of the paper; bless you, Mann, you do not know under what difficulties we have laboured: I say we have done well to start a new daily paper at four days' notice, commence it without an editor, and carry it on thus far as well as it has been carried on. A daily paper is no joke — you know well enough. . . .

I have been hoping for something from you that we could publish — but in vain. I am going to Albany as soon as this fight is over to address the Legislature on the subject of idiocy.

Our friends are in high spirits here — I am not, but am

Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

I have *used* your letter, but it has not been out of my hands.

To Horace Mann

Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 18th, 1851.

3½ P. M.

My dear Mann: — There is nothing new or extraordinary here, except that I have half an hour's leisure, and if no loafer comes in I'll pen you a note before the mail closes.

All the "decency and respectability" is sadly shocked by the recent practical declaration of independence by Shadrach,[1] who had no taste for the fiery furnace of slavery.

[1] Shadrach, a fugitive slave, was rescued by Lewis Hayden and a party of negroes under the general advice and direction of Elizur Wright, then editor of the *Chronotype*, February 18, 1851. He was taken across Cambridge bridge to West Cambridge, now Arlington; there changed carriages and was taken to Concord; there changed again and carried to Sudbury, and from there to Mrs. Olive Drake's in Leominster. Two or three coloured men were indicted under the fugitive slave law, and on the jury which tried them was my neighbour, the Concord blacksmith, Edwin Bigelow. Mr. C. F. Adams in his life of R. H. Dana, Jr. tells the story, but incorrectly. I heard Mr. D. himself tell it (who was counsel for the indicted negroes) and afterwards asked my neighbour about it, one day before 1868, when he came over to put some hinges on my great gate. He said:

"I was drawn on the jury for the United States Court in Boston, and did not know whether I could take the oath to try the case impartially; but I saw Shattuck Hartwell of Littleton our foreman take it, and thought if he could, I could. We heard the evidence, and did not agree. A year or two after that Mrs. Bigelow was at the Watercure in Brattleboro, and I went up to spend a Sunday with her there. Mr. Dana was there with his wife, also an invalid. He recognized me as one of the jury, and said, 'I have always wanted to ask some juryman why they failed to convict

There is not a blush of shame, not an expression of indignation at the thought that a man must fly *from* Massachusetts to the shelter of the red cross of England to save himself from the bloodhounds of slavery.

We know that the rescuers were armed, but had orders not to show a weapon unless by the command and example of their leader, *himself a fugitive* and an old neighbour and friend of Shadrach's.

When Shadrach had got into Vermont and among his friends he fell down upon his knees and poured out his fervent thanksgiving to God in a manner to draw tears from the eyes of my informant who was with him. May God give him good speed, and may thousands follow him.

The prosecution of Wright [1] is all gammon, of course. It will be very well to try to fix the blame upon one of the editors of the *Commonwealth*, for that will, they think, damage Sumner; but it may cut two ways. Wright has, however, much damaged Sumner without doing any good by what he has written. I have no time to enter into an account of the singular position of the paper; and there is the less

in that case. You remember the witness J. told us how Shadrach was taken to West Cambridge, then to Concord, and then to Sudbury, where the trail was lost, — and how the defendant was connected with the first part of the flight?' 'Yes, I recall all that.' 'Well, what hindered you from convicting on such plain evidence?' 'You recall, Mr. Dana, that they changed carriages in Concord, and that some other man drove the party to Sudbury?' Yes, he remembered that. 'Well, I was the man that drove from Concord to Sudbury.' This seemed to answer Mr. Dana's question."

Mr. B. also told me that Shadrach's rescuers brought him to the door of Mrs. Nathan Brooks, across the Sudbury Road from Mrs. Bigelow's. Mr. Brooks was a lawyer, an old Whig, and was shocked that his wife should aid breakers of the law; but before he left the neighbourhood that night, the good man had given him an old hat, and Mrs. Brooks had fed and warmed him.

At Mrs. Drake's, to avoid suspicion, Shadrach was put into petticoats, and supplied with a black bonnet and veil, and in this guise taken to a Leominster prayer-meeting. After a day or two he was sent on into Vermont, and from there to Canada.

F. B. S.

[1] Elizur Wright.

need because, at the meeting this evening, we shall put an end to the present embarrassing condition of things. It will probably go into the hands of F. W. Bird, and the divergence between the two sections of the Free-soil party will become manifest and its extent defined.

I am sorry to part company with some of the Coalitionists, and not particularly pleased to strike hands with Adams, who has, *entre nous*, behaved unjustifiably in refusing to pay his subscription; but it cannot be otherwise. I think the party is disgracing itself by such steps as the election of Rantoul, and then, after the rascally behaviour of the Democrats, going on dividing such paltry spoil as the Western Railroad Direction.

They are, however, finally taking such measures as will elect Sumner if it is possible to elect him, which I doubt. I mean I doubt whether it is possible to bring the real power which the party possesses in its numbers and its position, to bear effectually upon the election. They have at last organized a Committee in the Legislature and gone systematically to work. We outsiders too shall bring what guns we have to bear upon the waverers and bolters, and shall try to stiffen up the House.

I am afraid, however, of some of our people: I don't know John Mills, but from what I can learn he never will be well enough to throw a vote for Sumner as long as he *needs* a vote: if the election of S. is *sure* M. might vote.

Amasa Walker talks loud and flatters Sumner: but he is dazzled; the Democrats would like him; they want a nose of wax and to have the free use of it for four years, which they would have after '52 if he were there. They have been after him, and he lets people whom he knows throw votes for him, without blowing them sky high.

But here comes a loafer, and it is but five minutes to four — so good-bye. S. G. Howe.

The closing sentence of this letter shows that it was written at my father's office, 20 Bromfield Street; and no account of his life would be complete without a brief mention of this place. It was up one flight of stairs, directly over the Sales-room of the Perkins Institution; a large, sunny room, with an oil-cloth carpet, a large desk, a haircloth sofa, three or four Windsor chairs, and an open Franklin stove. Here my father spent a part, often a large part, of every day; and here came to see him all sorts and conditions of men. "Jews, Turks and Elamites:" I might go through St. Paul's actual catalogue, and yet not exaggerate greatly. Abolitionists, Free-soilers, Young Whigs; the blind, deaf, dumb, insane, idiotic, and their parents and guardians; coloured people; beggars and benefactors; lastly, foreigners of every sort and description. This office was the "Appointments Office" already spoken of for newly arrived Germans, Frenchmen, Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, of the intelligent classes. They all wanted help of one kind or another; they always got it, unless they were utterly undeserving — and sometimes even then. In another place[1] I have spoken of some of these persons, and have told a story which I cannot refrain from repeating here, of a certain French gentleman.

"This unhappy man had married a Smyrniote woman, out of gratitude to her family, who had rescued him from some pressing danger. Apparently he did them a great service by marrying her and taking her away, for she had a violent temper, — was, in short, a perfect vixen. The evils of this were perhaps lessened by the fact that she could not speak French, while her husband had no knowledge of her native Greek. It is the simple truth that this singular couple in their disputes, which unfortunately were many, used to come and ask my father to act as interpreter between them."

[1] *When I Was Your Age.*

There is another anecdote of a singular visitor at the office, which it is perhaps ungracious to recall; yet it illustrates the variety of persons with whom my father had to deal. The story is of a worthy but very hard-favoured lady to whom he had done a great service. She came to thank him, and was so overcome by grateful emotion that she threw her arms round him and fairly hugged him.

Telling my mother about it afterward, "My dear," said the poor lady, "I might as well have hugged the door!"

Indeed, my father was not demonstrative save with his very own; and a plain woman was one of the things he liked least in life.

"She won't do, Mrs. Howe," said the old housekeeper once, when my mother was about to engage a servant; "She ain't good-looking enough for the Doctor!"

But Mr. Sumner is still waiting to be elected!

To Horace Mann

Wednesday Eve., April, 10 o'clock, 1851.

MY DEAR MANN: — I am sad and sick at heart at the probable issue to-morrow. You know I have never advocated nor consented to the coalition with the Democrats; I always condemned it as unwise and useless; I always thought that the Free-soil party might have carried the day in five years without coalescing with anybody; I go with Palfrey in his circular; and yet I have come to wish and pray that Sumner may be elected to the Senate, because no man now eligible here can so well represent the anti-slavery sentiment of the North as he.

It is useless for me to go into the causes of the defeat of the Free-soilers here. They have been mainly three, any one of which was enough. Want of skilful leaders; — bad faith on the part of Democrats; — and the prodigious outside pressure of the Union, as it were, upon the waverers. The first defeat

was owing to the bungling mismanagement of Earle,[1] who allowed the election to be postponed; then the foolish trusting to Democrats by electing their Governor instead of laying him on the table — and so it has been. I do not believe that more than half the Democrats were honest; and there were some of them who even contemplated defeating Sumner, provided they could not seduce him to compromise himself by pledges. He has rather, I think, leaned over backward, in his attempt to stand erect and firm and be uncompromising. He uselessly *froissait* (as the French say) some of the Hunker[2] Democrats who waited upon him at the time when it seemed certain that he would be elected. All this is over now; the Senate has elected him, and to-morrow the House will, I forebode, reject him. Boutwell and the Speaker, and a few other leading Democrats, make a bluster, swear Sumner must and shall be put through, &c. &c. — but I mistrust them. There are all the old Hunkers at work like the devil. Old M——, the slimy snake, who has all along been crawling into Sumner's office and confidence, and telling him that he conferred with no one else on politics, — he has long been denouncing Sumner, and straining every nerve to defeat him. Cushing and Hallett *et id genus omne* are at work; and there has been brought to work in unison with them the governmental influence at Washington. What did B. R. C——[3] go there for? his friends here said he was going south, perhaps to the West Indies, for his health. Tell that to the marines! We have little or no outside influence; Downer has done more than all the rest put together. There seems a spell on them. Bird has been for *trust;* Alley (a good man and true) seems utterly paralyzed and discouraged; Wilson can't

[1] J. M. Earle of Worcester.

[2] The "Hunkers" were conservative Democrats, generally supposed to have a leaning toward slavery; the same class as the "Copperheads" of the Civil War.

[3] Benjamin R. Curtis.

do much, though he has more head than the rest at the House; Keyes has been firing and fizzing, but can't keep up at red heat long; Phillips has been much miffed; Adams and Palfrey, anti-coalitionists, will not work — and so it goes. The end of the whole matter will be that Sumner will gradually fall behind — the thing will be put off and put off — and nothing done at all. The Democrats will satisfy their consciences by seeming to try for what they know they cannot do.

I think all our friends who have taken office should resign as soon as it is certain Sumner cannot be elected. How to re-unite our broken ranks I know not. We must be honest; eschew coalitions, and get a reputation by living well in future.

Ever yours,

S. G. H.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, Friday Eve., April, 1851.

MY DEAR MANN: — Matters of great importance to Sumner will be on the *tapis* to-morrow forenoon: I am to go to the Council Chamber at ½ past 12. Cannot you be at my office in the forenoon — say at 11 to 12?

You *must* come if you come on your stumps.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

Mr. Sanborn says of this election:

"At that time Webster was Secretary of State under Fillmore, having resigned his seat in the Senate in July, 1850, when Mr. Winthrop was appointed for a few months. Though no man could be less homicidal than Sumner, he might almost be said to have acquired his Senatorship as the old priest of Diana at Nemi obtained his place — by slaying

his predecessor. For after the spring of 1857, in which Sumner was chosen Senator, the power and the life of Webster withered away. He still made speeches and held his followers together, but his day as a leader of the people had gone, never to return." (*Life of S. G. Howe.*)

To Theodore Parker

Envelope addressed

THE REVEREND
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
PARKER
EVERYWHERE

SUNNYSIDE, Thursday, April, 1851.

MY DEAR PARKER: — I am never well, but for three days past I have been quite under the weather, and such weather!

I am unable to go out, but my chickens have been counting so fondly upon going to your house that I cannot disappoint them.

You will give me credit for *usually* refraining from shocking your modesty by expressing my views and feelings about your writings, and you will now excuse my saying a word that I *must* say to somebody. Never in the whole course of my reading have I met with anything that moved the deepest depths of my soul as did the closing part of your Fast Day discourse. It is truly the thunder and lightning of eloquence! It has all the material majesty, power and beauty of Byron's thunder storm in the Alps; — the resistless strength, — the rushing swiftness, — the dazzling light, and the whole dignified and intensified by the moral element of which it is the war. Not "from peak to peak the rattling crags among," but from heart to heart "leaps the live thunder;" not "every *mountain* now hath found a tongue,"

but every high and towering passion of man's soul; not "Jura answers through her misty shroud, back to the joyous Alps," but the great spirit of humanity, rending the veil of conventionalism, shouts back "Amen! Amen! and God bless you," — to you her minister and interpreter.

Excuse, my dear Parker, a fruitless attempt to describe what I have no language to describe, — the effect upon me of your sublime discourse. Tell me you are not destructive? Ha! had not God stored up in your soul a great store of the wrath and indignation with which He wars upon sin, and given you an opportunity of using it without your benevolence to restrain you, we should never have witnessed such a storm and whirlwind as that in which you have come down upon the wicked.

But I can hardly sit up and must not write, or I too shall get up steam, and having no strength of boiler shall explode like the — the — frog in the fable.

Regards to *Madame* and Miss S.

Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Boston, Dec. 5, 1851.

Dearest Sumner: — I had a hasty note from you just as I was closing my last. In neither of your notes do you mention having received one from me in answer to your touching words from N. York. I hope that mine[1] was not lost; not that it would be of consequence to any one, but what was consecrated to your eye of friendship I would not have looked upon irreverently by another.

I miss you, more even than I supposed I should: it makes me sad and almost sick at heart to think that you are where I cannot reach you, be my need of sympathy ever so great.

[1] This note is missing.

But I have my usual poor resource to drive away thought — regret — sorrow — by work.

I have the whole Idiot School on my shoulders, and enough to do beside that.

We had the pleasure of your sister's company on Wednesday, and as usual found her full of earnest life and joyousness. Julia is fond of her, and knows she can give me no greater pleasure than by kindness to your sister.

We went to hear Felton again last evening. His lecture was better than the first, and better delivered. On the whole it was successful. I was pained, however, to find he indulged in flings at good and high things; for instance, speaking of the *agglutinated* languages, he made some quaint remarks in ridicule, and then said eagerly, " but don't suppose I have any reference to a late electoral law of this State."

I saw Longfellow to-day, and as usual saw much that is lovely in him.

His Golden Legend I have read, and shall read again; it is very beautiful.

We had a pretty good meeting here (my office) yesterday about Kossuth's reception: we shall move publicly early next week.

Do let me hear from you, if but a line.

Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

The election of Charles Sumner to the Senate marked the beginning of a new epoch. Up to this time the weight of power and the splendour of oratory (with the notable exception of Webster in the days of his glory) had belonged to the South and the friends of the South. Now the North was to speak, through that trumpet voice whose ring some of us still remember. It will be seen in the following chapter with what intensity of feeling my father followed every step of

Sumner's career, never sparing praise, blame, or admonishing, whichever he thought could best help his noble friend. But this, together with other contemporary matter, belongs to another chapter.

CHAPTER XI

KOSSUTH — SUMNER IN THE SENATE

"I knew Dr. Howe myself in but one of the many aspects of his life. I was a youth in Worcester, just entering upon my profession, in the year 1849 and the years that followed, at the time when a few men and women in Massachusetts entered upon the great contest which was to settle between slavery and freedom the strife for the great territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and which was to end in the overthrow of slavery throughout the world. Dr. Howe, who had duties enough to tax the energy of ten giants already, threw himself with characteristic ardour into that struggle also. He used to come to Worcester once or twice a month to attend the meetings of the trustees of the hospital for the insane, and after the work was over he liked to come into my office, while he was waiting for the train to come back to Boston, and talk over the prospects of the infant party, of which Worcester was the headquarters. And you can hardly know how proud and happy a youth the Doctor left when he departed. If you can imagine some humble boy, coming into life with some honourable aspirations, visited by Sir Philip Sidney or Chevalier Bayard or Cœur de Lion, you can understand something of the pride with which I used to tell my associates that Dr. Howe had been in my office that afternoon.

"I remember now as if it were yesterday his kindly and gracious presence. You would have thought sometimes he came to learn and not to teach. I do not know what was his bearing when he had to encounter some domineering, or insolent, or powerful antagonist, but to a boy of twenty-one years he was as modest and kindly as if he had been of his own age.

"His is one of the great figures in American history. I do not think of another who combines the character of a great reformer, of a great moral champion, of a great administrator of great enterprises, requiring business sagacity and wisdom as well as courage, always in the van, with the character also of the knight errant who crossed the sea, like the Red Cross Knight of old, to champion the cause of liberty in a distant nation. . . .

"There was never on the soil of Massachusetts, fertile as that soil has been of patriots and of heroes and of lovers, a more patriotic, a more heroic, a more loving knight."

GEORGE F. HOAR.

November 11th, 1901.

IN 1851 a new and vivid interest occupied much of my father's time and thought. Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, came to this country in the hope of obtaining money for a renewed struggle with the House of Hapsburg. In

March of this year, Congress had by resolution expressed the sympathy of the American nation for Kossuth, who, after the subjugation of his country by Austria, remained in the "friendly custody" of Turkey; and had authorized the employment of a government vessel to bring him and his fellow exiles to this country.

He was a man of great personal charm, with a rare power of eloquence, and all this power was exerted in the cause of his beloved country. Mr. W. J. Stillman, in his autobiography, says that Kossuth's arrival "set all America in a flame of shallow enthusiasm;" but this was not true everywhere. There was certainly nothing shallow about my father's enthusiasm for Kossuth and his cause. As will be seen by the following letters, he laboured hard, and in the end with some success, to rouse enthusiasm in Boston. Beacon Street remained cold, but the friends of reform gathered about the great patriot. Between Kossuth and my father there sprang up a warm friendship; and Mr. Stillman, in describing his own romantic expedition in search of the crown jewels of Hungary, which were "buried at some point down the Danube," says: "When the jewels were recovered, they were to be hidden in a box of a conserve for which that vicinity was noted, and then carried to Constantinople, from which point I was to take charge of them and deliver them in Boston to Dr. S. G. Howe, the well-known Philhellene."

It was a great disappointment to my father that he could not win over Charles Sumner to Kossuth's cause. It is possible that he may now have recognized for the first time a certain personal coldness and aloofness in his beloved friend; but this quality did not touch the personal relation between the two.

On December 9th Sumner made his first speech in Congress, on the resolution of welcome to Kossuth. The address

was brief and to the point, and was considered by many a triumph of restrained eloquence and clear judgment; but my father was grieved and distressed, as the following letters show, by its lack of cordiality to one whom he regarded as an apostle of freedom.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Dec. 12, 1851.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — But for an aching head and a sad heart (my spirits always sink to zero when my body is out of working gear), I should write you fully about your speech, which everybody likes and praises, everybody *but I!* I think you made a mistake, and went too far — and I'll tell you why I think so, when I have any nervous energy to stimulate the brain.

I am glad to hear its praises however, though not so much from Hunkers as others.

Would I could have heard you! And had I known you were to speak I should have done so at any cost. I had determined upon one thing as what I would not swerve from — hearing your maiden speech. But on the 8th you did not know you were to speak.

I fear we shall not succeed in the attempt to get up a Kossuth demonstration here. I have tried in many quarters in vain. I had faint hopes of Hillard, though others said he was earnest in favour of K——. I found him in a poor mood, evidently ill and irritated. He swore by all his Gods, and with an earnestness amounting almost to fierceness, that he would never again as long as he lived take any part in anything of the kind; he denounced politics and political movements, and vowed never to go one inch out of his way for any public matter whatever.

The prospect is that we shall not have a meeting.

I saw Miss Catherine Sedgwick last evening: she felt most warmly about K—— and was indignant at the coldness here. She said she had been here two weeks and seen many people, but I was the first one who had expressed any feeling in favour of K—— being received with honour.

If our party leaders write to you they will tell you there is trouble ahead. I hope to Heaven they have not in any way pledged the party to the Democrats; we have been their bottle holders long enough. Oh! that we had nominated Mann for Governor! It may be Palfrey will go in.

We must fight the Democrats before long. They have not — the masses have not — intelligence enough to overcome their prejudices about colour. The Whigs have more — and when their tyrant oppressor — the Lord and master of their bodies and souls — Black Dan [1] — is dead politically or corporeally — if it happens soon — they will be better allies than the *Dems*.

But I cannot write more.

Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Boston, Dec. 26, 1851.

Dear Sumner: — . . . I told you I should give you my views touching that part of your beautiful speech from which I dissent entirely.

You are quite right in saying Kossuth is demanding more than is *reasonable*, if by reasonable you mean *practical* and feasible. If however you plant yourself upon the ground of human *brotherhood*, and demand of your brother man, or brother nation, all that the sacred tie of brotherhood *warrants*,

[1] Daniel Webster.

and suppose others will do their duty — then you have a right to demand nearly, if not all, that he does.

I am not at all moved by what you (and still more others) say about a war costing us five hundred millions — of course we must first settle if it be ***right***, and then meet the cost as we best may.

Depend upon it, Sumner, God has not yet finished his work with his instrument of combativeness and destructiveness; and though wars are as bad as you have ever depicted them; though the ordeal, the fight, is absurd and all that, still, — still, — when the lower propensities are so active in the race they must occasionally be knocked down with clubbed muskets.

It is not at all probable, still it is ***possible*** that, taking advantage of reaction, and of Louis Napoleon's treason,[1] and of the intense desire of the bourgeois class all over Europe for ***peaceful*** pursuit of ***business***, let who may govern, and despairing of anything better, the Russians and the Prussians and the Austrians may combine to establish despotism and avert all progress in western Europe; and ***it is possible*** that England may be forced to engage single-handed with them: if so shall we be neutral? Shall we merely ***send*** a "God speed!" — and not back it up by hearty blows at the enemies of the race?

I say no! a thousand times no! and be it five hundred or five thousand millions that it will cost, let us go into the fight.

Kossuth is doing a great and glorious work; and though like all enthusiasts he overdoes his task, — and attempts more than it is possible to perform — still he will do much for us. God keep him and give him a chance to work for five years more, when he will have a chance to try a struggle with Russia.

What does George[2] write you? I take it Louis Nap. will

[1] The *Coup d'Etat.*
[2] George Sumner.

have it all his own way for some time to come; not long as Nature views things, but long for us impatient mortals.

Ever thine,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

SOUTH BOSTON, Dec. 28, 1851.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I received to-day the revised copy of your speech, and thank you for it. It is a beautiful and characteristic speech; and had you stopped where you say, "and here I might stop," it would have had my heartiest approval. What follows does not please me; nay! it pains and grieves me. Perhaps I cannot give you any good reason for my dissent, because I am not your equal in logical power; I yield habitually to your reasoning; but where my moral instincts lead me to differ with you, you cannot shake me. They have rarely led me so to do, but in this case they rise up, and will be laid by no magic of logic; and they tell me you are wrong. I can understand that Mann and Giddings and Allen,[1] all my superiors, vastly so, in knowledge and power, should approve your sentiment, for they are lawyers, statesmen if you will, and bow themselves with what seems to me a superstitious reverence before the "*Law of Nations*," as expounded by Grotius, Puffendorf and others.

Do you not yourself, dear Sumner, have too much reverence of this kind? Does it not amount to blind veneration?

You talk about "that Supreme Law, the world's collected will, which overarches the Grand Commonwealth of Christian Nations!"

The *world's* collected will! in God's name what do you mean? The world is the *people* of the world; and this "Supreme Law" was not enacted by the people, nor for the people, but by the selfish few who have governed and oppressed the peoples — enacted or rather *acted* in the interests

[1] Charles Allen, then a Congressman.

and for the preservation of the rulers, and not in the interests of the people.

"The Grand Commonwealth of Christian States" — where — when was there ever such a thing or anything approaching it?

It is a mockery to call the Governments of Europe *Christian.* They *hate;* they do ever to others as they would *not* be done to; they try to overreach and undermine and injure and destroy each other. A precious set of piratical combinations against the true interests of the people and the real progress of humanity to be dignified with the name of a "Commonwealth of Christian States!"

This is mere rhetoric, my dear Sumner, and poor rhetoric, for everything is poor that is not true.

You say "what that code forbids you, forbear to do!" and I am sorry you said it, for you may have to unsay it if you continue to be among the powers that embody the sentiment of our people in the stirring times that are coming. Many and many of the laws of your venerated code of national law will be rent asunder and trampled upon in that resurrection day of the people's rights when the principles of international communication shall be settled not with a view to the interest of the governors but the governed.

The law of nations! Why, what is a nation? Is it an entity, a principle, an enduring thing? No! but a temporary arrangement, a convenient classification for those whose motto is *divide et impera:* a classification which your law of nations would fain keep up, but which is fast disappearing as the sentiment [of] human brotherhood is passing from the abstract into the concrete.

The only fault I have found with Kossuth (and I find the same with you), is the assumption of the innate reality, the great importance, the enduring nature of these national distinctions and divisions. A people united under one

government, living within certain geographical boundaries, may do whatever they choose, may enslave, oppress and outrage in every possible way those of a certain sect or colour living *within* their borders; and those nations over the border, though they may hear the groans of the victims, have no right to interfere. This is not human brotherhood: we were *men* before we were *citizens*,[1] and though we are to look first to the interests of our immediate neighbours and countrymen, we are not [to] overlook the claims of our brethren over the border. I know what you will say — you will use all *moral* means, but you will never use force — you will have no wars. Against this, again, all the instincts of my nature revolt. God gives us power, force, and the instinct to use it, and though it is better never to use it in war, yet it *may* be the only means in our power to save the perishing. I tell you, Sumner, as I have often told you before, these instincts of ours, this combativeness and this destructiveness, though destined to die out by and by, when the moral sentiment becomes supreme, have yet their work to do in the suppression of wrong and the establishment of right. Suppose your neighbour is beating his wife and his children, and you hear their cries, and you cannot stop him by any moral means, will you not knock him down and tie him? If you would not, then ought God to wither the arm and shrivel the knuckles that will not use the strength He lent them.

And do you not hear the cries of people over the border, and say, "Oh! I must not interfere, you are not of my people, you are *only* men and women, not my fellow citizens; the 'law which overarches the Grand Commonwealth of Christian States' forbids me to employ the *force* which God has given me in your behalf, and what *that* forbids, I cannot do."

[1] "Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men."
—LOWELL.

You say that "*against every purpose*" you will uphold the peaceful neutrality of your country. Now, my dear Sumner, this seems to me a wrong doctrine and a selfish doctrine. Our country is growing with a giant growth; in a few years its strength *may* become so great, it may so command the commercial and monetary interest of the globe that no nation would dare to risk its enmity; I say this *may* possibly be: and yet you would so tie up our hands that we could not interfere even if another partition of Poland, or another Massacre of Parga[1] or a St. Bartholomew's Eve, were to be enacted. It would be none of our business according to your doctrine, though another Herod slew all the infants over the border, or the rivers on the other side of the mountains were red with the blood of Huguenots, or another Poland shrieked as her last Kosciusko fell.

It is true you say "you would swell with indignation at the steps of tyranny;" but, Lord bless you, if you should swell until you burst, you would not do half so much good as by a kick and a lick at the tyrant.

Sumner, I know that abstractly and logically your peace principles seem sound, and I doubt not they will finally prevail; but there is a time for all things; and so long as avowed tyrants go about tying up people and flogging them, it is the business of somebody who has the power, to knock the tyrant down and let the people up.

Nobody who knows your generous sympathetic nature will ever suspect you of selfishness or of irony, but a stranger might almost suspect you of both, as you apostrophize Kossuth, and tell him "to be *content* with outgushing sympathy," while you deny him any material aid; "to trust in God," while you refuse him, and tell every other nation to refuse him, the aid of *means*, by which alone God ever does anything.

[1] By Ali Pasha.

I have thus loosely and rapidly put down some passing thoughts for your consideration.

But the principal one is this; and this, dear Sumner, has disturbed me more than all: it seems to me that all this latter part of your speech is *de trop;* is uncalled for; is suggested by a desire to set forth and reiterate your peace principles, in forgetfulness of the harm it may do to the downcast, the struggling, the almost desperate patriots of Europe. Why tell the Despots that under *no circumstances* will we ever resort to the kind of interference which *alone* they fear, or care much for? What care they for our "outgushing sympathy" or our "God speed" to patriots, or our swelling bosoms — so that we will only keep quiet, and hold our hands off while they bind their victims securely — and put off, for years incalculable, the emancipation of their people?

If you will be as harmless as a dove, at least be as cunning as a serpent, and do not tell the Despot that you will show nothing but a white feather.

Kossuth has partly exposed the miserable *charlatanerie* of secrecy in diplomatic intercourse; I wish he had gone further and said that an honest, brave and intelligent people ought absolutely to forbid any secret negotiations, and insist upon every despatch being public. I hope you will move in this matter. I never read of a member of your Senate or of the House asking the President to communicate some information provided in his opinion the *public interests* do not forbid it, without a feeling that we are grossly *humbugged* (pardon the word).

How can truth ever do any harm but by being concealed — rotting in the dark? But methinks before throwing aside entirely the old maxims of diplomacy and *statesmanship* (forsooth!) I would at least use that part which allowed me to conceal from the despots of Europe the (to them comforting and encouraging) fact that never under any circum-

stances would we be driven by any atrocities of theirs to interfere in behalf of those our unfortunate brethren whom they hold in their grasp, and may legally hold by the "Great Law which overarches the Grand Commonwealth of Christian Nations." *Fas est ab hoste doceri;* and if I am to be bound by the Devil's code, let me learn all I can of his mode of working, and counteract him where I may.

I have wanted to sit down and write something about this matter for publication — but alas! I find fast creeping over me a disinclination for any work of the kind — and my deep interest in everything that touches you or your fame, has, I fear, led me to feel more about this matter than my devotedness to the right and good.

At any rate I have done one duty of friendship and told you frankly how much in my opinion the latter part of your speech falls short of the high standard you usually maintain. This is the speech of Lawyer Sumner, Senator Sumner — not of generous, chivalrous, high-souled Charles Sumner, who went with me into the Broad Street riot,[1] and who, *if need had been*, would have defended the women and children in the houses, by pitching their ruffianly assailants downstairs. Enough; I will not begin upon another sheet. Good night, God bless you.

Ever thine,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Thursday eve., January 10th, 1852.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I have a welcome line from you to-day; the first for several days; thanks!

I have been dining (a wonder for me) with Mrs. Ward, when we had Mr. and Mrs. Hare, Emerson, Hillard, &c.

[1] See *ante*, page 97.

Mrs. Hare makes me feel young again, yet very old. Hare I did not like, mainly however because he spoke not worthily of you — talked of your land speech as a bid for the Presidency!!

Ye Gods, what are we coming to when Charles Sumner is considered by any man with brains in his head as an aspirant for office?

I hope you may cross Felton's path and be brought together in kindness and affection; you would find him changed — sadly — yet your generous catholic nature would find much to dwell upon in his character with regard and esteem.

Our Free-soilers in the State are doing nothing for the cause — nothing. I think some of us outsiders should address them a letter of inquiry as to what they mean to do. I am sure that they need a fillip from somebody.

Can you not mark out some course of policy that they should pursue to forward the great principle of our party?

They are becoming mere politicians, mere office holders. They talk, some of them, of making the Maine liquor law a Shibboleth of our party!

I cannot see my way clear to advocate the enacting of such a law, or any unnecessary sumptuary law. I know that they hold this to be necessary; it seems to me doing wrong that good may come out of it.

Faithfully ever yours,

S. G. H.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, January 21st, 1852.

MY DEAR MANN: — It seems an age since I have seen you and long since I have had a word about you. There was a saying about "icicles in breeches" reported of some

member of the House, and of course we knew it was *aut Mann aut Diabolus* who originated it. Was there never any report of your remarks upon that occasion? if there was pray send it to me.

I have little to say to you that will be new or interesting. Of matters personal — first and foremost, my babies are well and beautiful and good; I hope yours are ditto. These little banyan branches of ours that are taking root in the earth keep us tied to it, and keep us young also. My wife is well; we are passing the winter at South Boston; and between Blind and Idiots and my chicks, the time flies rapidly away.

I have luckily secured Dr. Séguin, formerly the life and soul of the French school for idiots. . . .

As to politics, I know little of them. Alley[1] was in here just now and asked me what I thought of the present position of the Free-soil party; I replied that in my opinion it was so much *diluted* that it would not keep; that the most active Dalgetties had got comfortably placed in office, and did not trouble themselves much about Free-soil; that at the State House, among the Coalitionists, the first article of the creed was preservation and continuation of the Coalition as a means of retaining power — and that the 39th or 339th was Free-soil — just enough to satisfy outside *impracticables* like myself: in a word we were *sold*. He laughed and said — "You are more than half right."

Alley is shrewd and honest, I think. Boutwell goes in for Davis's place [in the Senate] and will have to fight with Rantoul for it.

I told I. T. Stevenson the other day that there was one man whom the Lord intended to lift up to the State House and into the Gubernatorial Chair, in his own good time, and that was you. He replied he did not doubt the intention,

[1] John B. Alley of Lynn, afterwards Congressman.

but that you had been doing everything in your power to defeat it.

With kind regards to Mrs. M——.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Thursday, Feb. 12th, 1852.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I have yours of the 7th, and thank you for it.

Don't think too much of my dissent from your Kossuth speech. I have with heart and hand, with conscience and reason, with warmth and affection approved and sustained every *political* step you ever took save two — the Coalition, and the declaration to European despots that, throttle liberty as they might and when they might, we would never interfere.

On these alone have I differed from you, but give to you the same credit for honesty and earnestness and sincere conviction of right that I claim for myself.

Bygones are not yet bygones, and the sad state of things this day here confirms me in my views of the Coalition; but for your election we should have lost everything.

You are true and earnest and persevering; you are the noble and worthy head of our party and are doing something to save its honour; but the rest of the leaders, where are they? — in office, and trying to keep possession as an end, not a means.

But enough of this! let the infinitesimal of my dissent from you disappear in the wholeness of my approval, admiration and regard.

I am in some perplexity and dismay; a check for $500 has been forged in my name and paid! my suspicion falls upon one for whom I grieve; — and, if true, will carry desolation

to a widowed hearth — I am much more anxious to be found wrong than right.

Your note came too late to prevent your election as Trustee — if you are very desirous of being left off you can be — but perhaps you had better remain until I learn what I hope may be [the state of things] at the end of this year. How we change! — once I could not understand your indifference to life — now you can not understand mine.

Faithfully yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, February 26th, 1852.

MY DEAR MANN: — I hope to see you in April — and yet I do not know that I can, for there is some doubt about my having any one for the Idiot School; in which case I must stay here.

I would I had some of your counsel about what to do to show the dissatisfaction of the true friends of Free-soil here with those of the party who have power, yet use it not to promote the cause. They are snugly in office and think only of keeping there. I say we ought to write them a letter and demand of them what they are doing and planning, — and when they mean to show the *work* which they were elected to do. I have unfortunately no talent for chalking out their course; I only have an intuitive sense that much may now be done for the cause, and that they will not do anything unless driven to it by outsiders.

I wrote Sumner, and begged his advice — but he does not like to give any, even to me.

What shall we do, Mann? — why the deuce did you not let them nominate *you* at Worcester? If you had, there would now be a chance of putting you where you could do

more good and prevent more evil than you ever can in that bear-garden.

In my temporalities I am but so-so; and with a sense of the uncertainty of life which I never had brought home to me in former years. I always had the habit, when going away for a few days, to put all my business affairs in such posture that no trouble would follow if I should die — but I always said, in the back part of my head, it is a useless precaution, for I shall surely come back alive. It is not so now; — death and I are fencing, not with foils but with sharp rapiers, and I with but rusty armour for defence.

Think you not that at times I feel keen regret at the little use I have made of the rare opportunity you have given me of being with and knowing a man like yourself? I do, and resolve to do better; but perhaps I shall resolve and re-resolve and — die the same.

There is one thing I want much to do, and with your active aid could do (that is, if I get the Idiot School fairly established and in public favour) — viz. establish a school for teaching the deaf-mutes to articulate. We have often talked of it, and I made a spasmodic effort at it once; but I am wiser now, and with you could succeed. Mr. Weld's[1] last visit here, and his avowal that they do virtually nothing except to those who have some hearing, made me see the necessity of some action.

Do let me hear from you sometimes. Give my kind regards to *Madame* and believe me

Faithfully yours,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Boston, Thursday, March 15, 1852.

Dearest Sumner: — I write you from my house, to which I have been confined by a more than commonly severe

[1] Of the Hartford School.

attack of neuralgia. I have been indisposed four days, or else I should have studied the land question in order to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in me. I have a sort of instinct that you are in the right, but that you do not go far enough. This whole matter of ownership of God's earth, whether by individuals or by nations, has got to be ripped up and readjusted upon principles and considerations different from those ever yet entertained by any except those who are pooh-poohed down as visionaries.

I do not think the press can make much impression by their outcry against you; besides, that will cease now that Daniel, in order to make a little capital, has followed in your wake. However, I shall be out to-morrow, and will see what I can do.

Some of your friends, and good judicious ones, have been alarmed by the onslaught made upon you for your silence about slavery;[1] and all Hunkerdom shouted "a hit! a capital hit!" when Judge Warren quoted something of yours about the effect of Washington atmosphere upon our Northern representatives &c. Some friends say that you cannot altogether get over an impression (if such should get abroad) that you had wavered, even by your being ever so firm afterwards. I do not share their alarm — not as yet. I do not much regard any temporary and passing policy got up by the daily press; by and by it will not be asked how long was Sumner silent — at what precise moment did he speak — but it will be asked did he speak out and speak bravely? I do think it important, and more than a matter of taste, that your speech should be well-timed, and seem to be called for. There are great and vital questions yet to come up about the Territories, and about California. However, I know nothing about the how, the why, the when — but this I know, you are true and brave — the Bayard of politicians, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

[1] See post, p. 382.

You will, I doubt not, give due weight to those considerations which your friends urge as calling for a speedy manifestation of your principles.

Vaughan is here, upon Kossuth business principally, but this is *entre nous.*

I have seen much of him; he is a very intelligent man and I think an honest one as politicians go.

I saw Longfellow at his beautiful home a few days ago.

I saw Palfrey too — growing rapidly into an old man; thin, wan and sad. He is a noble and beautiful spirit.

At the State House our friends are fighting for freedom in every way that seems to them likely to redound to their own credit and continue them in power.

They talk, you know, of violating the common law of custom, and running Rantoul into the Senate — but they will hardly venture, because they do not feel strong enough, and a defeat would be very bad. I am sorry they ever put out any feelers about it.

Your description of your genial days makes me sigh; to-day we have a cold easterly storm and the ground is covered with snow and sleet.

I had fully determined to leave on the first of April when my vacation at the Blind begins; but I have to look out for the Idiots.

Séguin [1] has been here two months, and proves to be a man of great vigour of intellect, and full of resources; he has done wonders — but we can hardly keep him; he is full of self-esteem and *exigeant* to the uttermost; one of his conditions is that the Trustees shall not be allowed to hold any meetings without his being present. Another that neither the matron nor any teachers shall hold any communication with the

[1] Dr. Edward Séguin, author of "De l'Idiotie," etc., came in 1852 to "take charge of the school for Idiots long enough to organize the classes, and introduce his method of training." This gentleman . . . was at the head of the first public institution (for the teaching of idiots,) organized in France.

parents of the pupils, &c., &c. Besides, he is choleric, not benevolent, and not very high in his motives.

C'est la gloire — la gloire.

But I must close. Ever thine,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, April 8th, 1852.

DEAREST SUMNER: — I am very grateful for your frequent though brief notes. I know how much your present position increases the value of those grains of the hour-glass which even in days of leisure you were wont to count as grains of gold.

I should now be on my way to join you, but for the illness of my Flossy. It is nothing serious, I trust, but I could have no comfort away from her. The health of my children is seldom interrupted; they are vigorous, beautiful, bright and happy; but all this makes me less (instead of better) able to bear an interruption.

I have a vacation at the Blind [Institution] and though the Idiots call for some of my time and thought, I shall leave them as soon as my child's health is restored.

I note what you say about your course respecting the compromise, etc. It is perfectly manifest that if you did not feel called upon by a high sense of duty to speak, your silence respecting slavery, and your action upon other matters, are fortunate and felicitous, for you will speak with all the more power and effect when the proper time comes.

As for the Hunkers, they would have made a much worse outcry against you for having spoken, had your speech been that of an angel, than for your having been silent. I say to all here (what is needless however), that your friends may count upon your tact as to "time when," as you can count upon your *friends* (?)

We have nothing of interest here.

Kossuth is coming and this will stir up a little excitement.

I have written to offer my whole house and servants to him for as long as he will stay and even if it be two months.

Let us not criticize such a man too closely, dear Sumner. His mission is a high and noble one, and if he asks much, asking boldly, even pretentiously, let us pardon and admire. If God would but vouchsafe to the earth a hundred Kossuths, would it not go forward with a rush?

Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

To Horace Mann

Boston, April 9th, 1852.

My dear Mann: — I am indeed grateful for the kind expressions contained in your note of the 7th. (How it got here on the 9th I cannot conceive.)

You have one virtue in an eminent degree, that of magnifying and multiplying through the eyes of affection the virtues and the capacities of your friends. If I could only get you into Rhadamanthus' seat when I go below, I should have a less warm berth assigned to me.

But your words stir me up to *merit* a tithe of the praise you give me.

I should be with you now but for the illness of my Flossy. She has ever been in the most robust and uproarious health, and her present illness, though other people tell me it is nothing, seems to me alarming. I employ a homœopathist, just to keep away all doctors and drugs, and to prevent the women nursing her and coddling her. Fresh air and cold water, inside and outside the belly — these are all my medicines. As soon as she is better, or so that I shall not worry and be pained by the thought that the poor thing is asking for Papa, I shall start.

I must however be here when Kossuth comes. If you see him in Washington tell him to be sure to enter the State from the West, and to gather strength and popularity and *heat*, so as to melt something of the iceberg he will find here.

I have no news for you, for I see nobody. At the State House they have their *sop* and I am quiet. We shall have to be quiet until the devil stalks abroad again and behaves so intolerably that we can get up a public *battue* and hunt him down again.

Ever yours,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Tuesday, 25th April, 1852.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I am only waiting to see Kossuth and to ascertain whether I can do anything for his cause, after which I shall flit for Washington.

There is considerable stir and bustle, and note of preparation in our streets (half-past twelve). *He* will probably be here in an hour or two. I shall hardly go out, for I have no part to play, and I shrink from the crowd and the noise. My whole heart and soul is with this man and his noble cause. I hail him as prophet of good, as high priest of humanity, and I would cheerfully make any sacrifices in my power to aid him in his holy work; but I cannot push forward in the crowd who will be eager to attract his notice. Wilson dined with me on Sunday to meet George [Sumner] and he told me he should have me down among the invited guests at the banquet — but for that I should only see K—— in private, if I can get an interview. He wrote a very kind answer to my letter inviting him to accept my house.

About George, I hardly know what to say. I think he will be well received except by the *ultras* of the Hunkers. He dines with Prescott on Thursday. Your sisters will

probably have told you who and which have called upon him. He is cautious about committing himself in the Kossuth matter. I do not like caution; it betokens little faith in God's arrangement, by which the truth is sure to prevail sooner by bold and open declaration. I reproach myself bitterly for want of faith and courage in my past. The rocks on which most of my hopes have split, — approbativeness, the care for what this one or the other may think. There is nothing good, nothing enduring, nothing worth living for, nothing worth dying for, but *truth*.

Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

Kossuth arrived in Boston on April 25th, 1852, and was received at the State House by Governor Boutwell, amid the cheers of a great multitude gathered to do him honour. Above the steps was a triumphal arch bearing the legend: "Remember there is a Community in the Destiny of Mankind." On the Common below thirty-four companies of militia were drawn up; the flags of various nations fluttered in the breeze, and in a conspicuous place appeared another legend: "Religion, Education, Freedom; a tri-colour for the world!"

Countess Pulsky, author of "The White, Red and Black, Sketches of American Society in the United States," says that "Amongst all the splendid receptions in honour of Kossuth, there was none more dignified, more elegant, and more tastefully arranged than that of Boston."

In her diary she notes that "We had scarcely arrived at the Revere House, . . . when Dr. and Mrs. Howe, our excellent friends, whom we had known for many years, came to greet us. . . ." (Here follows a brief résumé of my father's career.) "Skill, experience, knowledge, suffice for brilliant success, but the earnest faith in the divine origin of human

nature, and the deepest sympathy with human misery, can alone impart that devotedness to the exhausting toil which characterizes Dr. Howe. . . ."

In a later passage Madame Pulsky describes my father's rooms at the Institution, and adds, "During our stay in Boston we spent here the most delightful hours. . . . Early in the morning we started from Boston. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Howe accompanied us to Worcester; we parted with regret and with gratitude."

Among these "delightful hours," must have been the dinner-party given by my father and mother to the Kossuths and their suite. Among the guests were Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Lowell, George Sumner, Miss Catherine Sedgwick, and George Hillard. Dinner was at four o'clock, the fashionable hour of the time, and afterward Laura Bridgman was brought in and introduced to the great man, who showed much interest in talking with her. Later the conversation turned upon Hungary, and soon all were listening intently while the patriot leader told of the sufferings of his country, of the efforts, his own and other, in her behalf, and of what he hoped and expected from the future. It must have been a notable evening, and it is small wonder that my father's heart was stirred to the depths.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, May 11, 1852.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I have been somewhat taken up with Kossuth's matters, though I work indirectly and not publicly. The other day he sent a message that he would come out to see me at *nine* o'clock in the evening. I was unfortunately engaged to a formal dinner party at T. B. Curtis's and could only promise to be at home as near nine as possible; when I got home he had just driven from the door, having stayed a quarter of an hour or so. I followed

him to his quarters, and he took me into his chamber, and for two hours discoursed to me as only he can: filling me with increased admiration and love. He extended to me a degree of confidence about his plans which quite amazed me; and humiliated me too, for I felt I could do nothing to make me worthy of it.

Julia has seen much of them *en famille*, and bears glowing testimony to his gentleness and tenderness in the domestic relations.

As I said to you once before I think, I was glad of an opportunity of making Hillard ashamed (or deserving to be so) of having so easily entertained the belief of Kossuth's want of kindness to his wife.

By the by, H—— wrote some articles in the *Courier* which you may have seen. The other evening he walked into town from my house with Pulsky and others; and Pulsky, knowing H—— had written the articles, took occasion to riddle and utterly cut them to pieces, as he well could. H—— was silent and opened not his mouth.

Kossuth is really making a very strong impression here, that is in the neighbourhood. Hunkerdom is silent — dumb — angry. I was (*mirabile dictu!*) at Ticknor's the other evening, and was surprised to find how subduedly and quietly they took allusions to the subject. They are wise, and, since *fas est ab hoste doceri*, I hope to imitate the wise caution when I feel excited and angry.

I had a long talk there with Mrs. Agassiz, and it was mostly about you. I thought it best (or rather I did not *think* much at all) to try to put her right as to your break with Felton, and to show her that she was blaming you without cause. I told her my mind fully, and spoke of F—— kindly but rather sternly, giving him credit for *intentions*, but not for actions. The next day, (or yesterday) Monday, came a long letter from F—— in which he paraded in for-

midable array his charges against you. I shall not trouble you with them now; but perhaps you may be interested in one paragraph, in which he says, as he supposes on good authority, that Fillmore, in answer to a query about how you could seek his hospitalities after denouncing him so bitterly, said, "Mr. S—— seems to like me pretty well; at any rate, by coming to my house he shows he did *not believe what he said.*" I give you this *valeat quantum*, — but in confidence. I shall perhaps answer F——'s letter, but more probably see him.

Faithfully yours,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Boston, May 19, 1852.

Dearest Sumner: — I wrote you a very hasty note from my office to-day.

Kossuth left us yesterday. At his request I accompanied him to Worcester, and Julia went also, to talk to Madame Kossuth. I know not why, but K—— has given me more of his confidence than any other person here. To the Committee that was formed at his request, he said he should like to have one person appointed to whom he could reveal in confidence so much of his plans and prospects as would show there was reason for hope and for immediate action; and he so plainly indicated me that they insisted upon my being their agent of conversation with him. I have had several interviews with him; he has been here twice, and was to have privately spent the two last days here, but the pressure of business prevented. I am quite overwhelmed by the degree of confidence he has placed in me, and feel keenly the mortification of being unable to do more than guard what he confides to me, and work in a public way for his cause.

Surely he is an inspired man! and he is as gifted in moral qualities as in intellectual powers. I can well understand the enthusiasm that would lead his followers fearlessly to the death at his command. He is the only man to whom my intellect bows quite down. He has done a great work here. The amount of material aid is about $16,000, but that which may be forthcoming in case of need is incalculable. Say what Hunkerdom may, he really made a deep impression on our people, and though there was not much noisy applause, there was deep enthusiasm among our best people. As for the *soi disant* aristocracy of Boston, though it is of little consequence what they do or say, the truth is that while pretending to ignore him, they felt, and others do too, that he ignored them. They would have opened their *salons* to him — but they knew he would not enter them. Winthrop is the only man among them who openly upheld him. The Pulskys were everywhere — the Governor [Kossuth] went nowhere! Upon the people of the Commonwealth he left the impression — the conviction — of his being an honest, earnest, eloquent and highly gifted man.

Julia was much with the ladies. I saw them not much. Madame Kossuth, as you know, is an invalid, and nervous; she is not a gifted woman. She brought with her to America some money, and has received some from home since; this she carried about with her, being anxious to invest it, but not daring to trust any one with it; meantime the good Governor kept borrowing from her for Hungary, so she mustered courage and almost with tears put a bag of five hundred eagles ($5,000) in my hands, the day before yesterday, and told me to invest it for her. To-day I got fifty shares of Worcester Railroad for her. She saw and liked good Mrs. Hillard much, but upon Hillard's being proposed to receive the money, she declined, and told Julia she could not trust a *Hunker!*

We have formed a Committee for Hungarian affairs; S. C. Phillips, Banks, Carter, Wilson, Kellogg, Alley, etc., and shall see what we can do.

I was at Ellen Dwight's[1] wedding this forenoon, a very brilliant party, as the world goes. The bride was really most beautiful, with all that wild fire of her eyes subdued into an earnest seriousness. Twisleton looked anxious and not well. He is nineteen years her senior. I have not seen Felton, nor noticed his letter; it is very long, and has an array of complaints (if I may so call them) against you. I put off the answer as an undesirable thing. I must be true to you and to the right, and by so doing I shall give him offence, mortal I fear; yet I hope not, for with all his faults he is a man to be esteemed.

Julia dined with the Agassiz the other day, and said Felton was even more jovial than in the olden time. Mann is here, not looking well.

Ever faithfully yours,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Boston, May 30th, 1852.

Dear Sumner: — I have been remiss of late about writing to you, but have been hardly in a state to do more than make the movements which the treadmill of necessity enforces.

I note what you say about Felton, and your wish that I should not, in defending you, lose his friendship. I did indeed delay to the last moment answering his letter; not through fear of losing his friendship, but from a reluctance to undertake a disagreeable and vain task. On Thursday evening I wrote to him my reply; the ground I took was,

[1] She married Edward Twisleton of London, younger brother of Lord Say-and-Sele.

that it would be utterly useless to try the case between you in the court of the reason; it must be removed to that of the affections. I then put it to him to say whether, if he should receive news of your death, he would not then begin to think that he should have made more allowance for your peculiarities of manner; and even if what he charged were true, whether he should not rather have kept in mind the many noble and endearing traits of character, and the devotion to principle which he admitted you to possess. I gave him credit for honesty of purpose, but told him that in my humble opinion his public course, or acts, had been hostile to the sacred cause of humanity. I wrote a long letter of which the above is the substance. The next evening he appeared at our children's *fête*, and said to me briefly but feelingly, "It is all right! all right!" and that was all.

We had a party got up on my plan. We had about fifty children, who came early in the afternoon and frolicked to their hearts' content. Afterward came their parents to tea, and on the whole we had about eighty persons, whose pleasure and enjoyment it was pleasant to behold. We had swinging and dancing, and running and tumbling; we had also music, and a theatrical representation for the big folks. Altogether it was a good affair, a religious affair. I say religious, for there is nothing which so calls forth my love and gratitude to God, as the sight of the happiness for which He has given the capacity and furnished the means; and this happiness is nowhere more striking than in the frolics of the young. It is true that the sight of *any* true happiness should call forth the same feeling; and if we only cultivated it, we should have a religion that all could enjoy, instead of one that is sad and repellent to all but a few minds of peculiar stamp.

My vacation is over, and my hopes of seeing you in Washington are over for the time. I was glad, as were all your

friends here, to hear of your so courteously throwing down the gauntlet, and announcing by a sort of herald that you would soon appear in the arena. It is well-timed; for it gives you the advantage of satisfying the anti-slavery people, and does not give to Webster and others the advantage they might derive from your speaking before the nominations.

What I said about a person to furnish information from Washington I supposed you would understand. It was for Kossuth, who wished especially not to have anyone recommended by Senator Cass, but one who would not be likely to be in the interests of either party. He has agents and informants in all the courts of Europe; he needs one in Washington; he is willing to pay a correspondent. It is not a spy, in the obnoxious sense of the word, but a man who, acting in the interests of humanity, will furnish information honourably obtained, to be honourably used. Do you know any such?

S. G. H.

Kossuth returned to England in June, 1852, disappointed in the hope he had formed of material assistance from this country, but leaving behind him many friends who appreciated his lofty and noble qualities.

In 1852, Horace Mann was invited to be President of Antioch College. While my father realized the great good that Mr. Mann might accomplish in this new field, he was loth to have him leave Massachusetts, when he was doing such noble and much-needed work.

The following letter relates in part to this matter.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, May 30th, 1852.

MY DEAR MANN: — I was equally surprised and disappointed by hearing of your Hegira (to Washington).

I was in hopes of seeing you and talking with you fully

about your plans. I have a sort of conviction that we must lose you here: that you will go West; and I try in all ways to reconcile myself to it. You are, much more than you suppose, necessary to the new college — while it is not necessary to you. There is a radical fault in your organization which prevents you from feeling your own worth and power and acting upon the feeling. Your self-esteem is too small; so small that it does not know it is small. You have a sort of intellectual perception of your talents and virtues — but these intellectual perceptions never do the duty of the feelings. Old Dan sees with his intellect the beauty and the glory of virtue, right and truth — but how poorly does this intellectual perception supply the place of the normal sentiments, which should engender, *feel* and embody virtue and goodness.

By the by — I heard old Dan[1] last Saturday, and was most painfully impressed by the melancholy spectacle which he presented. I do not say that he was drunk, but he appeared like a man who was nearly drunk — or else half paralyzed. I am told that most of the Methodist clergy got the impression that he was very drunk — and were indignant. One thing is certain — most certain; not a fifth part, perhaps not an eighth part could make out what he said; and yet they sat, patient and open-mouthed, waiting for words of power and beauty. Oh! what an awful reckoning it would be if that man had to answer for the hundred talents which were committed to him! Would be? It *is now* awful — how he suffers and how the world suffers, if we consider that when we do not have what we might and ought to have we suffer positive loss. . . .

If you were going to a clime ten degrees further south and on the west slope of the Alleghanies, I should be strongly tempted to pull up stakes and follow you. There is a degree

[1] Webster's last speech in Boston.

of self-conceit and intolerance [in Boston] that makes it seem a pitiful place. Then the prospect for the future is not good. The American population is getting crowded out of town and the houses filled up with Irish. By the by, do you remember the beautiful mansion formerly inhabited by P. C. Brooks, in Atkinson Street, and more recently by Samuel May? Well, it is now a colony of Irish, where they pig in sixteen in a room. So long as these poor creatures came to us only fast enough to be leavened by the little virtue there was in us, so long we welcomed them; but if they are to pull us down instead of our pulling them up we may well cry hold off! However, I suppose that this evil is only local: as a whole the process may be good for humanity, and we have no right to partition off God's earth and say here shall be Saxon and here shall *not* be Celt. . . .

I shall write you again in a day or two; meanwhile I am, dear Mann,

Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

The political campaign of 1852 resulted in the election of Franklin Pierce as President. The anti-slavery men had been divided in opinion on the issue, as is shown by the following letter.

To Charles Sumner

Boston, July 2d, 1852.

My dear Sumner: — There is a scattering of our forces here, or there has been, but I think now we begin to settle down to this conclusion — that we cannot vote for Scott,[1] and that we have only to prevent as many Democrats from voting for Pierce as possible. What do you say? Shall you not write to the Worcester Convention, or a letter to a friend

[1] Winfield Scott.

that may be used there? Speaking for myself alone, I must say the course seems clear; to go for the abstract right and disregard the consequences. We must teach all parties that there are some men (and they are becoming more numerous) who will not be bought and sold and handed over by any conventions.

I have always had an instinct in me which I have never been able to body forth clearly — which tells me that all this manœuvering and political expediency is all wrong, and that each one should go for the right regardless of others. If every man, or every third man, would do so, an unworthy candidate, or an unworthy platform, would never be put up; and is it less one's duty to do so because only every three-thousandth man will follow his example? Why is it deemed necessary to go on with great parties, and to twist principles until they all but break — why but because there are so few men who will be inflexible? Let us make those few more, and all will be right.

Can you not foretell about when you shall speak? If you can, with any degree of certainty, I shall be strongly tempted to go on there to hear. Great things are expected of you.

I was in at Mills's to-day; one or two desperate Hunkers were there: they caught eagerly at my expression of a firm belief in Scott's anti-slavery tendency, and Mills swore he would publish what I said. I believe they still cling to the hope of bringing the old man, their man, [Webster] upon the ring yet. They do not know how, or when, but hope for a contingency.

Do write me; and believe me ever faithfully,

S. G. Howe.

At this time (1851–2) all eyes were turned upon Charles Sumner. He had succeeded Webster in the Senate: he stood in the minds of his friends for all that was lofty and noble;

and they were impatient for him to justify their confidence by some utterance worthy of his power and of the ideals to which they were devoted.

But the great Senator was silent, biding his time; and people began to murmur, first the outsiders, then even some of his own friends. Among those whom his silence alarmed and disgusted was Theodore Parker; and my father, whose own trust in Sumner was never shaken, was anxious to restore Parker's confidence. He wrote to Sumner, asking for some reassuring word. Sumner replied, deprecating Parker's impatience.

"In any event my course is a difficult one. . . . but I know my singleness of purpose, and I know that I am in earnest."

Thereupon my father wrote as follows:

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, July 4th, 1852.

DEAREST SUMNER: — I got your note yesterday, and read most of it to Carter;[1] afterwards I sent it to Parker, to be used with care. I have done what I could in a quiet way to inspire others with the confidence I feel in the final success of your plan. I received this morning a note from Parker (written of course before I sent yours) which I think it best to send you. A wise man likes to know how the wind blows, though he may have determined not to vary his course, even for a tempest. I wrote to Parker saying that he was lacking *faith*, and I feared beginning to lack charity — things in which he had abounded towards you.

I think the crying sin, and the great disturbing force in the path of our politicians is *approbativeness;* they let public opinion be to them in lieu of a conscience. So will not you do.

[1] Robert Carter.

I want you to raise your voice and enter your protest, not because it is for your interest to do so, but for the sake of the cause, and of the good it will surely do. The present is yours, the future may not be; you may never go back to Washington even should you be spared in life and health. Again, it may be imprudent to wait till the *last* opportunity, for when that comes you may be prostrated by illness. Mann made a remark in one of his late letters about you, which I think I have more than once made to you, viz: that you yield obedience to all God's laws of morality, but think you are exempt from any obligation to obey his laws of physiology. You will have a breakdown some time that will make you realize that to ruin the mental powers by destroying that on which they depend is about as bad as neglecting to cultivate them.

However, what I mean to say is this: that though you would not heed all the world's urging you to speak if you thought it your duty to be silent, yet believing with all your friends that you ought to speak, you must not *vista* everything, in the hope of doing so at a particular moment, when you may be disabled by sickness.

Downer said to-day: "I don't see *how* it is to be, yet I have great faith that Sumner will come off with flying colours." He would say so, even if you were prevented from speaking at all this session, and so should I, but so would few others.

Julia has returned and is well; so are all my beautiful and dear children. We go to Newport next Monday to stay awhile in the house with Longfellow, Appleton, etc.[1] No news here. Daniel [Webster] is determined to show fight; he has much blood, and it is very black. . . .

S. G. H.

[1] At Cliff House. The party consisted of my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow and their children, George William Curtis, Thomas G. Appleton, and two or three others.

Sumner had given notice in May of his intention to speak on the subject of slavery. By the middle of July he was ready, and sought an opportunity to address the Senate; but the Senate, largely pro-slavery in feeling, had no desire to hear him. Obstacles were thrown in his way; Mason of Virginia told him plainly that he should not speak. Briefly, it was not till August 26th, a few days before the end of the session, that he found and took his opportunity.

Sumner's denunciation of slavery and the Fugitive Slave Bill belongs to history; lack of space forbids me to quote from it even briefly.

The sensation created by it was profound; men rejoiced or cursed according to their belief.

My father's joy and pride knew no bounds, and he poured them out in a series of letters of which the following is one.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, July, 1852.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I have to thank you for many documents, valuable in themselves, but the more so as signs of your kind remembrance of me. I have not troubled you with letters, for you must be *encombré* already. Everybody but the most desperate of Hunkers is loud in your praise. You know how I feel; with none of their surprise at your prompt and gallant repulse of a cowardly attack, I have more than their appreciation of your motives for so much moderation.

I will tell you of only two out of a hundred things said — one by a lady — young, handsome, enthusiastic; she disliked you formerly — but the other day said with enthusiasm — "If I should meet him now I should be prompted to throw my arms around his neck and kiss him!" My banker, Blake, a Hunker, said yesterday — "Your friend Mr.

Sumner has forced my admiration and earned my gratitude; he has done nobly; tell him so!"

The following letter is on a very different subject, but is of this period. Many years were to elapse before the community awoke to the notion of an eight-hour working day; as in so many other cases, my father was so far in advance of his time that he never saw the realization of his ideal.

To Horace Mann

SOUTH BOSTON, October 21st, 1852.

MY DEAR MANN: — I am too impetuous a person ever to give a politic answer to political questions; but were such a question put to me as is put to you I should say, I would *not* favour the enactment of a law prohibiting corporations from employing persons more than ten hours per day; and this for various reasons.

The Legislature by taking the *people* under this sort of guardianship and protection does them no good, but harm. It emasculates people to be protected in this way. Let them be used to protecting themselves. It is bad policy to enact any but absolutely necessary laws. Commerce and trade should be free — entirely free.

Besides — such a law would seem to favour the notion that labourers *ought* to work ten hours daily — whereas in reality they ought not, in a good state of society, to work more than six to eight. The man who has worked hard bodily ten hours is incapacitated for working mentally with full appetency and vigour. Operatives ought not to be obliged to work more than six to eight hours; but in the present state of society legislation to that effect would be folly and madness; you cannot legislate rightly about it — therefore I would not at all. Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Jan. 7th, 1853.

DEAREST SUMNER: — I was very sorry indeed to criticize your speech, but I could not do otherwise in loyalty to our friendship. I have felt much grieved about it, the more so that it seemed to me Liberty had received a blow from her staunch friend; all unawares — but still a heavy blow.

— Look at it! will not the declaration that *no pressure* whatever shall force this country from her neutrality greatly encourage the despots to go on in their devilish career? Could we not at least have held our peace, and not assured them that we should never interfere, though they cut the throat of every liberal in Europe?

Then again, about poor Kossuth. I did feel sad indeed to have you speak (in your note) of his *arrogance.* My dear Sumner, is he not doing exactly what you felt called upon to do in your first peace oration, propound doctrines true in the abstract, good in principle, and *surely realizable* by and by, though so unpopular as to be deemed absurd by many? What Kossuth claims in the name of human brotherhood cannot, I concede, be *now* granted; we cannot plunge the country into war for any cause as yet set forth; but as surely as God lives and keeps up the progressive movement of humanity, so surely will the time come when nation shall say to nation, "Strike not, abuse not our brother nation! or we will help him strike you and defend himself."

Do not take any fixed ground upon this subject; I mean an unprogressive position, and say what we will and what we will not do; wait and do what the crisis may require. We want *peace;* peace, and a century of it if possible, but we must have progress; we must remove the impediment in the way to it, and if despots oppose us we must remove them, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. . . .

CHAPTER XII

THE COMMONWEALTH — VICARIOUS POLITICS

"I should be at a loss for words to express the admiration which I entertained for his character. It was the heroic character in rare perfection. As brave as the most daring soldier, he was as tender as the gentlest woman. Immovably well poised in his uprightness, he asked himself what in any case was the course of duty, and that course ascertained, he took it and pursued it without apprehension, without perturbation, without distraction, without passion. My own intimate acquaintance with him began at the time (thirty years ago) when thoughtful men at the North were alarmed by the proposal to extend slavery by the annexation of Texas. The excitement of the time was such that the part taken by those of whom he was one of the most active and conspicuous leaders involved serious annoyances and sacrifices. Never shrinking from any sacrifice, outspoken and uncompromising to the extent of what was demanded by the duty to be done, he was as serene as he was inflexible; no anger, no acrimony, broke the unselfish calmness of his course. As at that time opposition did not discourage, so at no time did applause elate him. Such supports as are derived from a consciousness of acting in the public view never seemed important to him. . . .

"It is seldom that the community has to mourn such a benefactor and example, or friends so precious a friend."

JOHN G. PALFREY.[1]

THE sub-title of this chapter requires a word of explanation. It will be noted that the chapter contains much more about Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, Theodore Parker and the Free-soil party than about my father himself. This could not be otherwise if I am to give a faithful picture of him. In the years 1850-1860 he was much engaged in political work, labouring in season and out of season with all the ardour of his nature; but this work was never for himself. He sought no office, he asked no favour, save for his friends, the men whom he revered as his superiors, and whom he thought fitted to lift the science of politics into the lofty region where —

[1] Written after my father's death in 1876.

to his mind — it rightly belonged. For them therefore he laboured, or rather for his country through them.

The year 1853 found Massachusetts politics in a sad tangle. The Coalition already alluded to (between the Democrats and the Free-soilers) had called a convention to revise the State Constitution, and the proposed changes were to be voted on in this year. These changes were so radical that a section of the Free-soil party withdrew from the Coalition and helped to vote down the new Constitution. The party, thus divided, showed Samuel Hoar, Charles Francis Adams, John G. Palfrey and others on one side, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson on the other. My father, though he disliked and distrusted the Coalition, remained neutral.

The dates in this chapter are specially confused, and have in many cases been hard to fix.

At the time my father was still labouring at the *Commonwealth* in the intervals of his other work. The paper went through many vicissitudes, and seems to have been in difficulties of one kind or another during most of its existence.

His own contributions to it were mostly very hastily written, in the "morning hour and a half" which, as he says elsewhere, was all the time he could call his own in the course of the day. It is small wonder that his writing showed marks of this haste, such as now and then offended the fastidious taste of Charles Sumner. Some of the following letters show that Mr. Sumner, like my father, was a friend faithful even to smiting.

It is only fair to add that the great Senator had little or no sense of humour.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, Thursday, 6th Jan. 1853.

MY DEAR MANN: — You will see that the *Commonwealth* has gone into new hands. I was foolish enough to re-invest

in the concern — but I ought not to say foolish either, for I did not wish to see it go down with dishonour. I wished to nail the anti-slavery flag to the mast and see her swim or sink with that flying.

Downer, Alley, Sewall, Baldwin[1] and myself own the concern. I have been for some time doing the *Spirit of the Press* and helping in my way. How do you like her looks now? I am going to try to get Wright[2] to work. Can you not help us from Washington, or find someone who will send us an occasional letter? Would you think of taking hold of the paper after the fourth of March as editor in chief, that is, director of the political pop-gun, and make of it a cannon? You would be called upon for only four or five columns a week. We are going to pay our contributors as much as we can, but that is as yet only one dollar a column; we shall pay more if the income will allow it.

There is what seems to me a squeamishness among members of Congress about being known as writers for the press.

If you cannot send us anything, let us know who can.

Ever faithfully,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Boston, Jan. 16th, 1853.

My dear Sumner: — You never yet performed the friendly office of criticizing anything of mine that I did not thank

[1] Messrs. Samuel Downer, J. B. Alley, S. E. Sewall, and J. B. Baldwin. Mr. Mann once wrote thus to my father concerning Downer:

" . . . Boston seemed more than half empty when I found you were not in it. But I saw Downer, who is almost enough to save a city. If, when Abraham drove that sharp Yankee bargain about saving Sodom, higgling and screwing and beating down, until he reduced the number of the righteous to *ten;* — if the Lord could have been induced to lower his terms from that number, I can conceive of his saying: 'Well, if you can find one Sam. Downer there, I'll spare the cursed city for him. . . .'"

[2] Elizur Wright.

you for it, and I do thank you for the black line drawn against an expression in Wednesday's *Commonwealth*. Almost always I feel the justice of your criticisms, and acknowledge your taste; this time, however, I think you run purity into purism. Surely, in a newspaper squib, meant as an answer to a squib, the use of an expression like that of *poking fun*, so common, and free from offence to anything but conservative conventionalism, is harmless. As for *folks*, it should have been marked as a quotation from another paper.

Dear Sumner, are you not illiberal and ultra-conservative in this one matter of style and form of expression? Would you not shut up the "well of English" from the healthy influences of the spirit of the age, and deprive language of the aid and the interest which the use of local and colloquial expressions give it? Writing is an art, a good art; and a good writer is an artist. It does seem to me absurd, however, to suppose it can be removed from that class of things capable of change and improvement; or to hold that we are to be tied down to the forms of expression used by classical writers. However, of one thing I am quite sure; you have so little sense of *fun* or, to use a less *inelegant* word, of the ludicrous, that you cannot make allowance enough for those who have more of it, and who stir up that sense in the popular mind by the use of what are considered, by mirthful people, very pleasant and agreeable liberties with language. God made man to be mirthful as well as moral; and Mirth may say to Morals, as Emerson makes the Squirrel say to the Mountain:

> "If I am not so large as you,
> You are not so small as I,
> And not half so *spry*!"

However you may have developed many other sides to your character, one is dwarfed and undeveloped, the mirthful side.

So much for fun. Do continue to send me everything that you can, even my *Spirit of the Press* with one black line against it. It is not likely I shall continue it, however: it is like drumming in a pint pot. And yet, when I think of the five thousand readers of the paper, and reflect upon what I *know*, that my motives ought to appeal to and strengthen what is good and high in them, I think I ought to do all I can, consistently with other duties.

The Whigs here, Boston Whigs, are moving everything for Everett; they feel however that they may have cause to repent by and by of their success.

As for our friends, they are all dull or indifferent except the "Dalgetties." They feel sure of carrying the State next year, and Wilson counts certainly upon the Gubernatorial chair. I think however that most of them are quite careless about the *modus in quo*. They look to the Democrats from a sort of fellow feeling. Now every element in my nature rises up indignantly at the thought of our principles being bartered for considerations of a personal and selfish nature; and all my feelings bid me do what my reason forbids — that is, make open war, cause a clean split; appeal to the "conscience Whigs" who formed the nucleus of our party, and march out of the ranks with a banner of our own.

There are many considerations against it, and not the least is the necessity of condemning severely the course of the party, and so losing the advantage of the real good it has effected.

We shall see. What do you say?

Yours ever,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

July 5, 1853.

My dear Sumner: — You well know what a babe I am in politics, and how little versed in the tactics of party; my

views therefore can be nothing worth to you; my instinct, however, and my friendly interest will not be disregarded. You are in what merchants call a *crisis;* and you can come out of it not only with great credit to yourself (that is a small matter), but in a way to promote the honour and the dignity, and therefore the efficiency of our party.

The leaders at the House and elsewhere — the managers — pooh-pooh at you — they say you are counted as nothing — have little influence, and will have but little; that you will go to Washington, make one or two brilliant speeches and there will be the end of you. Well! as far as you are interested personally — as far as those who love you best are interested — so be it; the leaders in the Convention are misrepresenting our party. We are a party of principle; they are for expediency; we go into the Convention to amend the principles of right, with a view to the good of the whole people, and future generations of people; they go to potter and tinker, with a view to local interests, local prejudices, and party interests. We ought to be represented by statesmen; we *are* represented by mere politicians.

Now you, and you alone among them, are able to be the exponent and defender of the principles and the *morals* of the Free-soil party — of the free Democracy. Depend upon it, that party is sound at the core, and it will answer from the heart and from the *conscience* to an appeal from you, in a way that will astonish those who imagine that they are not only the leaders but the owners of the party. The great mass of our party would say amen to any declaration like this — let our basis of representation be respect for man, *as man*, and not as villager, townsman or city man; let other things be considered duly, but let no considerations of expediency, no thought of how the coming elections may be affected, no regard for temporary effect, induce us to violate a plain rule of right. All men are *equal* as well as free, and

let us not ask what advantages or what disadvantages of wealth or position a man may have; as poverty shall not disfranchise him, so wealth shall not.

I have read most of what our side has said upon this matter of electoral basis, and (I am sorry to say) I have *not* read what the other side has said; nevertheless I have an instinct arising from my faith in a broad principle, that tells me our side is further from the right than the other is. But I will do no more now than strive to strengthen what your instinct must tell you—that the great mass of our party will rise up and support you in any declaration of adhesion to a great principle of right, though it should cost us what of apparent political discomfiture and rout might follow. I see danger to you only in your calculating too nicely upon the manner of being most useful in your day and generation. Remember, you are part *not only of this* but of other days and generations. . . .

Ever thine,

S. G. H.

My father was not a regular attendant at any church, preferring, as he said, to "pray with his hands and feet." He did, however, often go to hear Theodore Parker preach, listening sometimes with delight, sometimes with disapproval, but always with affectionate interest. As we children came to the church-going age, he felt obliged to change the family place of worship, to my mother's great distress. "The children," he said, "are now of an age at which they should receive impressions of reverence. They should, therefore, see nothing at the Sunday service which would militate against that feeling. At Parker's meeting individuals read the newspapers before the exercises begin. A good many persons come in after the prayer, and some go out before the conclusion of the sermon. These irregularities

offend my sense of decorum, and appear to me undesirable in the religious education of the family."

The family after this came under the gentler ministration of James Freeman Clarke, "our dear St. James," as Dr. Holmes called him, for many years the beloved pastor and friend of parents and children alike; but this change made no alteration in my father's intimate and affectionate friendship with Mr. Parker. The character of the friendship on both sides is abundantly shown in the following letters:

To Theodore Parker

Sunday, 1853.

MY DEAR PARKER: — I have been in to hear you, but did not like what you were saying well enough to stay more than a quarter of an hour in a thorough draught, which I liked still less than *your* wind.

Why do you hammer away at the heads of Boston *merchants*, none of whose kith or kin come to hear you, when the rest of the population of the city, and even many of the mechanics, were just as ready to back up the authorities for kidnapping men as the merchants were?

Why do you say, and reiterate so often, that God uses the *minimum force* to accomplish the *maximum ends?* Is it so? How do you know? Does God know quantity or space or regard them? Is there *more* or *less* with *Him?* How do you know that without this or that thing or man this or that fact or deed would not have followed?

With the vast waste (or apparent waste) of animal life and mineral resources which geology reveals — families, species, whole races, whole worlds swept away — how do you, Theodore Parker, know that without salt to a potato, or even without salt or potato either, this or that thing would not and could not have been?

That was all very fine about God's great *span*, Centrif-

ugal and Centripetal, but suppose either one of them should break down or slip a joint, has not the Governor a whole stud in the stable all ready for work? But, coolly, is there not something of what the Turks call Bosh about this? I never knew you to deal in the article before; but did you not go to the wrong *barrel* this morning? How can you say that without our revolution France would not have had hers — a little later perhaps, but still had it? Who told you that God would have broken down in his purpose if Washington had had the quinsy at a score, instead of three score years; and that New England would have now been worse off than Canada?

I did not stay long enough to hear you say any more *unparkerish* things, and so I will have done with my comment and close by saying that if I loved you less I might admire you more.

Your incorrigible,
Old SAMUEL SOUTH BOSTON.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, Dec. 16th, 1853.

MY DEAR MANN: — I cannot express to you the relief — yes! relief as well as pleasure, which the sight of your beloved old sign manual has given me. I wrote to you soon after your departure,[1] and though nothing that I said was worthy your notice I have been hoping for some reply.

From Downer's and from all other accounts you are doing a noble work. I will not say God speed you in it, for I think the sooner we get rid even of the forms of speech which favour the doctrine implied in them, the better for the world. You ask, may not a man be a cripple and a hunchback in his soul, as well as in his legs and his dorsal vertebrae? Doubtless he may — nay! how few are not so!

[1] For Antioch College.

But I cannot help thinking that this doctrine of reliance upon something outside of and above us helps to cripple us. This constant reference to we know not what leads us to disregard we do know what — the capacities and dispositions put within us. I presume that *au fond* we think much alike, however much we may differ in forms of expression. I believe that what is called religion — the creeds, the sects — even the mildest of them, swaddle humanity and keep it in the wickedness and weakness of infancy. I believe if all who see and know that man has capacities, tendencies, powers to be true and good irrespective of any hopes or fears of the consequences, here or hereafter — that man is so constituted that he need not rely on any thing or being extraneous to himself — if they who see this dared say it openly, it would be better for the race.

But not to talk of these abstractions: I am greatly moved, dear Mann, I am deeply touched, I am exceedingly rejoiced to find that you have got into such a field as you are now breaking up and planting, for a glorious harvest of good to humanity. It cheers me in my little, narrow beat to know that one whom it is my cherished privilege to call friend is filling such an orbit of beneficence. I feel this from my heart, and am humbly proud of the consciousness that I would rather be doing what you are doing than be master of the White House.

Downer tells me you are well, and this cheers me, for I feared you were rapidly using up the oil of life.

I have nothing to tell you of affairs here that you do not know. The Coalition millstone that was about our necks is gone, and we shall not, I trust, be drowned with it. The great commercial prosperity is against us, for alas! as yet men will not quit Mammon when he pays *very high*, illegal interest. Good-bye; Love to all!

S. G. H.

To Theodore Parker

DEAR T. P.: — You ask me to tell you what to do with regard to S — ! ! *Lend him no money! dissuade your friends from lending him* any. He is becoming demoralized, I fear, by borrowing and living on others. Let him undergo the natural cure — suffer and be saved.

Could I say without a blush to the next runaway, or honest applicant for my help — "I can only give you so much because I have just applied $20 to S——'s case?"

Ever yours,

CHEV.

I may be wrong about it — but I am more likely, I fear, to err on the side of leniency of judgment.

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Jan. 1st, 1854.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — A happy new year to you! . . . I think the *Commonwealth* is doing better. I have undertaken to do the *Spirit of the Press* and have done it for the past ten days. I have not succeeded as well as I hoped to, but to my surprise have given greater satisfaction to others than I had any idea of. I find this out because, being *incog.*, I can know what is said. Only two or three persons know about it. I thought to help on the paper through an editorial interregnum, and to try an experiment which I have long had a hankering for. I feel my utter inability to be an editor, and yet, somehow, I think I could do good service in the proprietorship of a Free-soil paper. If I had time to talk to you *ab imo pectore*, I could show you reasons enough for my seeking a new field of labour before my day of rest.

Tell me, my best, my almost only friend, is there any reason to suppose that by any apprenticeship I could, without rashness, enter the editorial field? I send you the *Weekly*

Commonwealth, that you may run your eye over the *Spirit of the Press*, and see how it is done.

I am at the Institution at six in the morning; at half-past seven I go home to breakfast. At eight I open the papers and write my *Spirit of the Press;* and by ten I am back again at the Institution, and the manuscript has been sped to town, where it is bound to be delivered at eleven.

On this morning's article, or rather this evening's (about *Punch*, etc.), I spent more time; it is the *best* I can do; if it is not good enough then it is nonsense for me to think of writing, and nobody will tell me but you.

Mr. Baldwin, our business man, is partly editor; he owns one fourth of the paper; but its political course is to be controlled by the majority of its owners, Sewall, Alley, Downer, and myself. It is mainly my work putting it stiffly on the anti-slavery tack; we will keep it there. Can you help us? Enquire about the telegraphing; as it now is, it is money almost thrown away, $16 per week for such trash as comes to us over the southern wires. A correspondent at Washington, who would send us the news worth sending and keep back the trash, would be invaluable. But they might not send our news over [their] wires unless we pay blackmail with the rest of the press. . . .

Ever thine,

S. G. H.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Jan. 29th (or 27th?), 1854.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — Our people are scattered and discouraged. I have been doing what I can. Wilson has not much heart for a fight, but it is concluded to call a Convention[1] a fortnight from to-morrow; possibly it will be delayed, but only a few days. They are getting up peti-

[1] A convention of the Free-soil leaders, with a view to healing the breach in the party.

tions, and the Legislature will be flooded. The poor Whigs are looking at Everett, and he, poor man, does not know, I suppose, what to do.

You must try to send words of encouragement here. Do not, I beseech, wait for, but *make, seize* an opportunity; now, while public sentiment is not formed, while the Cabinet has not openly taken a stand, do you thunder and lighten over the land! For God's sake and man's sake, disregard all punctilios, all ceremonies, all considerations of a momentary or conventional nature, and strike for freedom while it is yet time. "In due time!" Every time is the due time; who strikes early, strikes twice.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Feb. 16th, 1854.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — Our Convention is going off well, I am told, but I am not able to be there. They (the Committee) would not come up to the point I wished in regard to resolutions. There has been an unhappy variance with Adams and Palfrey, and Dana espouses their quarrel. It was against my opinion that a special call of our party was made, and it was only after seeing that the Whigs would not move that we did. The opening sentence of the Address of the State Central Committee, which gave such offence to Adams and others, was indeed a foolish one, and perhaps reprehensible; but it ought to be overlooked. I had to insist as one of the Committee of Arrangements that Adams and Palfrey should be invited, for Wilson swore if they were invited there should be a row in the Convention. This was, however, only an evil mood of his for a few days, and he has since behaved *well* about it. I have watched him, and he has behaved *well.*

My being on the Committee was a thing much against my will; but I have done what I could, for where else can

I go? under what organization can I fight in this terrible emergency? I think our friends understand and approve your policy of delay and gaining time, and speaking last; with so powerful an enemy the Fabian policy must sometimes be used. . . .

To Theodore Parker

NEWPORT, August 20th, 1854.

MY DEAR PARKER: — Boston was to me more lonely, more unmitigatedly Hunkerish from the fact of your absence: for though I might perhaps have failed to see you had you been there, still consciousness of your vicinage would have been something. I left on Saturday evening with the good Sumner (Charles), who is in high feather, and on the best of terms with himself and the rest of mankind. I did not see Chum[1] when he was there; but had a note [from him] modestly but very decidedly putting aside the professed honour of the nomination for Governor. The elements are brewing, and no man can tell what will be the result. The really honest anti-slavery Whigs begin to see that the continued existence of their party is just what Douglas and men of his stamp want. Without Whiggery in the field (which they can easily beat) they would have a formidable party opposed to them, and might be beaten; Whiggery is so lineally descended from Federalism, and that from Toryism, that it can easily be made obnoxious. How well said John Van Buren when asked what the Democratic party had left of all its once great possessions — "Got left! why, its name!"

Alas! the poor hoodwinked people — the honest rank and file! Would that there were ten men in the land doing what you are! I called you an institution the other day; would there were others established of the same kind.

I send you my forthcoming report of the Idiot School. I

[1] G. R. Russell, my father's chum at Brown University.

want you to say a word to Ripley about some notice or extracts in the *Tribune*— it has not yet been seen by any one. The *Tribune* might do good to the cause generally by an extended notice and by extracts.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, September 21st, 1854.

MY DEAR MANN: — I have sent you a copy of my report on the Idiot School. The work is going on well. Will you send a copy of your address to Charles Goff, New York? He is a desperate Hunker, but, *mirabile dictu!* he swears by you; and though you did smite his idol, he says you are about right; that is, after he had cursed you, I suppose. No matter! he is a great admirer of yours, and greedily devours all you write; he has sent to me twice for a copy of your address, but I have not been able to get a copy.

The *Commonwealth* newspaper dies to-day. I am about sick of the managers of the Free-soil party: they seem content with nothing now but banging the poor old Whig party over the back of slavery. . . .

I saw Ned Loring the other day.[1] He looked much changed. He seemed to me to have lost interest in life. Said as much as that but for children one would be glad to go. — I did not touch the sore point — but I will — for I ought to.

Do write to me.

S. G. HOWE.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, November 14th, 1854.

MY DEAR MANN: — . . . I will not wait . . . to reply to your warm greeting. If you knew but half of the pleasur-

[1] Judge Loring. See *ante* Chapter VIII.

able emotions which such mementoes from you excite in me, you would send many such. I do not deserve that you should love me, but my demerits enhance in my sight the value of your affection.

I wish I could get at you — but I do not see the way clear; perhaps next spring when the harsh east winds blow I may get away from the seaside.

I hardly know how to believe it myself, but we have in fact another daughter;[1] that makes five new banyan branches, binding the old trunk down to earth. The delivery was such as to rejoice the hearts of strong-minded women and physiologists. Bravely every day up to the last, and twice a day, did the mother exercise in the open air. I left her very comfortable at nine A. M. but was sent for in an hour; when I got home it was only half-past ten, but the lusty cries of the new-comer announced her safe arrival. There was no doctor, male or female; no medicine, no fuss, — just a common nurse who had herself borne children. . . .

My children are all thriving, and all are dutiful and affectionate.

I had a visit the other day from a young man whom you would have been glad to see. A young German deaf-mute. He spoke English pretty well and could make himself understood; but in German it was marvellous to hear how well he expressed himself. I took him down to our kitchen to see the cook, a very nice German woman who speaks but little English. They talked together *viva voce* easily and freely: she could understand every word he said, without the least difficulty, and he seldom missed the meaning of a word that she uttered. Several persons who came in were utterly incredulous about his being a deaf-mute: they could not believe that by mere watching of the lips he could so easily

[1] Maud, now Mrs. John Elliott.

catch the meaning. They thought him an impostor, but he was not.

People are stunned and overwhelmed by the Know-nothing[1] victory here. Our friends are many of them chagrined: not so I. The demolition of the two corrupt old organizations is a great good. Chaos has come, and out of the confusion better order will arise. You see here again the increasing development of individuality. The prestige of family — standing — respectability — character even has gone (the last only for a moment). But Know-nothing-ism will die in giving itself birth. I would not vote for one of our men who sold themselves to this selfish, narrow and inhumane organization. I scratched out Wilson's name and put on Francis Jackson's. Wilson, I am told, was up at Gardner's house last evening, *congratulating him* on his election. Ever yours,

S. G. H.

The winter of 1853-4 saw the tremendous crisis produced by the introduction and subsequent passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, by which the Missouri Compromise was abolished and future Territories opened to slavery.

This abrogation of a solemn contract roused the North to a flame of resentment, and Conservatives united with Free-soilers to meet the issue, and avert, if might be, the impending danger. With this end in view it was thought advisable to have a course of lectures on slavery, to be given in Boston by men of all shades of opinion, from the

[1] The "Know-nothings" were the Native American Party, opposed to all foreigners, which had existed in a small way for years in different sections of the country, but in 1854, provoked by the success of the slave-masters in repealing the Missouri Compromise, became practically (at the North) a new anti-slavery party, and carried the State election of Massachusetts in November, 1854, to the astonishment of everybody. It had become a secret society.

slave-holder to the abolitionist. I do not know whether my father originated the project, but, in company with Dr. James W. Stone, he was very active in carrying it out. Through some mistake Theodore Parker was not invited to speak; the following letter turns upon this omission. C. W. Upham, who did speak, was Hawthorne's "Judge Pyncheon." This lecture-course was a signal success, although the two great anti-slavery orators, Garrison and Phillips, refused to take part in it, because of its non-partisan character. Emerson was one of the speakers; others were Frederick Douglass, Toombs of Georgia, Houston of Texas, and Benton of Missouri.

To Theodore Parker

November, 1854.

MY DEAR PARKER: — What a Terrible Turk you would have become, if your blessed mother had not set your face toward the Cross and given you an impulse thitherward! What a hard push the dear woman must have given you, to have got you so far along the uphill road!! How lucky it is that there are evil institutions and wicked men in the world, for you to assail and belabour with your iconoclastic hammer, or you would have smote the good, and even struck upwards against the sky.

Dear Parker, do try and restrain that inborn spirit of destructiveness, now that your whiskers are so gray — or else dye them! Why ever have

> "That laughing devil in your sneer,
> To raise emotions both of rage and fear?"

Come! come! be a little less conscientiously and intellectually charitable, and more emotionally and heartily so. The great and glorious mission which you are performing, so stoutly and so fearlessly, with so much more than Channing's strength, —

oh! how much more beautiful it would be if performed with more of his meek gentleness!

Why so swift to swear at Upham? Why jump to the conclusion that he would not do well? Why call him heartless? He did well, very well; I swear he did. Why swear so about the lectures, and about Phillips not being called in? Above all, why swear at *Stone?* He wanted to call in Phillips — *I did not;* so abuse me if you like; do anything but cease to love me (as great mastodon bear can love little kitten).

Why! you big, gray-whiskered giant you! who's afraid of you? What do you mean by abusing folks for not having red-hot Garrisonian abolition lectures, when they expressly state that they are going to have an "independent" course, and one representing all shades of opinion? If we had advertised you and Phillips and Garrison and *Abby*,[1] do you think we should have got the mouths of three thousand Hunkers open, to thrust down an anti-slavery bill? Go to, T. P.!

You *did* preach a great sermon yesterday, and in the name of one billionth of humanity I thank you for it.

S. G. H.

To Theodore Parker

SOUTH BOSTON, November 28th, 1854.

MY DEAR PARKER: — You took most kindly my serious word spoken in jest; you answer with attempted gentleness; you try to tap me lightly on the head, as a grim old knight would tap a child with his battle-ax.

You are wrong in several points: destructiveness is not *cruelty*—leads not *necessarily* to cruelty, especially to the *material forms* of it. Yours is restrained by benevolence a little — by conscientiousness (the queen piece) a great deal more.

[1] Abby Foster.

In this matter, dear Parker, you are not quite clear, nor can you be a fair judge — there is the disturbing element of self-esteem — there is the consciousness of what you mean to feel and mean to do — and these prevent you from seeing what you are and what you do. Call it what you may, you have, in action, too much of the opposite of a gentle and loving nature. Keen eyes see the contrast between the spirit in which you speak, and the words which you utter; the fire of anger and scorn is ill concealed beneath the covering of sorrow — of intellectual sorrow. You are never hypocritical — you cannot be — you are too brave for that — and you think you are as charitable and as tolerant as you mean to be.

I tell you, dear Parker, you need to cultivate most diligently and earnestly a spirit of gentleness and tolerance. No matter if you could not and would not kill robins when a boy — that does not prevent you from being fierce and destructive when a man, and when your conscience tells you there are hawks of wickedness to be slain. You must slay more gently — you must *put to death*, not *kill*, the moral vermin it is your mission to remove.

You are wrong in persisting to speak of *Anti-slavery* lectures — Stone never pretended to get up such. An ultra Garrisonian would not have represented the *juste milieu* (to use a *mean* term) spirit of the course as well as C. W. Upham did. As for him, I never saw him before; never read anything of his; knew nothing about him, not even that he had worn the *cloth;* and I was agreeably disappointed. He expressly stated that he purposely avoided touching upon the moral question: he had a right to avoid it, under the circumstances, and you should not condemn him for so doing. I think you are wrong there. As for Garrison — it is true that he *or* Phillips should have been invited, but *not* both.

But I will not write any more; I have had my say. I have besought you, and ever shall, to be more gentle and charitable — ever more gentle and charitable, and so fine away the edge of your scimetar that it shall pass between the head and body of sin, as did the sultan's Damascus blade, and the sinner not know his head is off until it drops — and never know who did it.

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

I may have used the word *intolerant;* you are never knowingly or willingly *intolerant;* you are liberal, highly so.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Nov. 30th, 1854.

MY WELL-BELOVED FRIEND: — Your note from New York found me last evening, and gave me a feeling as near akin to pure joy as I ever expect to feel on earth. Why is it that we men are so shy about manifesting a natural feeling in a natural way, and letting down the floodgates of the eye to the flow of tears? I feared to go and bid you adieu on Wednesday, lest I should not be able to conceal my emotion, hide my tears. I succeeded, however; I wept not until I was *alone!*

. . . Your friendship, your presence here, and the consciousness that I might be sure of finding in you all the sympathy and all the comfort that the most urgent need could ever call for, has been to me like an anchor of the soul — unused indeed, but valued beyond price. May it be that neither time nor separation shall lessen the reliance I have in you. To lose my faith in you would indeed shiver, for a time, my faith in God; for I know no way of understanding God but through his works; and chiefest — man.

But I have no head or heart to write now; only to say,

dear Sumner, it has been and will be the pride of my life to merit and to possess the friendship of a man like you.

God bless you, with his choicest blessing!

Ever thine,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, Dec. 15th, 1854.

DEAR SUMNER: — . . . Know-nothingism is playing the deuce with us; we have however only to hide a little till the worst of the storm has blown over.

Would you believe it? I found a runaway slave — a man who has been here ten years, an active and zealous Free-soiler in our ward, — distributing votes for J. V. C. Smith! (?) He had been befogged and bedevilled into it, and thought he was doing well.

I have seen Adams, and he will soon, I think, rally the few faithful around him and organize for action. . . .

To Charles Sumner

Jany. 1855.

. . . You have heard, doubtless, of the rallying of the relics of the old Liberty and Free-soil party under the old banner. We had a good meeting at the Rooms on Wednesday, Adams, Phillips, Palfrey, Bird, Spooner, and many others of that ilk were there. Carter held back, but the rest are for going on, and openly denouncing, or rather disclaiming, all connection with, and all sympathy in Know-nothingism. We must do it or the cause is lost. It is not yet certain that the banner of Free-soil is not going to save Massachusetts from the slough into which Know-nothingism is plunging the friends of freedom elsewhere.

Would Butler of South Carolina, or some other prominent slavery man come here and deliver a lecture? Will you not come? Remember the promise!

To Charles Sumner

SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 9th, 1855.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — . . . We had a lecture from Fred Douglass last evening, which was very good, and *told* well. The course thus far has succeeded admirably, and will do great good. Hunkerdom feels it, and is wrathy; but we never mind it now. Douglass told me one thing that is very significant of the change going on; he has been invited by the orthodox Methodists to lecture before them on slavery. Douglass is coming to dine with us to-morrow; we like him.

There are strong indications that the anti-slavery leaven, if it does not leaven the lump of Know-nothingism, will cause great ferment within it. The *Know Something* lodges are increasing. I was strongly urged to go and *prospect* one of them, but I will not go blindfold anywhere. The end does not justify the means, in this country at least, where we can speak and act as we will. . . . I hope you will give our last lecture. Our people must *feel* you frequently, for their own and your sake.

To Theodore Parker

September, 1855.

MY DEAR PARKER: — I have your logical and sledge-hammerish note. I have seen Wilson, and — have shown him your note! I like to take bulls by the horns. He talks well with his mouth — not so well with his eyes. He wants to be Governor; he means to be. He says he can carry more votes by ten thousand than any other man; says if Rockwell were put up for Governor and he (W——) for Lieut.-Governor, he would run far ahead of Rockwell. I am inclined to think he would, if the votes were to be taken within a week. The Whigs will not do anything for the good cause; their leaders will not let them. We need another Simon Brown to be sacrificed. I have talked with others

of our long-headed men (how strangely short their heads are sometimes before election!) They say the Whigs will not give the new party two thousand votes. All depends on the Know-nothings; they will be dominant for some little time, grow mad and soon flash out. They stand upon an emotion and not a principle. Their leaders are Free-soilish; they incline for Wilson. I will look further and report; I will try to see you. I long to do so. . . . I should like to have you any and everywhere.

CHEV.

To Theodore Parker

S. BOSTON, Dec. 18th, 1855.

MY DEAR PARKER: — I could not take up your *Defence*[1] until the day before yesterday, but having taken it up I could not lay it down, could hardly think of anything else until it was finished. It is a wonderful monument of power, learning, wisdom, labour, zeal and humanity. It would be presumptuous in me to criticize such a work.

I could wish that the feelings of certain persons were spared, for as men may be wiser than they know, so they may be wickeder than they know, and the —— do not know how dangerously and desperately wicked they have been. Perhaps, however, you could not well strike such hard blows at usurping tyranny without showing up individuals. It may have seemed necessary to put it more in the concrete. But this is my thought: your book will fail to do the good *now*, in the present day, that it might, could, would and should do, unless measures are taken for its circulation. How can it best be done? Can I help? Has it been properly noticed in the *Tribune?* Will not Hildreth do that for a consideration? I earnestly desire that something may be done, and will do my part. Ever yours,

S. G. H.

[1] A volume of Parker's — his Defence, if brought to trial.

To Theodore Parker

Dec. 27th, 1855.

MY DEAR PARKER:—Agreeably to your request I have read your note to Julia. She, who is swift to defend you among your detractors, and not slow to maintain your views whenever I question their soundness, fails, as I do, to see in this matter of the lectures the soundness and consistency of your course. However, let her speak for herself, if at any time allusion should be made to the matter again. I did not intend ever to return to it with you, but perhaps I may as well; perhaps in discharge of friendly duty to you I ought to return to it. Why should I not say to you, my dear Parker, what I say to myself about you? I will do so — not now in writing, but some day when you are disposed to mortify the flesh by submitting to the infliction of my small talk for half an hour.

About the lectures: you are wrong in your premises and your conclusions; wrong moreover in indulging respecting the matter a feeling which, pervading too much your course of life and action, dims your true glory and diminishes your usefulness. You, who lecture in all the other slavery courses in the country, refuse to lecture in this, because of the supposed slight heretofore put upon you. If this were all the reason it would not be worthy of one usually so high and magnanimous as you (for you should only see the opportunity of striking at slavery, heedless of who struck at you), but it is not all: fear of the Garrisonian School helps a little.

It would be too long and tedious to cover the ground about the proceedings of "The Committee," by which name you dignify the gadfly operations of poor Stone. It is absurd to talk about your being "black-balled," "rejected," &c. Very absurd. As for comparing it with my procedure in the case of the Academy[1] — that too is absurd; there is no par-

[1] The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, which after blackballing my father more than once, finally elected him. He naturally declined the invitation.

allelism in the two matters. *First:* I was *formally* and *repeatedly* proposed and formally and repeatedly rejected. You were never formally proposed, never formally rejected — there was no formality — no deliberation — no anything regular about it. Mr. May would like to have you lecture; Dr. Howe would like to have you lecture — well, we'll see, we'll talk about it, &c., &c.: that was all.

Second: the Academy proposed to confer what it considered, and what the world considers, an honour upon me. In engaging their lecturers the Committee proposed no such thing; they proposed a piece of work, to be paid for — an opportunity of firing a shot in a good cause. It is not good sense to talk about committees of this kind *conferring honours*, and black-balling men — even when they work formally and deliberately. This nonsense has been put into your head by petty outsiders; it was not engendered in that nucleus of noble thought.

Third: my acceptance of the honour would have implied admittance to a society, and *personal association* with men, the majority of whom had deliberately recorded their dislike to such association; to join would be like going a sort of social journey with people the majority of whom did not want my society.

Fourth: it is not so indisputably clear, after all, that I did right in not joining.

Fifth: an alloy of *personal feeling* may be permitted one like me, that is not permissible in one whose natural capacities and acquired habit lift him into a higher moral plane.

But, my dear Parker, what does most obviously, and to me painfully *saute aux yeux* in your treatment of this matter, is certain growing defects in your character, to which if I were big and strong enough I would hold the cautery until I burnt them out, or burnt my own hand off. There is a degree of self-esteem which you would, and do, smile at

and regret in others. There are passages in your letter which one would suppose written by the *Auguste*[1] of Paris, if one did not know they were written by the Augustus of Boston. This leads you to suppose that individuals and classes have you in their minds when they say and do things, and that they speak and act with reference to you, while, in reality, they do not think or care about you — more shame for them — but so it is. You do many Hunkers more than justice when you suppose they appreciate you enough to act and feel as you think they do.

Then there is a strong and growing tendency in your mind to attribute to persons who do not go with you unworthy motives. You seem to like to find them in the wrong; and you sneer at them with a seeming gusto. Often and often I have known you allude to things as done from cowardice, or calculation, or worse feelings, which I am sure were done in, at least, utter unconsciousness of any unworthy motives. The Hunkers of Boston, the ministers of Boston, are not half so bad as you often set them forth to be.

You speak of "the hatred, the scorn, the loathing and contempt," with which the Unitarian ministers regard you. This is rank injustice. They cannot fully appreciate you; they do not do you justice; nay, they do you great injustice; they dislike you and fear you; but they do not think or care so much about you as you suppose they do; and they do not, and cannot, hold you in "scorn and contempt."

Dear Parker, you overrate things; you are childish about some matters of common sense; and you are unduly and unhappily petted, and encouraged to be thinking and saying sharp and cutting things.

Even poor little I come in for a share of the censure, and for the imputation of unworthy motives, for innocent and casual remarks or actions. As, for instance, about saying

[1] Auguste Comte.

you were not religious enough for me. It was said half jestingly and, *si magno parvus comparitur*, as Sheridan said Wilberforce was not temperate enough for him. Ye gods! that I should ever suppose or say that, in real and true religion, you were not higher — (higher as the heaven than the earth) than I am, or can be! And yet, in a certain sense, my word contained the germ of a truth — to wit, that in the ordinary acceptance of the term, religion, or piety, or devotion, as you will, good little, meek Warren Burton (as he was ten years ago), excited the feeling more in me than great Theodore Parker. So it is; *you do not magnetize my organ of veneration:* you do more and better for me — more and better than any human being (save perhaps one) ever did for me, and I bless you from my heart of hearts for it; and may God bless you, dear Parker, and before you meet Him face to face may some scales be removed from your great eyes — some motes from your world-wide vision, and some spots of *hard grit* from your warm and loving heart.

I am hurried, and obliged to write an inchoate letter, when I would fain have written a clear and well ordered one, more worthy of the motives which dictated it. But good-bye — till I see you.

S. G. Howe.

Dear Parker: — I have read this over, and find I have not said half enough to make myself clearly understood; certainly not enough to convince you of a besetting sin, in which some of your friends encourage you — uncharitableness of thought and word: — not uncharitableness of feeling — for your heart is tender — but uncharitableness of thought and word. I'll labour at this, some time or other, though you kill me with one blow of your great fist.

CHAPTER XIII

KANSAS AND FREE SOIL — JOHN BROWN

"With the exception of Garibaldi, I have always considered Samuel G. Howe as the *manliest* man it has been my fortune to meet in this world. The two are in my regard equal, and very similar in their traits of character. Both have been fearless of any personal danger in the fight; both have been intensely loyal to what they deemed the right; both have been always ready to throw themselves into the front ranks in defence of the weak and down-trodden; both at times impulsive in word and action, often to a fault, yet always commanding the respect even of opponents, because self seemed always subordinated to their ideas of justice and of truth. Such men redeem our race and lift us all to a higher faith as to what human nature can do and become. When such men die, even comparative strangers have a sense of personal loss.

"I know nothing more beautiful in history than the long, constant life of Dr. Howe. So fitted to shine in other spheres, and with tendencies so strong for the battle of life, yet he deliberately turns aside from all those paths which men of his calibre and character of mind most readily choose, and devotes himself for nearly half a century to the unfortunate and outcast."

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

January, 1876.

IN the year 1856 the thoughts of all anti-slavery men were turned in a new direction. Two years before, (on the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which repealed the Missouri Compromise) the Territory of Kansas had been organized. From the very beginning there had been trouble; the slave party resolving to hold the new territory in their own interest, the friends of freedom being equally strong in their determination that Kansas should be *free soil*. The slave-holders of Missouri took up some of the best tracts in the new Territory, and may have anticipated little trouble in founding a new and vigorous slave State; but the free States were awake to the importance of the issue, and in Massachusetts plans were early afoot for colonizing the new lands with free-soil men.

In 1854 two Massachusetts colonies were sent out to Kansas, and the town of Lawrence was founded. During this year the New England Emigrant Aid Company was organized under a Massachusetts charter, — a society whose professed functions were "to supply information, cheapen transportation, and set up saw mills and flour mills in the new territory." [1]

On January 7th my father writes to Mr. Sumner:

. . . The Legislature has not yet crystallized into form. Kansas matters are however exciting an interest, and help to

[1] The real activity of this Company was something quite different. It forwarded parties of emigrants at reduced rates of transportation, maintained agents in Kansas to organize and direct them, — the chief agents being S. C. Pomeroy and Dr. Charles Robinson, the later nominal Governor of the Territory under the Topeka Constitution of 1856, and, five years after, the first State Governor in 1861. Robinson sent two agents to Boston in 1855, to procure arms, — G. W. Deitzler in April and J. B. Abbott in July. Both applied at once to the Emigrant Aid Company's officers, Eli Thayer of Worcester and Amos A. Lawrence of Boston, and each agent obtained and forwarded to Kansas a hundred Sharpe's rifles, then considered the best breech-loading gun, which were all paid for by persons connected with the Emigrant Aid Company, — chiefly by Mr. Lawrence and Dr. Samuel Cabot. Dr. Howe assisted in raising the money to purchase rifles, and they were effectively used in the fighting in Kansas during the next three years. This Emigrant Aid Company, first chartered in 1854, with the coöperation of Dr. Howe, was supplemented in May, 1856, by the Faneuil Hall Committee, of which he was an active member, and which pledged itself to raise money for use "in a strictly lawful manner." The Massachusetts State Kansas Committee, into which the Faneuil Hall Committee was finally merged, was organized in June, 1856, and the National Kansas Committee was formed at Buffalo, in July, at a convention of which Dr. Howe and Gerrit Smith were members. As originally constituted for business (several of the members chosen, among them Abraham Lincoln, having declined to serve) this Committee and its officers and agents were:

President, Thaddeus Hyatt, N. Y. City; *Secretary*, Harvey B. Hurd of Chicago; *Vice-President*, Capt. J. D. Webster of Chicago; *Treasurer*, George W. Dole, and Assistant *Secretary*, Horace White (both of Chicago); *Members*, Dr. Samuel Cabot, and Dr. S. G. Howe of Boston; B. B. Newton of St. Albans, Vt.; W. W. Hoppin, Providence, R. I.; William H. Russell, New Haven, Ct.; Alexander Gordon, Pittsburg, Pa.; W. H. Stanley, Cleveland, O.; John W. Wright, Logansport, Ind.; W. F. M. Arny, Bloomington, Ill.; J. H. Tweedy, Milwaukee; S. S. Barnard, Detroit; W. Penn Clarke, Iowa City; F. A. Hunt, St. Louis; A. H. Reeder, Kansas; S. W. Eldridge, Kansas; J. Y. Scammon, Chicago; Eli Thayer, *Agent for Organization of States;* Edward Daniels, *Agent of Emigration;* E. B. Whitman, *General Agent.* — F. S. B.

keep up an interest in our cause, which but for that would be at rather a low ebb in the public mind. If any of the Southern leaders hope to bring about a rupture, their cue will be to push on the borderers. Their secret league, which has furnished the funds, must however have hard work to raise money. I do not see how their last invasion of two thousand men could have cost less than $50,000.[1]

People pay readily here for Sharpe's rifles. You know perhaps of the pledge of one man of $20,000 if $100,000 could be raised, for one thousand rifles and ten cannon (breech loading). This is not to be told of, but the money will be raised, and most of it from *soi-disant* Hunkers. One lady offered me $100 the other day, and to-day a clergyman offered me $100 more. Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

The action of the Emigrant Aid Company enraged the pro-slavery party, who prepared to oppose by force further emigration from the free States. Bands of disorderly men were hurried across the Missouri frontier, — "Border Ruffians," as they were called, who took possession of the polls, carried the first elections with bowie knife and pistol, and proclaimed Kansas slave territory.

From the first my father was deeply interested in the fortunes of Kansas; but though a member of the Emigrant Aid Company, he took no leading part in the contest until 1856, when he raised the Faneuil Hall Committee. In later years he said, "I was connected with two Kansas committees. One was raised for the purpose of getting clothes and money for the suffering inhabitants of Kansas; that was the express object of the committee of which I was chairman. Another committee of which I was a member, was raised for the general purpose of aiding the inhabitants of Kansas in defence of

[1] The so-called "Wakarusa War" of December, 1855.

their freedom, then invaded, and repelling invaders. The first was the Boston committee, usually called the Faneuil Hall Committee because the original meeting was in Faneuil Hall; it had no official name; it was not an incorporated body; it was called just what people chose to call it. The other was the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee."

My father was also a member of the National Kansas Committee, which he helped to form at Buffalo in July, 1856, and he had helped Dr. Cabot to raise the first large sum to buy arms for Kansas which was contributed in Boston and elsewhere in 1855.

It was both as chairman and agent of the Faneuil Hall Committee, and as member of the National Committee, that he made the trip to Kansas described in the letters of 1856. He was accompanied by Mr. Hyatt, chairman of the National Committee, and in August, 1856, the two companions presented their report to the National Committee.

While this matter was pending, on May 19, 1856, Mr. Sumner began his great speech on *The Crime against Kansas*, the second of his prophetic utterances.

"The strife is no longer local, but national. Even now while I speak, portents lower in the horizon, threatening to darken the land, which already palpitates with the mutterings of civil war. . . . The whole country in all its extent is marshalling hostile divisions, and foreshadowing a conflict which, unless happily averted by the triumph of freedom, will become war. . . ."

This speech roused the pro-slavery party to the highest pitch of fury; and the storm reached a climax on May 22d, when Preston Brooks of South Carolina assaulted Sumner in the Senate Chamber, striking him repeatedly on the head with a loaded cane, and inflicting terrible injuries.

For many weeks Sumner's life was in danger. His recovery

was painful and slow, and three years passed before he could return to the Senate.

My father's grief at the suffering of his beloved friend was profound. His instinct told him that the one thing he could do for the sufferer was to be silent, to abstain from even the expression of his sympathy, lest it should cause some effort of the injured brain; there are therefore no letters to Sumner during the first weeks of his illness. Finding, a little later, that his friend wondered at his silence, he took up the thread of correspondence, and from then till the time of Sumner's complete recovery wrote to him frequently; keeping watch over every symptom as reported to him, advising, admonishing, cheering and sympathizing. A few of these letters will suffice to show their tenor.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, June 20th, 1856.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I have felt that the best thing your friends could do for you personally was to drop their correspondence while your brain and nervous system were so disturbed and enfeebled.

I hear from others now that you are again vigorous, and able to attend to business; my only business is to ask you to be careful of your health, to husband your energies, and above all to persevere in regarding the assault made upon you as you would one made by a bulldog or a drunken bully. Your honour is intact; it cannot be attainted by all the bullies of the South. I would not give to Bully Brooks the honour of one moment's time or thought, or at least more than one moment to say that you cannot answer the hounds that bay at you.

I have worked myself ill about Kansas. We have got many Hunkers to subscribe to our fund, but it is heavy work.

Skinner,[1] Beebe,[2] and some of that ilk have got hold of some of our Committee and frightened them out of making more effort. We shall hardly get $20,000 in Boston. I have offered to go to Kansas and carry the aid: they hesitate about letting me, not because of risk to my life and health, but, as I surmise, from a sort of notion, given by others, that the money of Boston Hunkers must not be perverted to making capital for the Free-soilers.

Faithfully,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, June 26th, 1856.

DEAREST SUMNER: — I wrote to you several days ago, and explained my previous silence by saying what I have felt deeply — that your friends should not call upon you even to read a letter. It was needless for me to say how deeply and keenly I have sorrowed for your sufferings. In fact I have hardly dared trust myself to think about your situation: it was too painful. I have none of that foolish feeling which some have about your having suffered any indignity or insult; the *Gorgias* cured me of all that nonsense; you were the honoured, your assailant the dishonoured party.

But I write with an aching head; I am half sick. I told you of my offer to carry the aid to Kansas, and the Committee's non-acceptance; they have changed their thought and wish me to go. If I get strong again soon perhaps I shall.

Good-bye, God bless you!

S. G. H.

In the sum of my father's labours there was always plenty of addition and multiplication, but seldom any subtraction.

[1] Francis Skinner. [2] J. M. Beebe.

In undertaking this heavy and harassing work for Kansas, he gave up none of his other multifarious duties; this was simply added to the rest. The result might well have been a serious breakdown if he had allowed it to be so. The beginning of this summer vacation found him in no condition to undertake the long and toilsome journey to Kansas; but he had offered to go, and the offer had been accepted; the obstacle of ill-health was therefore to be overcome. He did overcome it so far as to perform the required service; but his physical unfitness for the task is evidenced by the despondent tone of one or more of his letters.

On June 30th he wrote to Horace Mann as follows:

MY DEAR MANN: — Downer says you think I have forgotten you. I have written to you once at least, I think twice, since I had a stingy note from you. Forget to love Horace Mann! — when I do that I shall be little worth in this world!

I have not been surprised at your silence, for I know how absorbing of time work can be to one who does so little as I do; and with you, who do more on the day of rest than I, or any other man of my acquaintance, in the working six, — with you it is *all* absorbing. No hit here at your breaking the —th commandment! (Which is it?)

I am in vacation, but have fairly broken down, for I foolishly (like an old unwise donkey) undertook to pull the labouring oar on the Kansas Aid Committee, and had to row the boat and all the crew. My family are all at Newport on my farm, and the Lord knows how I long to be with them; but I am going to try to get out to Kansas to carry some aid and help the cause — a cause than in which none can die better. Would that you and I could travel somewhere together in this sphere! What of that northern trip? If I am well enough I shall start on Wednesday or Thursday for

Chicago. I must put myself in relations with the committee there. . . .

You shall hear again soon from

Yours affectionately,

S. G. HOWE.

Whether well enough or not, my father did start. The following letters to the treasurer of the Faneuil Hall Committee, Mr. Patrick T. Jackson, and to Mr. Sumner, tell briefly the story of the journey.

BUFFALO, JULY 8th, '56.

P. T. Jackson, Esq.,

MY DEAR SIR: — I am not coming *from* Kansas, as the date might lead you to suppose; I am going thitherward.

I delayed my departure from Newport in order to go in company with Whitman,[1] and then concluded it was best for me to attend the Convention to be held here to-morrow. Several Kansas men are here, and I have learned enough about the manner in which things have been conducted to feel obliged to beg your Committee not to send out any more money until you hear further from me. You should, I think, resist whatever pressure is made. The loss of guns and money[2] is bad enough; the moral effect of blunders and failures is worse.

Men and arms can be more securely and cheaply *drawn* into Kansas than forced in.

More anon. I hope to leave to-morrow evening for Kansas. I trust however that no mention will be made of the movement. Yours,

S. G. HOWE.

[1] E. B. Whitman.

[2] This alludes to the capture at Lexington, Missouri, of 100 rifles carried in the river steamer Arabia by D. S. Hoyt of Deerfield, who in August was murdered in Kansas by the Border Ruffians. — F. B. S.

To P. T. Jackson

QUINCY, IOWA, July 22nd.

DEAR SIR: — As we approach the river Missouri, we begin to get definite information.

The emigrants *en route* are more numerous than I had supposed. We have passed two companies of Illinois men beside those enumerated in my last.

Lane is concentrating his force about [——] above Nebraska City, and may attempt to *force* a passage there. It is *said* here and along the road that Gen. Persifor Smith and the Missourians are determined to stop the train of emigration. They will, I doubt not, demand their arms; this may be refused and a collision ensue.

All accounts from the Territory represent that many Free State men are preparing to leave; they despair of succour and peace.

I have a letter which speaks of the effect of the distribution of the $2,000, which we sent on. One man says "It *saved the cause;*" he meant I suppose for a short time. I doubt not that the moral effect was great.

By all means, and every consideration, urge on and multiply the subscriptions; everything depends upon the East.

The people of Iowa are all in a blaze of indignation, but have no means. They will however go in for Fremont.

Truly yours,

S. G. HOWE.

To Charles Sumner

MT. TABOR,[1] FRONTIER OF NEBRASKA, July 27th, 1856.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — Ever since the 4th July I have been on the move in the cause of Kansas. I have traversed

[1] Tabor was and is a town in Iowa through which the emigrants and John Brown moved in and out of Nebraska and Kansas, — the Missouri river below Leavenworth being unsafe for them since the capture of Hoyt and his rifles. — F. B. S.

the whole length of the State of Iowa on horseback or in a cart, sleeping in said cart or in worse lodgings, among dirty men on the floor of dirty huts. We have organized a pretty good line of communication between our base and the corps of emigrants who have now advanced into the territory of Nebraska. Everything depends upon the success of the attempt to break through the *cordon infernale* which Missouri has drawn across the northern frontier of Kansas.

The men are all ready for a fight, — pity that such a man as Lane [1] is at the head. We shall do all we can to keep a bit in his mouth. I am going to try to get into Kansas by going down the Missouri and passing by the route from Leavenworth to Lawrence. Am off now.

Adieu!

S. G. Howe.

To P. T. Jackson

Camp of the Emigration, Nebraska Territory,
July 29th, '56.

Dear Sir: — I find myself headed off from going into Kansas by the land route, in consequence of the measures taken by Missourians to oppose the progress of this emigration. Two riders have just come in who exchanged shots with a party of scouts. The only chance of entrance is by two days' hard riding, and two nights' exposure on the ground; to which, alas! I am no longer equal. . . .

I left the west bank of the Missouri this morning, and there was no boat up — consequently there will be none down for at least four days to come; probably there will not be any for a week. I have lost so much time, I have suffered so much from exposure and privations, and above all, my duties at home will be so pressing toward the end of next month, that I think of leaving for the East at once, or very soon, and leav-

[1] J. H. Lane.

ing the distribution in the Territory to other hands. Luckily I have already been able to assist several sufferers. I moreover have found here and elsewhere some of the most reliable citizens of Kansas, whose counsels are valuable. If I should get to Lawrence I could not stay to make the distribution, only to appoint the almoners; this I can do here. Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Whitman are all reliable men. I have been now for three weeks intimately associated with Mr. Whitman and I find him to ring clear and sound to the core.

I may yet, however, feel strong enough for a dash over the border.

The emigration is indeed a noble one; sturdy, industrious, temperate, resolute men.

I have used all my influence (and, as member of the National Committee, and advising the disposal of their funds, it is considerable) to sever entirely the connection of General Lane with the emigration. The captains or leaders in a meeting to-day took measures to prevent his rejoining the camp.

I wish our friends in the East could know the character and behaviour of these emigrants. They are and have been for two weeks encamped upon these vast prairies waiting patiently for the signal to move, exhausting all peaceful resources and negotiations before resorting to force. There is no *liquor* in the *whole camp;* no smoking, no swearing, no irregularity. They drink cold water, live mostly on mush and rice and the simplest, cheapest fare. They have instruction for the little children; they have Sunday schools, prayer meetings, and are altogether a most sober and earnest community. Most of the loafers have dropped off. The Wisconsin company, about one hundred, give a tone to all the others.

I could give you a picture of the drunken, rollicking ruffians

who oppose this emigration — but you know it. Will the North allow such an emigration to be shut out of the national territory by such brigands?

Ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

P. S. Please show this to some of our friends of the Emigrant Aid Company.

To P. T. Jackson

CAMP OF THE EMIGRATION, WEEPING WATER,
Nebraska Territory, July 31st.

DEAR SIR: — I made an attempt yesterday to carry out the plan mentioned and go down the Missouri to Leavenworth, and so *up* to Lawrence, but got lost in the woods and missed the boat. There will not be any other for a week or so.

It is well, however, that we failed, for it is now certain that the boats going down the river, as well as those coming up, are narrowly watched by spies, and every man who cannot show that he is *right on the goose*, that is, not anti-slavery, is molested, bullied, and prevented from entering Kansas. A messenger was sent from the emigrant train here, nine days ago, to Fort Leavenworth, asking for an escort, but nothing has been heard from him. He has been doubtless forced to keep on his way down to Saint Louis, and prevented from landing anywhere.

We learn also from other sources that the boats on the river are beset by spies and ruffians, are hauled up at various places and thoroughly searched for anti-slavery men.

The only sure way now of getting into the Territory is to accompany this expedition, and as it is now about four hundred strong, and has asked in vain for an escort, it will go in and protect itself. I hazard nothing in saying that all the force Missouri will bring will not stop this train. It will,

however, take at least two weeks to perform the journey, for the families have to be drawn slowly along by oxen. It would take two or three weeks more to effect distribution in the Territory, and my duties at home imperatively call me to be there before the end of August.

I have, however, had great satisfaction in distributing part of the funds to aid people of Kansas whom I have found scattered over the country, some in great want, and some noble men in this train who are working their way back to their chosen home.

I have made arrangements for Messrs. E. B. Whitman, A. A. Jamieson and S. C. Pomeroy to act as a commission for distribution in the Territory.

I will send you an account of what has been done, and of the instructions given to the Commission.

It is very important that this train should go on firmly, prudently and successfully; and I have been able, without diverting our funds from their proper distribution, to assist its progress.

It is now rid of Col. Lane's presence and the disadvantage of the military aspect which that presence gave it.

I will send you further accounts.

Truly yours,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

Camp of the Emigrants, Nebraska Territory,
July 31st ('56).

My dear Sumner: — I am glad to be able to state to you that this emigration (the head column of which numbers four hundred) has at last put itself right by getting rid of Col. Lane, who has remained behind in Iowa. The emigration is a peaceful one. The party is not military, they are not so well armed as ordinary emigrants. They have families, oxen, cows, ploughs, etc., etc. They have sent a messenger to Fort

Leavenworth to demand an escort, for scouts had gone to the Kansas frontier and had met the marauders, who are gathering in considerable force. It is all a mockery to say that the United States troops have driven out the Missouri ruffians. The army has played into the hands of slaveocrats, and though the sympathies of Col. Sumner and of the *soldiers* were with the Free State men, yet the *officers* — most of them slaveocrats — have carried out the *spirit* of the instructions of the Administration — which were to put down the Free State men. Excepting a few loafers who followed Col. Lane and joined the train, the emigrants in this expedition are a noble band. I have been among them and observed them closely; they are sober, resolute, working men. They will go ahead. If they get no escort they will get supplies of arms, and march into the Territory in spite of all that Missouri can do to prevent them. If opposed by United States troops they will not resist, but will give up their arms.

What a scene! and what considerations does it involve, to find eastern and western emigrants, men from New England and from Indiana and Illinois, slowly and painfully drawing their families in carts with oxen across the whole State of Iowa because Missourians block up the highway of the river by which the emigration would naturally go to Kansas! How long will the North eat dirt and not turn sick?

I have *seen* several slaves *in the Territory*. By and by we shall have a fight over Nebraska.

Adieu! S. G. Howe.

Everything possible has been done to get rid of Lane, and though he may possibly rejoin in case of hostilities, he is probably checkmated here.[1]

[1] Col. J. H. Lane, afterwards Senator and brigadier-general, was troublesome just then, but very useful soon afterward. For Col. Walker's account of arguing with Lane in this matter, see *Life and Letters of John Brown*, (Boston, Little & Brown).— F. B. S.

My father returned to Boston about the middle of August, and was for some days prostrated by an intermittent fever.

The Hon. Andrew D. White, speaking of this episode, says: "Dr. Howe . . . had been imprisoned . . . for attempting to aid the Poles; had narrowly escaped with life while struggling in Greece against Turkey; and had braved death again and again while aiding the free-State men against the pro-slavery myrmidons of Kansas. He told me that of all these three experiences, he considered the last one by far the most dangerous." [1]

When my father recovered from this brief illness, he and Mr. Hyatt prepared and presented their report as already mentioned; it is a paper of deep interest, but I can give but a brief extract from it.

"We found on July 30th, among the emigrants encamped, thirty-eight women and children, a part of the latter being babies at the breast, most of the rest less than eight years of age, and none over thirteen. Of the men and women, there were grandfathers and grandmothers journeying with their children and children's children to the promised land. The little encampment above described, which was composed of twenty-five tents and twenty-three covered wagons, we found pitched on the prairies of Nebraska, by the banks of a winding stream, furnishing water for the cattle and cool groves for their shelter — some twenty-five or thirty yoke of oxen, with a few horses and cows, make up the sum of their live stock. The fare of almost the entire company has been of the plainest description — such as only soldiers are accustomed to — yet throughout the whole encampment, no discontent at their privations manifested itself — all were cheerful and hopeful. But one complaint seemed universal, and that was *want of*

[1] Andrew D. White, Autobiography.

arms. The reports of hostile parties on the border, brought in by scouts, caused the men to feel keenly the absence of proper means of self defence. 'We are willing,' said they, 'to endure privations; we are not afraid to meet enemies; we are not afraid to meet death; but we would like, for our lives, an even chance, at least. We ought to be provided with arms, we ought not to go in with our naked hands to meet foes armed to the teeth, and then, if overpowered and driven back, be charged with cowardice by men at the North, who do all their fighting while sitting in cushioned chairs within the happy shadows of their own comfortable homes.'"

The following letter shows that my father had no idea of resting from his labours in behalf of Kansas.

To Charles Sumner

BOSTON, AUG. 23d, 1856.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I returned from the West a few days ago. . . .

My mission did not succeed in the way proposed, but turned out to be very satisfactory, and, I trust, useful. I was able to hamstring Lane, and to afford much material aid and moral support to the emigration. On that, as you know, much depended, and it was in a most critical situation when I arrived in Nebraska. But more of this another time.

I look back with great sorrow and regret at the train of circumstances which have kept me from your side when, as I *now learn*, my presence might have been pleasant and useful to you. I cannot however reproach myself, for when I would have gone I could not, and when I could, it did not seem to us here that it was well for you to have any visitors. As soon as my vacation commenced, I felt bound to go upon the Kansas mission; it seemed a duty — the last one of the kind in life

that I should ever be called upon to fulfil — and I undertook it. I would most gladly have gone to you, but it did not seem desirable, even if the call westward had been less strong. I long to see you more than I can tell you.

I am bound to attend a meeting of the National Kansas Aid Committee at Saratoga on the 27th; and bound to be back here on the 2d of September. Can I see you in the intermediate time? I cannot however get an answer from you in season, and must try to learn your movements (if you move) from some one else. But for going to see you, I should proceed from Saratoga on the 28th to Newport, and spend the last days of vacation with my family. Could you send me word by telegraph or otherwise to the United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs, by Wednesday, 27th? I shall count a journey of a few hundred miles as nothing for the sake of being a day or two with you.[1]

Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

[1] Sumner was at this time in upper Pennsylvania, very slowly gaining from the brutal assault of Brooks. The meeting of the Kansas Aid Society at Saratoga was the last in the East, until that one in New York City Jan. 27th, 1857, when John Brown was present. Dr. Howe was there represented by his proxy, F. B. Sanborn, and $5,000 was voted to Brown. The National Committee, as a whole, never met again.

Dr. Howe made a second journey to Kansas in May and June, 1857, sometimes in company with Senator Henry Wilson, afterwards Vice-President. They spoke together at a public meeting in Lawrence May 27th, and at the same meeting speeches were made by R. J. Walker, the newly appointed Governor of the Territory, and Rev. John Pierpont, preacher and poet. The errand of Wilson was a political one; he wished to persuade the Free State men to vote at a special election which the new Governor promised to order, and which he declared should be a fair one. The Free State men were divided on the policy of voting under the fraudulent Territorial laws, — Wilson strongly advocating it, Judge Conway, and others of the radical party opposing it, while Dr. Howe and others were undecided. Wilson offered to return to the East and raise a few thousand dollars to aid in taking the voters' census, and in carrying the October election; pending the raising of the money, the question remained unsettled. Dr. Howe spent some days in Kansas, and visited Horace Mann at Antioch College on his way home. Late in June, 1857, he attended a private meeting called by Wilson in Boston, at which were present Dr. Howe and his particular friends, F. W. Bird, Charles Francis Adams, William Claflin (afterwards Governor), J. B. Alley, George L.

I find no letters describing his second trip to Kansas save the following one to Horace Mann, written by my father on his way home. It will be seen that he was in better health and spirits than the year before.

On one or both of these trips he found time to visit the School for Blind at St. Louis, of which he had brought about the foundation several years before.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, June 25th, 1857.

MY DEAR MANN: — I reproached myself all the way from Yellow Springs to Buffalo for having missed the opportunity (often longed for) of spending a long day with you: but on arrival I found it was well for others that I hastened on. Mrs. Howe had become uneasy and worried, and was sitting up at midnight for me.

We had a prosperous journey home. My trip of over three thousand miles had been without accident, delay, or even failure of communication. This will only increase the feeling on my next departure, which I have had on every departure of late years — "Well! at last my luck will turn, and this journey will be the last I shall ever make."

I have thought much about you and your future. I have an impression that the college [1] will "*cave in.*" I have been

Stearns, Chairman of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee, A. A. Lawrence and a few others. It was decided to raise $2,500 in Boston to carry the October election, and the friends just named aided in contributing. Thomas J. Marsh, afterward known as the superintendent of the Tewksbury State Almshouse, was sent out to Kansas in July with $3,000 or more, and this money was so judiciously used, under his direction, that the October election was carried by the Free State voters, and the legislative control of the Territory passed into Free State hands. This led to the removal of Gov. Walker by President Buchanan, and Buchanan's attempt to fasten slavery upon Kansas by Congressional action. The quarrel between Buchanan and Douglas of Illinois followed; the Democratic party was split in two, Abraham Lincoln came upon the scene, in contest with Douglas for a seat in the national Senate, and the freedom of Kansas, after several years, was secured.— F. B. S.

[1] Antioch.

wondering whether it has ever occurred to you to buy it in and carry it on yourself. If it should be sold very low, and you were disposed to form a company, could not one be got up among your friends? I would work for it; and though my ready money is never plenty, I would go in for a thousand dollars in earnest of my good will, and to authorise me to beg of others. Put this in your big mental crucible and see what can come of it. It may be worthless dross.

You are mistaken, Mann, about my attachment here; I have a feeling that I should be useless anywhere else, and that more than anything else keeps me here. I have more than half a mind to pull up and go to Kansas.

We are feeling now, worse than ever, the sad results of the old coalition of "Straight-out-Free-soilers" with Gentiles. I do not at all like this Banks nomination,[1] and cannot be consoled by the thought of beating that bold, bad Gardner. Not even Sumner's reëlection was worth the price paid by the coalition. There is an utter demoralization of the party; and the Gentiles would have ousted Sumner last winter if Brooks had not made it impossible.

But I will not enter this sad field now with you. The Lord reigneth, and man cannot defeat the programme which He laid down; we shall work out our own salvation; but I would fain have folks do what certainly can be done — shorten the period of trial, and lessen the amount of penalty to be paid for sin and short coming.

With kind regards to your family,

Ever yours, S. G. Howe.

I doubt if my father ever thought seriously of moving to Kansas; but he bought several parcels of land there, and maintained to the end of his life a keen interest in all the affairs of the Territory.

[1] For Governor of Massachusetts. He was elected.

In 1857 and the year immediately following, this interest was to take a new and vivid form.

The story of John Brown belongs to American history; I can do no more than touch briefly upon those points of it with which my father had concern.

My mother, in her *Reminiscences*, says:

"Some time in the fifties, my husband spoke to me of a very remarkable man, of whom, he said, I should be sure to hear sooner or later. This man, Dr. Howe said, seemed to intend to devote his life to the redemption of the coloured race from slavery, even as Christ had willingly offered his life for the salvation of mankind. It was enjoined upon me that I should not mention to any one this confidential communication; and to make sure that I should not, I allowed the whole matter to pass out of my thoughts. It may have been a year or more later that Dr. Howe said to me: 'Do you remember that man of whom I spoke to you — the one who wished to be a saviour for the negro race?' I replied in the affirmative. 'That man,' said the doctor, 'will call here this afternoon. You will receive him. His name is John Brown.' Thus admonished, I watched for the visitor, and prepared to admit him myself when he should ring at the door.

"This took place at our house in South Boston, where it was not at all *infra dig.* for me to open my own door. At the expected time I heard the bell ring, and, on answering it, beheld a middle-aged, middle-sized man, with hair and beard of amber colour, streaked with gray. He looked a Puritan of the Puritans, forceful, concentrated, and self-contained. We had a brief interview, of which I only remember my great gratification at meeting one of whom I had heard so good an account. I saw him once again at Dr. Howe's office, and then heard no more of him for some time."

Brown was indeed "a Puritan of the Puritans," being descended from one of the Mayflower company. He was born in Connecticut in 1800, and five years later his family moved to Ohio. Here, a growing boy, he came in contact with slaves and their masters; and at twelve years old he swore "Eternal War with Slavery," and deliberately began to prepare himself for the heroic struggle which was to end only with his life.

In the spring of 1855 he started with his wife and children for Kansas, the land which he and his were to defend with their blood. Here he and his sons fought the Border Ruffians; here one of his sons, after winning a battle, was murdered in cold blood, not far from the spot where now stands the monument which commemorates the father's heroism at Osawatomie.

My father never saw John Brown in Kansas, but he was one of the first to welcome him when he came to Boston early in 1857. Brown's avowed purpose was to obtain money and arms to carry on the war against slavery in Kansas. In this effort he had the hearty support of most of the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts. The year before, the people of the Bay State had sent $100,000 in money, arms and clothing, to support the Free State colonists and their armed champions, and she was ready to do still more.

Brown came and went, making many visits at the house of George L. Stearns, that silent but devoted friend of freedom, who is probably better known in Heaven than his modesty allowed him to be in this world.

It was not till the following year, 1858, that Brown disclosed to his friends in Massachusetts his long-meditated plan for the destruction of slavery in the South. To my father and many others this revelation came as a great surprise. Armed resistance to the forcible enslaving of a new Territory was a perilous enterprise, but an active campaign

in the stronghold of slavery was a well-nigh desperate one. Still, my father had such faith in the loftiness of Brown's purpose and such sympathy with his mission that he did at first aid in raising money to further his plans; later, coming to see more of the matter, he regretfully withdrew from active support of the man whom he admired and revered.

Still he felt that Brown's plan was not wholly impracticable. My mother says concerning this plan:

"Brown had been led to hope that, upon a certain signal, the slaves would rise in such numbers that he and they would become masters of the situation with little or no bloodshed. Neither he nor those who were concerned with him had it at all in mind to stir up the slaves to acts of cruelty and revenge. The plan was simply to combine them in large numbers, and in a position so strong that the question of their freedom would be decided then and there, possibly even without a battle."

Early in 1859, Brown was again in Boston, and my father wrote concerning him to John M. Forbes: "If you would like to hear an honest, keen, and veteran backwoodsman disclose some plans for delivering our land from the curse of slavery, the bearer will do so. I think I know him well. He is of the Puritan militant order. He is an enthusiast, yet cool, keen and cautious. He has a martyr's spirit. He will ask nothing of you but the pledge that you keep to yourself what he may say."

Commenting on the connection between Brown and my father, Mr. Sanborn says:

"Brown and Dr. Howe were nearly of the same age — Brown a year and a half older; they were much of the same build and figure, though very unlike in temperament and training. Brown was the last of the Puritans; Howe was one of the Cavaliers, but with an enthusiasm for liberty as

warm as Sidney's or Colonel Hutchinson's. Their likeness and their unlikeness drew them together."

In October, 1859, came the tragedy of Harper's Ferry. John Brown, with eighteen devoted followers, took possession of the armory and the town, and was for a few short hours master of the situation; but — for reasons never fully understood — instead of following up his victory, he lingered in the place he had conquered until it changed to the trap which was sprung upon him. The militia appeared, summoned in haste by the terrified citizens; Brown was wounded and taken prisoner, and shortly after tried and executed.

This wild deed and its tragic consequences naturally roused great excitement throughout the country. Brown's Northern friends were divided in their counsels; his enemies and the enemies of freedom everywhere filled the air with accusations and rumours, each more extravagant than the last. My father published the following "card."

BOSTON, November 19th, 1859.

Rumour has mingled my name with the events at Harper's Ferry. So long as it rested on such absurdities as letters written *to* me by Colonel Forbes [1] or others, it was too idle for

[1] Hugh Forbes, to whom my father here alludes, was an Englishman of some military skill, and was hired by Brown to train his followers. Not receiving the pay he expected, Forbes wrote threatening letters to my father and others, demanding money, and insisting that Brown be deposed from command of the band of liberators. The following extract is from my father's final reply to Forbes.

"I infer from your language that you have obtained (in confidence) some information respecting an expedition which you think would be commendable provided *you* could manage it, but which you will *betray* and *denounce* if Brown does not give it [2] up! You are, sir, the guardian of your own honour; but I trust that for your children's sake at least you will never let your passion lead you to a course that might make them blush. In order, however, to disabuse you of any lingering notion that I, or any of the members of the late Kansas Committee (whom I know intimately) have any responsibility for Captain Brown's actions, I wish to say that the very last communication I sent to him was in order to signify the earnest wish of certain gentlemen, whom you name as his supporters, that he should go at once to Kansas and give his aid in the coming elections. Whether he will do so or not, we do not know."

[2] *I. e.* the management.

notice. But when complicity is distinctly charged by one of the parties engaged, my friends beseech me to define my position; and I consent, the less reluctantly, because I divest myself of what, in time, might be considered an honour, and I want no undeserved ones.

The outbreak at Harper's Ferry was unforeseen and unexpected by me; nor does all my previous knowledge of John Brown enable me to reconcile it with his characteristic prudence, and his reluctance to shed blood, or excite servile insurrection. It is still to me a mystery and a marvel. As to the heroic man who planned and led that forlorn hope, my relations with him in former times were such as no man ought to be afraid or ashamed to avow. If ever my testimony to his high qualities can be of use to him or his, it shall be forthcoming at the fitting time and place. But neither this nor any other testimony shall be extorted for unrighteous purposes, if I can help it.

There are, among the statutes of our Union, certain weapons, concealed as are the claws of a cat, in a velvet paw, which are seemingly harmless, but are really deadly instruments by which we of the North may be forced to uphold and defend the barbarous system of human slavery. For instance, a dishonest Judge, in the remotest South or in far-off California, may, upon the affidavit of any white person that the testimony of any citizen of Massachusetts is wanted in a criminal suit, send a marshal, who may take such citizen before the Judge, and there, among strangers, force him to recognize for his appearance in Court, or be committed to jail. Upon the stand, such expressions of opinion may be drawn from him as will mark him for an Abolitionist, and turn him out of the Court House to the tender mercies of a people once called chivalrous and generous, but among whom the love of fair play seems rapidly dying out.

Such martyrdom might be coveted by some, if any high

purpose were to be gained by it; but it is especially undesirable when the testimony is not sought with open and righteous, but with false and revengeful purpose. I am told by high legal authority that Massachusetts is so trammelled by the bonds of the Union that as matters now stand she cannot, or dare not, protect her citizens from such forcible extradition, and that each one must protect himself as best he may. Upon that hint I shall act; preferring to forego anything rather than the right to free thought and free speech.

Yours faithfully,

S. G. Howe.

This brief paper requires a word of explanation. My father knew that Brown intended at some time to enter Virginia, establish fortified camps, and offer the slaves their freedom; he did not know, (nor, I think, did anyone), that the old Borderer contemplated an act of insurrection.

The " card " was written with the intention of emphasizing the fact that Brown had acted exclusively on his own responsibility in the Harper's Ferry affair. In this way, it seemed to my father and some of his friends, the affair might be shown in its true light, as the individual act of an enthusiast rather than the result of a wide-spread conspiracy; and thus, it was hoped, the offence might be condoned and Brown's life spared.

The writing of the " card " was the impulse of a chivalrous nature. Characteristically heedless of self, and intent upon the point he had in view, my father failed to make his disclaimer explicit. The consequence (which a self-conscious man or a precisian would have foreseen) was that in the heat of the moment it was variously understood and misunderstood by friends and enemies. At this distance of time, and taken in connection with the following letters, in

which he lays bare his heart to the two friends whom he most deeply loved and revered, it seems sufficiently clear.

MONTREAL, November 20th, 1859.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — You arrive in Boston after a long absence, and I fail to be there to hail your coming! I could hardly have conceived any circumstances, a month ago, that would have occasioned this; and yet they have arisen.

It seemed to Andrew and other friends that the best chance for heroic old John Brown was the appearance of his having acted on his own motion and responsibility, and without the active coöperation of organized committees or prominent individuals in the North; hence, that those whose names had been introduced and who were really able to do so should deny all knowledge of the Harper's Ferry plot. Being in that category, I published a card which you may have seen in the papers. At the same time, as I might be made to say something of other practical anti-slavery work of his, I chose to keep out of the way for a time.

I am not quite sure that I acted wisely in yielding to the pressure, but am sure I meant to do the best I could.

It will be of some use if my expatriation and its cause should draw attention to the infamous act by which Southern slaveholders can throw the lasso over northern citizens when they are wanted for wicked purposes. . . . When shall I see you? My vacation expires with this month, and I shall then go home unless strongly advised to keep away; *perhaps* even if so advised. I want to see something of Canada, and shall improve this opportunity.

Yours, ever,

S. G. HOWE.

To Theodore Parker

BOSTON, January 22nd, 1860.

MY DEAR PARKER: — What a gulf of time and space between us! How have I passed so long a time without writing to you? Why? Ah me! it would take longer to tell you than I have time and heart for; but in part, first and foremost, my lack of visual nervous power. . . . Second, John Brown, — noble, martyred Brown, whose shoe-latchets none of us are worthy to unloose — his onslaught and *les tristes suites* — my exile and other things. The *suites* are not yet exhausted. To begin at the end: I came down from Concord yesterday, where I had been staying a few days to avoid being summoned by the Congressional inquisitorial committee, their messenger being in these parts. He hit Sanborn last Monday [1] and I, upon the plan of the negro who, being shut up in a house in a bombardment, planted himself just before the hole made by a ball, saying "you can't possibly hit just thar again" — upon his plan I took up my abode in Concord a few days.

This Committee of the Senate [2] is extra-judicial, inquisitorial, illegal, as I believe, and infernal in its objects and purposes as I know. It is another concession of power to the South, another bulwark of freedom down. It drags men and may drag women from any part of the country to the Capitol, and there makes them criminate themselves, perhaps, and make themselves and their friends obnoxious in fifteen States — nay, makes it impossible for them to go there. Worst of all, it is yielding up an important principle. I have denounced this Committee to Sumner in the strongest terms I can use, telling him that the formation of it is the saddest feature of the times, except the fact that in the Senate, where

[1] Meaning that the U. S. Marshal on that day served a summons on F. B. Sanborn in Concord.

[2] Made up of Mason of Virginia, Jefferson Davis, etc., in December, 1859.

unanimity never exists even upon matters of plain justice, no one was found to oppose it lest he should damage that shaking vessel the Republican Party. Yet I shall probably go before this infernal Committee, for divers reasons, and partly because I want to rectify some mistakes or missteps I have made. Now to begin at the beginning: I had lost sight and knowledge of Brown for some time before the Harper's Ferry affair. When he was here last spring the first words I said to him were, "Captain Brown, don't tell me what you are about or where you are going, and let me advise you not to tell any one else." He afterwards pleaded to and with me to fulfil a half promise, made long ago, to help him raise funds; but we differed on a very important point — the right to take horses and other property in order to pay the expenses of running off slaves. He came with a gallant youth, the handsome Anderson[1] whom you remember, and made a deliberate attempt to convince me of my errors. He first assailed my position with apt texts from the Old Testament. I defended it by saying that I could not admit their authority. He then took up the New Testament and I was forced reluctantly to say, "My good friend, with all my reverence for Scripture I cannot admit its texts as guides of my conduct in this anti-slavery enterprise." The good man was sorely perplexed and grieved, but went at my position with what logical weapons he could wield. . . . Well, we parted, under a sort of protest; the old man saying sadly as he went away, "You must not forget me and my work." He afterwards wrote me an urgent letter, asking me for aid, but without saying where he was or what he was about, and I sent him a draft for fifty dollars as an earnest of my confidence in him and faith in his adhesion to what he so often assured me was his purpose, — to avoid bloodshed and servile insurrection. He got the money, but the evidence

[1] Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana, slain at Harper's Ferry.

of the fact and my name fell into the hands of the enemy. This fact and another, that I had once sent him a rifle and pistols which he had with him, and other things, made Governor Wise and others believe that I was one of the chief instigators of Brown's raid. After careful consultation with friends of the cause, I concluded that a public disclaimer by me of knowledge of the Harper's Ferry affair would rather help Brown than otherwise, because if he were shown to be an isolated individual, acting for himself, and not the agent of others, the affair would be less formidable, and the desire of vengeance less strong. In this belief I published a " card," which you may have seen. I meant, of course, to convey only the impression that I was not party to nor privy to the raid; but did not mean that it should be taken for an entire disclaimer of my former relations with Brown. I meant that, so far as it had any effect, it should increase the chances of Brown's escape, and I still believe that if others could have followed my example — could have repressed any public manifestation of sympathy, and shown, so far as they could truthfully do it, that they had no part in or knowledge of the old man's plans — that *his* head alone planned the enterprise, his energies gathered the men and his arm struck the blow, and all without the knowledge or sympathy of any but a trio or quartette of friends — if this could have been done (and it might have been done without violation of truth) Brown might have been now alive. I am very sorry, however, that my " card " seems to have conveyed an impression stronger than I meant it to do — that of a total disclaimer.

About this time it became certain that Wise and the fire-eaters devised a plan for getting hold of certain obnoxious anti-slavery men (myself among others) and punishing them by Virginia law or lynch law. The attempt to remove Stevens's case from the State Courts of Virginia into the Circuit Court of the United States was to compel our attend-

ance as witnesses, and was not the only evidence of this. Of course once in Virginia our lives would not have been worth a farthing. I took pains to ascertain the public feeling, and found that in *Suffolk County* I could not be protected from the Marshal — that the judges would not respect the *habeas corpus*. Out of Suffolk and in Worcester, for instance, I should have been protected by the people; but out of Suffolk I could do no good, my time would be lost, and so I went to Canada, where I stayed till after the dreadful 2nd of December.[1] I made arrangements to give exhibitions of some blind children in some of the large cities and before Parliament, so as to create a public sentiment that would create institutions for this class of persons.[2] Having done this I returned home and went about my business.

It seems now that the Virginia authorities have decided to try Stevens and Hazlett in the State Court, and the trial is set down for February 1st. When that trial has really been had, and the men are condemned or acquitted, *that* trap will have been sprung, and Northern men may, if they choose, obey the summons of the inquisitorial Committee and go to Washington, without fear of being carried over the Ferry into Virginia [nominally] as witnesses, but really as victims for the maw of the slavery mob. There will then be only the fear of indignities and personal violence in Washington. For one I shall be inclined to face these, but such men as Wendell Phillips should not. There are reasons for my wishing to testify in some formal way about Brown, and to set myself *rectus in curia* about the Harper's Ferry matter. I want to express the admiration and respect I feel for the old hero, and think I

[1] The date of Brown's execution.

[2] Long before this my father began to interest himself in the blind of Canada. In 1854 he writes to Dr. Litchfield of Montreal:

"I wish that the means and appliances at my command in this Institution could be made useful to the cause of the blind in Canada. Were a movement in their behalf in any of the States in need of assistance, I should know how to render it."

ought to do it. On the other hand is the dislike to seeming to recognise the authority of this infamous tribunal and obey its insolent demands. The more I think of it the more dangerous seems to me this new form of Southern despotism, the more outrageous of all the ordinary principles of administration of justice. If any offence has been committed it was committed in Massachusetts and should there be tried. . . .

Dear Parker, I wish we had you here with your great Thor's hammer, to smite this iniquity. Think of it! not a Republican Senator, not even Charles Sumner, to protest against the measure! Verily the Senate ought to be sent to the limbo of lost and useless things, not on account of this last abomination it has perpetrated, but because it originated in a superstition, in an aping of the British Parliament, I suppose; because it is aristocratic in its features, useless in its best form, and horribly perverse and mischievous in its present position. . . .

Sumner has gone gallantly to his post and is too full of fight, I think. I have warned him against saying a word not qualified by benevolence and charity. Wilson, absorbed in the Republican Party, is angry and impatient when even the Anti-slavery breeze, which wafted him into power and place, blows harder than suits his purpose, and especially when it threatens a tempest. He owns the breeze; the Republican Party is the end and aim of "Anti-slavery;" the party will be lost if this storm continues. He would

> "Mourn for those who'd perish in the cutter,
> But more, alas! for biscuit-casks and butter."

Downer, over head and ears in oil, is coining his body and brain, his health and his peace into *demn'd dollars!* It grieves me to see such a keen and polished blade degraded into a tool to dig up gold ore. I must tell you such a good

thing he jerked out yesterday; we were talking about matters spiritual, and I asked him whether he really and implicitly believed in a future life. Said he, "My organisation does not permit me to believe in it, but Christ did, and I mean to throw the responsibility on Him and '*run for luck!*'" Ah! Parker, how general is this feeling! Christians, as they call themselves, shirk the thought and the preparation — throw the burden on the great Master and "*run for luck.*" It is a rude, perhaps coarse, but very virile and vivid expression.

Generally we are doing well. The community is in a wholesome state of agitation. The lines are being drawn. Our Representatives (the Northern ones) go armed, and there is prospect that with so many sparks flying about in the powder magazine there may be a blow up. Well — the Lord will save the pieces, and we'll have a Northern Union worth saving. I'm afraid, however, that however weak may be the political bonds, the commercial ones will keep us in the position of underlings and vassals still longer, — some score or so of years. Our children will see better times.

Speaking of children: Samuel South Boston,[1] the real one, came along on Christmas night, a hale, hearty fellow. . . .

My father went to Washington, and was examined on February 3rd, 1860, by Jefferson Davis and other senators.

The Southern leaders had hoped by means of this examination to implicate the leaders of the Republican party in Brown's plot; they accomplished little in this way, but were "struck with the openness with which these witnesses and others avowed that they meant to destroy slavery if they could, and in every way they could." [2]

[1] Samuel Gridley Howe, Jr., born December 25th, 1859, died May 17th, 1863.

[2] F. B. Sanborn. Life of S. G. Howe.

March found my father again in Canada, in the interests of the blind, as appears from the following letter.

To Theodore Parker

TORONTO, CANADA, March 25, 1860.

MY DEAR PARKER: — I have come up hither again, to perfect some arrangements formerly made for getting up Institutions for the Blind, and have brought some of my pupils with me. It is not a barren soil to plant such seed in, and it will only need culture to bring forth much good fruit. This is destined to be a great country, and to furnish good men, who shall by and by serve to keep from decay the stock which is so rapidly degenerating in the southern regions of North America.

I do not know whether any one has ever written about the currents which exist in human population, and which serve to keep the great body of humanity alive and fresh, so that its great development may go on. But it seems to me that its laws might be traced, and be found analogous to those which govern the circuit of the waters. Certain it seems to me that without the *corps de reserve* which the northern zone is constantly furnishing to supply the enormous waste in the great struggle, the Devil would be likely to win the fight. I look with the more interest upon Canada, because it seems to me she is to be the great and reliable ally of the Northern States, in the coming struggle with slavery. When the lines are fairly drawn what an immense moral aid it will be to the North to have such a population as that of Canada (especially Canada West) at her back!

I have nothing special to say now about men and things here, having arrived only last night. My pious friends here excuse me from going to church to-day, because I have been two days and nights on the rail, and I improve my opportunity by writing to my pastor.

I left things much as usual at home. The last of the actors in the Harper's Ferry tragedy who were taken were ruthlessly put to death by the State of Virginia a few days ago. Poor Virginia! She dared not be merciful or magnanimous. The Governor dared not, because it would have given his opponents a weapon wherewith to assail him; and the House of Delegates dared not, because of the people. We did what we could here, by getting up petitions, signed by prominent Democrats, to have the poor victims spared, on the ground of policy! It was thought the politicians would heed that; but no use! the people thought they needed their blood. The more one sees how deeply and dreadfully the South was alarmed, and is alarmed, the more one sees the consciousness of their wrong and of their insecurity. You, who study human nature, will expect that Brown's example will inspire others with the thought and the purpose of trying again what he died in attempting, and you will not be disappointed. The next blow will be felt where least apprehended, and will probably have a result even greater than that of the first.

The political cauldron begins to boil, and they are throwing in various and bad materials enough to make a hell's broth. One can hardly wish the Republicans to succeed, so lamentably do they dilute (extend is the modern phrase) their principles. It looks now as if Seward would be the candidate on one side, and it did look, yesterday, as if Douglas would be the other. But the Democrats give no pledges, and have no scruples; they will meet, wrangle, fight and tear each other in pieces almost, in convention; and finally, with the Devil's instinct, will know their strongest man, write his name on their black banners, and then go harmoniously and zealously into the fight, forgetting all grudges, sinking all differences and pulling all together vigorously. The Republicans will not follow such examples, and will probably be beaten. But for the terrible danger to the Terri-

tories (which the Administration can make free or slave) it would be well to let the South have more rope now, and let them hang themselves. As for the Territories, look you out for another mode of salvation! . . .

Ever, dear Parkie, yours affectionately,

S. G. Howe.

CHAPTER XIV

FRIENDSHIP ONCE MORE

"Mann, Parker, Andrew, Sumner, Howe! When has been granted to one generation the inspiration of five such men? To the age which they lighted up and led, each has left an imperishable record of 'noble ends by noble means attained.' To us who knew and loved them, they have left precious memories and immortal hopes."

FRANCIS W. BIRD.

THE following letters are of the same period as those in the foregoing chapter, but relate to different matters. This time, between 1856 and 1860, was full of anxiety and sorrow for my father. Mr. Sumner was constantly in his thoughts, for the Senator's recovery was infinitely slow, infinitely painful, and frequently checked by his over-eagerness to resume work. Hardly a week passed without my father's writing to him at length, warning, entreating, adjuring; of many letters of this kind I give one or two, to show their character.

Sumner was to recover, and to have many more years of power and usefulness; but my father's other two best-loved friends were near the end of their earthly work.

Early in 1859 Theodore Parker was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, and knew that his hour had struck. In August of the same year Horace Mann died after a brief illness, having as deliberately given his life for his fellow men as any martyr in the calendar.

My father's own health was precarious, and physical suffering kept pace with mental anxiety and heartfelt grief. Moreover, the financial panic of 1857 cast a gloom for some time over the whole community.

These various causes may well account for the sombre tone of some of the following letters.

To Charles Sumner

NEWPORT, Sept. 16, 1856.

DEAREST SUMNER: — It is a hopeful sign that no one knows where you are now, or may be to-morrow; because it shows that you are able to travel about. What a grievous time of confinement and suffering you have had! and yet, how every moment of it has been laden with golden fruit for the country and the cause of humanity! Truly, one hardly knows [how] to reckon it anything but a success and a victory. By dignified and speaking silence — by your whole demeanour in the long weeks and months of bodily pain and suffering — by your utter disregard of your assailant — you have set the seal to your own character, turned the assault into a victorious repulse, and left the bully for all time stigmatised as a thing too insignificant for anything but pity. Pardon, dear Sumner, this allusion to what must be to you now a matter not to occupy your thoughts. . . .

Our friends are on the crest of the wave, and made a little giddy thereby. We have the consolation of feeling that the great ground-swell in the hearts of the people is as generous as any that ever heaved up in revolutionary throes: if it lifts upon its surface some who are unworthy, it will not fail to effect its great purpose, and they will have in history the place their real weight obtains.

I think of going again into my old place at South Boston, which has been renovated and made more comfortable;[1] how happy should I be if you could come and stay with me! but you will not. Do what you will; but first, dear Sumner, husband your health; wait, wait, wait, years if need be,

[1] Green Peace.

until your instrument, your brain, is fully restored to its old strength and brilliancy. God speed the day!

Ever yours, most affectionately,

S. G. HOWE.

The disastrous financial conditions affected Antioch College, and Mr. Mann was full of anxieties; these my father shared, and the correspondence between the two friends at this time is full of plans for raising money for and interesting Eastern people in the young institution. A scheme for inducing some prominent clergymen to visit Antioch having failed, Mr. Mann came East to try the effect of personal solicitation. The following letters contain many allusions to this matter.

To Horace Mann

NORTHFIELD, VT., June 20th, 1857.

MY DEAR MANN: — I am on an expedition with some of my pupils through the remoter parts of New England — to make known the fact of the existence and advantages of our school. It shall not be my fault if *any* blind child remains uninstructed through ignorance on the part of his parents and friends of the existence of means. My sphere is a pint pot compared to yours, but I will drum all over it.

I asked Dr. Gannett[1] to tell me candidly whether the old hostility to you still rankled in the minds of Hunkers who held back from giving;[2] he said it did; was not dead, but sleeping; wanted only an occasion to declare itself. That's his opinion. I think there is ground for it. They'll never forgive your assailing their Fetish — showing him to be a fetish. Well, Nature has a cure for such "curses" and "cusses" — she covers them up at last. On the other hand, thousands

[1] The Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett.

[2] To Antioch College. The hostility was probably a survival of the Common School and Webster controversies.

and tens of thousands are coming forward who will regard you as a valiant iconoclast and bless you. You'll meet them face to face yet — in the flesh.

I am fearful that the plan for having some of the D.D.s out[1] will fail; they cannot well leave until their summer recess, and that will be too late for you. Emerson[2] cannot leave because his school will be in session all this month and part of next — then he gives it up for aye. I do not know what sphere he means to work in; but he has no right to give up work while his daylight lasts. He is not yet sixty, I suppose, and he may last twenty years more.

I hope to find a letter from you when I get home, which will be in less than a week I hope.

Goodbye my dear Mann — courage and pluck to the end of the battle!

Ever thine,

S. G. H.

To Horace Mann

BOSTON, November 18th, 1857.

MY DEAR MANN: — I have just received your note of November 9th. I am very glad to hear you are coming this way, and I hasten to serve upon you this writ of attachment, by which you are required to present yourself with your bag and baggage, on your arrival in this city, at my house; there to tabernacle as long as you remain in these parts. I shall make a desperate effort to convert you from some of your heterodox notions, though perhaps it may fare with me as it did with the officer who was affected in his old age, as you seem to be, with a poetical mania and said,

> "And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
> A town, was taken myself instead of Widdin."

[1] To Antioch College.
[2] George B. Emerson.

Or if Captain Johnson didn't write it himself Byron wrote it for him.

You say you are coming here to see how the land lies, and perhaps to raise funds for your college. Well, I remember that Moses got water out of granite or sandstone, and I refresh my faith with the recollection of divers other miracles, and while so doing, trust that you may be successful.

Sumner will probably be here to-morrow by the *Niagara*. The accounts given of the condition of his brain, or rather of his nervous system, by George Combe and Sir James Clark, are not very encouraging. They both say that a return to mental labour in less than a year from this time will endanger his health and perhaps destroy his life. I believe with them that the injury is great and the effects thereof still apparent; but I have more faith than they, perhaps, in the recuperative powers of the system, at Sumner's time of life. His resolution however is taken, and he will go to the Senate, cost what it may. I do not know whether this is the most prudent course, but I think it is the one I should take, and I am sure it is the one you would follow. You are a most eloquent preacher of the natural laws, but when it comes to practising them in your own person, by giving to your brain a thorough season of rest, you are a hardened sinner against them. In one sense you resemble the man who went about with a temperance lecturer and used to get drunk, so as to serve as an awful warning to the people. The difference is, he sinned for his own gratification, and you sin thinking to help other people.

However, I will leave the discussion of this and other matters until I see you. You might suppose by the appearance of this letter that I am improving in chirography, but the truth is I am growing blind and am obliged to employ an amanuensis to help me. Whatever other faculties fail,

however, there will be no failure in the affection with which I am your devoted

S. G. Howe.

To Horace Mann

Boston, November 22nd, 1857.

My dear Mann: — I was very sorry indeed to find on my return from Pennsylvania that you had flitted through Boston and were away again. Your previous letter announcing your Hegira did not fix definitely the time of your returning here from Maine. However, I do not know that I could have been here. Besides the personal interest I felt in the success of the new enterprise in Pennsylvania in behalf of idiotic children, it was important to get what aid I could for our own School. It is not yet firmly rooted in public favour: eight tenths of the people think it a useless institution; but when they find other States establishing similar ones they will have more faith.

I will send you my short address in a few days.

Now I want to do something for your noble College, and though I am much cramped and pinched by the falling off of my income, I shall try among my friends. I need, however, more light.

I am afraid our noble Sumner has retarded his final cure by going to Washington. It was much against my wish, but I could not pester him with useless opposition. He learned much from Combe, and may yield to our entreaties that he will again leave the country. I propose a trip to the tropics for him — to Hayti, &c.

Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

In this year of 1857 my father had to fight for an institution far nearer to his heart than Antioch College. The

School for Feeble-minded had won such wide recognition that the number of applicants was constantly increasing, and my father had often the pain of being obliged to refuse admission to some unfortunate child whom he would most gladly have taken in. Here was an obstacle to overcome. He invited the Standing Committees of the Legislature upon Public Charitable Institutions to visit the school, showed them what had been done and what was yet to do, and asked for a larger appropriation. The result was a bill for increasing the number of State Beneficiaries from thirty to forty-five, with an added appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars. House and Senate passed the bill; and my father, very happy at this result, left town for a short time, the Perkins Institution being in vacation. He returned to find that the Governor, Henry J. Gardner, had vetoed the bill on grounds of economy.

We have seen my father signing himself "Sam Howe, *very mad!*" on slighter provocation than this. His righteous wrath rose to white heat, and was not allayed even by the two-thirds vote with which the Legislature rebuked the veto and passed the bill over it. He wrote and published a letter to Governor Gardner. This letter is too long to reproduce in full, but I cannot refrain from quoting some passages from it.

"I address to your Excellency, and through you to whom it may concern, some remarks upon your late extraordinary Veto of a Bill for increasing the number of State Beneficiaries at the School for Idiotic Children. . . .

In the exercise of the right belonging to every citizen of criticizing public State-papers, I shall show the illiberal spirit of this one; point out its errors; correct its misstatements; and lessen as far as I can, its untoward influence. . . .

If your Excellency had simply withheld your signature and so defeated the bill; if you could have exercised the *liberum Veto* of the old Polish Diet, and '*objected*,' without giving reasons; or if you had given reasons without misstatements and slurs, there would have been no need to make public comment on your measure, or to distinguish between your dissent and that of any Representative who voted nay.

But, wittingly or unwittingly, you did really hurl at a public charitable Institution a deadly missile in shape of a veto, every material paragraph of which is shotted with a misstatement, and the whole charge rammed down with an unjust and ungenerous insinuation which causes it to make a louder report.

It is hard to believe this was intentional. It would be a new and sad phase of political action that should show a Governor of Massachusetts using a State weapon to assail and decry a public charitable Institution, and striving to check the people's growing regard and pity for the humblest and feeblest of all classes of the afflicted. It seems like an offence against humanity itself. At any rate, as a friend of the policy of wise extension of public bounty to all classes of innocent sufferers, and especially as a friend of the School for Idiotic Children, I am constrained to criticize your veto, and point out its various misstatements, its errors of facts, errors of figures, and its consequent injustice. . . .

Why are so many other Institutions of public beneficence springing up in our midst? Simply because the moral and religious sense of the people is so far awakened and enlightened that they are no longer to be satisfied with houses for religious worship, but must have houses for religious works also.

There is here a growing respect for man as one created in God's image. There is a feeling of brotherhood which reduces to practice the thought of the old heathen who said

that because he was a man everything human interested him. This feeling is extending even to the poor broken fragments of humanity which we carefully gathered up that nothing be lost.

Surely this feeling should be encouraged, not checked, by all who have the public ear. If we tenderly draw from the sea any human corpse, nay, even the floating limb of a man, and give it reverent burial, how much more should we heed the signal of distress shown by any living fellow-creature, however infirm and mutilated, who struggles helpless on the great stream of life! The disposition to act thus is innate; and it is peculiarly human. It is the sheet anchor of society; it is the hope of the future; and as it is more or less developed, so are we more or less men. . . .

The last paragraph of the Veto is as follows: 'Under these circumstances an earnest desire to prevent any unnecessary expenses constrains me to withhold my sanction from this resolve.'

This is marvellous indeed!

When there are so many perennial leaks from the Treasury to be stopped, it is passing strange that a great pother should be made over such a driblet as this appropriation, to a charitable Institution, of twenty-five hundred dollars for a single year.

The Veto is a great State engine, and when an enormous breach is made, which threatens to swamp the Treasury, then it may properly be brought out, like a great steam pump. To do this may be sublime, at least in sound; but to ring the alarm-bell, and get up steam merely to stop such a leak as three dollars and a quarter a week for educating fifteen idiotic children, — that borders rather on the ridiculous!

I cannot conceive of any private objection which your Excellency has to the School or to the system of training and

teaching there used, because you cannot be familiar with it.

The law makes your Excellency Chairman *ex-officio* of a Board of Visitors, and prescribes that their duty shall be 'to visit and inspect said Institution (School for Idiots,) as often as they may see fit,' etc. Your predecessors did see fit to inspect the School closely; but your Excellency has not yet 'seen fit' to do so. Notwithstanding repeated invitations, you have never visited the School, that I can learn; and I have made diligent inquiry. . . .

This seems the more extraordinary because it is within my knowledge that in regard to some public institutions you have shown uncommon and praiseworthy diligence in learning the details of their management, the worth of the offices, and the like, so as to be able to protect the interests of the State. . . .

Thus far I have dwelt only upon the faults of commission in this Veto. There are great ones of omission also.

It is a State Paper which touches the action of the Commonwealth upon a question of humanity. It stems that tide of feeling in favour of the unfortunate, which has been slowly but steadily rising and spreading among the people and moving them to a wise and generous system of relief. It is the first public protest against continuance in that system, and it has no word of sorrow for the necessity of change.

It is a State Paper which touches the condition and prospects of more than a thousand helpless persons in our borders, all of them in one sense 'little children,' whom the State should suffer to come nigh unto her, and her Governor forbid them not — surely not without some kindly word of sympathy. True, they are unconscious of their sad infirmity; but its shadow darkens a thousand

humble households, where little of sunshine ever comes, and that little the spirit of this veto would make less.

It is a State Paper which urges a rich and growing Commonwealth to retrenchment of expenses, but shows no consciousness of the moral obliquity she would manifest in leaving unlessened a score of extravagances, and beginning her retrenchment with her 'charity fund.'

When a rich and noble man is forced to curtail his expenses, he first cuts down the allowance for luxuries, next the allowance for the comforts of life, but never lessens that for religious and charitable purposes until he can give a reason to God and conscience. And shall the State be less noble than her noblest son?

I have done what I proposed to do with regard to this State Paper. I have shown that it is hostile to the spirit of humanity and of Christian charity which characterizes our beloved State; that it abounds in errors, and leads to false inferences; that every material paragraph contains at least one misstatement; that these could not have been made if the Report upon which they seem based had been examined with care and candour; that your Excellency has not shown interest enough in the School for Idiots to obey the law which requires you to inspect it; and that your Veto breathes a spirit which, if caught by the Legislature, would not only crush that Institution, but injure other charitable establishments.

I have thus done what seemed a duty, though an unpleasant one. I have striven to do it in a proper and respectful manner, though I confess that it has not been easy to keep down all indignation, when thinking of those unfortunates who cannot think or act for themselves.

I have the honour to be, with due consideration,

Your Excellency's Ob't Serv't,

S. G. Howe."

To Charles Sumner

NEW YORK, Saturday, Dec. 12th, 1857.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I have been to Philadelphia to assist in laying the corner-stone of an institution for idiotic children,[1] and am dawdling a little here; doing indeed what you should be doing for a year to come. I do not like to say a word about your health, and yet I cannot suppress the anxiety I feel to know how you bore the *first strain* upon the injured parts.

Cannot we arrange some plan by which the natural and irrepressible anxiety of your friends in Boston and elsewhere to know how you are, can be allayed without their applying to you? If some one were known to be kept informed, they might pester you less.

You may have been weighing, perhaps, the question whether, *à la longue*, it is not better that you should now begin and do a little work, [even] though it will evidently protract the period of your invalidism, rather than abstain entirely and get cured in a shorter time. If so, take into consideration one fact, very important in all affections of the nervous system. The material structure of the nerves is constantly changing; but there is long-persistent individual character. Now the evil of suffering a chronic diseased condition is, *that the material fabric built up while it lasts is necessarily a morbid one.* The very nerves themselves, as well as the spine and brain, become structurally morbid, and of course engender and perpetuate morbid sensations, so that the very judgment of the patient is affected, and all his intellectual perceptions are coloured. The mischief is that he cannot be made to understand that the morbid sensations are not normal ones.

These considerations do not apply with *all* the force to your case that they do to those where the cerebral or nervous

[1] The Training School for Feeble-minded Children.

trouble arises from a morbid condition of any other organ, (as from dyspepsia for instance) but they deserve to be carefully weighed, for they do apply in a measure.

If I have not clearly explained my meaning about a ***morbid structural*** condition of the nervous system resulting from chronic valetudinarianism, (what a word!) you will take it from considering the common physical experiment of feeding animals on madder until the very substance of the bones is coloured.

Avoid a chronic illness! My doctrine is that you are worth more to the country and the Cause by being *five*, or even *four* years, in a *good* working condition than by being *six or ten* in a merely passable working condition. Give yourself, and all of us who love you so much, the benefit of doubts; and at the first untoward symptoms — bolt from Washington, and if need be fly away to Cuba, Domingo, and elsewhere. Would to God I could go with you!

Do not let the doctors pooh-pooh my suggestion of general physiological considerations. The crying sin of the medical art in our day is that its practitioners prescribe for individual symptoms, and do not rely enough upon general principles; they want to *do something*, when all they should do is to see that the ***vis medicatrix*** has a fair chance.

Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

To Charles Sumner

S. Boston, Sunday, Jan. 16, 1859.

My Dear Sumner: — Poor Parker, as you have heard, is really very ill. Ten days ago he said to me for the first time, — "*Concedo:* My friends shall have their way!"

I urged him to forego all work instantly, pack his trunk and start for the south! He persisted however in preparing for Sunday, and for a farewell sermon on the 17th

prox. On Sunday I went to the Hall, with a feeling that I should perhaps hear the last sermon that he would ever preach. I found the congregation like a flock whose shepherd had been suddenly smitten down by lightning. A note had been read, saying that their beloved teacher lay bleeding at the lungs! There was grief, consternation, and despair, for all seemed to feel that this terrible symptom came as confirmation of their worst fears.

I found the great, noble Parker prostrate and weak as an infant, but calm and resolute. He saw the danger, but was unterrified by it, and determined to act as if the result depended upon his own courage and prudence.

[Since then] I have seen him every day. He sat up a little yesterday. He is preparing to sail for Cuba on the first *prox.* He contemplates going from the West Indies to Europe. If need be (and need *will* be) he will go up the Nile next winter and come home in the spring of 1860.

This *may* all be done; but on the other hand the disease may develope very rapidly, and remove the foremost man of this continent from the earth in less than a year.

It is sad — sad — very sad!

Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

My father decided to accompany Mr. Parker as far as Cuba, my mother being also of the party.

Though saddened by the illness of his friend, my father enjoyed this trip greatly, too greatly to spend much time in letter-writing. Even Mr. Sumner seems to have been somewhat neglected, and the only full record of the time is found in the volume entitled *A Trip to Cuba*, published by my mother soon after her return.[1]

[1] In a letter to my mother's sister, my father says, "Julia knows three words of Spanish, and is constantly engaged in active conversation."

The following letter was written just before his departure.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5th, '59.

MY DEAR SUMNER: — I will not depart upon my southerly tour without a word of greeting to you.

I am here with Parker, and we expect to sail to-morrow for Cuba. He has stood the journey very well.

I had a talk with Adams about you; and he agreed with me that your course should be as I suggested in my last; earnest attempt to get yourself in proper trim for next December, and then go into the field, and if your powers are not equal to the work of a *firstrater*, (as sailors say) resign.

Other and ample fields are open for you. You can yet write a history from a higher stand-point than has been taken, and do great good. That and that only is worth living for — doing good to others. We battered hulks are not worth caring for *as hulks*.

Ever and ever,
Affectionately,
S. G. HOWE.

It was the last time that my father and Mr. Parker were to be together. The latter sailed from the West Indies to England, and thence by way of Switzerland to Italy, where he spent the few remaining months of his life.

My mother thus describes the parting of the friends:

"A pleasant row brought us to the side of the steamer. It was dusk already as we ascended her steep gangway, and from that to darkness there is at this season but the interval of a breath. Dusk too were our thoughts at parting from Can Grande,[1] the mighty, the vehement, the great fighter.

[1] My mother's familiar name for Mr. Parker, taken from Dante.

How were we to miss his deep music, here and at home! With his assistance we had made a very respectable band; now we were to be only a wandering drum and fife — the fife particularly shrill and the drum particularly solemn.

"And now came silence and tears and last embraces; we slipped down the gangway into our little craft and, looking up, saw bending above us, between the slouched hat and the silver beard, the eyes that we can never forget, that seemed to drop back in the darkness with the solemnity of a last farewell. We went home, and the drum hung himself gloomily on his peg, and the little fife *shut up* for the remainder of the evening."[1]

Soon after this parting Mr. Parker sent my father a serio-comic epitaph, of which the following is a part:

Hic jacet
Expectans resurrectionem justorum
Omne quod mortale erat
Viri eximii
Samuelis Gridleji Hovve M. D.
Juvenis lusit in universitate Brownensi
Causa Educationis
Et Præsidi reverendissimo celebernmo Messer
Multum displicuit.
Sed versatus valde fit
In Linguâ difficilissimâ Universitat. Brownensis
Et ejus Artibus Literis Philosophiâque.
Inter Proceres pulchros fuit Antinous.
Studuit Artem Medicinæ.
Discipulus multa cadavera deterravit et in frusta secavit
Vi et armis.
Magister multorum Animas Heroum ad Orcum præmature demisit.
Inter Medicos verus Æsculapius
In terrâ Argivâ

[1] *A Trip to Cuba.*

Multos Turcos occidit et Arte Medica et Gladio
Quo melius nunquam se sustentabat supra femur militis.
Pro Poloniâ invictissimâ bellavit.
Incarceratos visitavit. Cæcos fecit videre
Mutos dicere Stultos intelligere (ut ipse)
Lunaticos in sanam restituit mentem.
Liberavit Servos.
Pyros jucundissimos sibi fecit crescere in hortis.
Vixit annos circiter lxxvii.
Clamant Incarcerati. Lacrymant Cæci.
Mœrent Muti. Lugent Stulti.
Stridunt Lunatici
Atque sedent Servi in pulvere.[2]

[2] Awaiting the resurrection of the just
Here lies all that was mortal
Of that illustrious man
Samuel Gridley Howe M. D.
As a youth he disported in
Brown University
Looking toward Education
And much he offended
Its reverend and famous President
Messer.
Yet he became well versed
In the difficult dialect of
Brown University
Its Arts its Letters its Philosophy.
Among the beautiful chiefs he was Antinous.
He studied the medical art.
As a pupil with force and arms
He disinterred many subjects and
Cut them into bits.
As a Master in the art
He sent to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of many chiefs untimely slain.
A true Æsculapius among doctors
In Greece
He slew many Turks by medical art
Or by the sword
Than which
A better never did sustain itself
Upon a soldier's thigh.
He fought for Poland the unconquered.
Visited those in prison.
Made the blind see the dumb speak
The foolish understand
As well as *he* could.
He restored the insane to their
Right mind.

My father wrote as often as possible to Mr. Parker, trying to keep him informed of matters in this country. Two of these letters were for obvious reasons included in the previous chapter; the rest follow here.

The next letter is illegible in places, but I print it as being the only one in which my father speaks fully of Cuban matters.

HAVANA, CUBA, March 12th, '59.

DEAR SUMNER: . . . I know but little of United States matters. Americans here rejoice over the defeat of the million bill. They make quite a colony, and influence in a degree the public opinion [of the place]. . . .

I have not been here long enough to give any opinion of any value upon Cuban matters, though I have carefully studied all that seemed really worth knowing and within my ken.

Underlying all other matters is that of *race*. The blacks greatly preponderate, and the balance in their favour is increasing. The climatic influences are better for them than for any of the other races. Physically they are improving. [Some] other influences do not [help] them, but do not affect them so injuriously as they do the other races. There is no organized effort for their improvement, no organized effort to keep them from [going] wrong. Mentally they are [rising] morally sinking.

The Spaniards are losing ground in every way. They are supported [mainly] by the Peninsular-Government, and

He freed the slave.
He made his garden yield the choicest pears.
He lived about seventy-seven years.
Prisoners bewail him. Blind men weep for him.
The dumb lament. Idiots mourn,
The insane cry out for him.
And the slaves sit down in the dust.

have of course the bitter enmity and hatred which the despotic and partial measures occasion. But for the army of 2500 men, the Spaniards would be put out of all power and consideration in the Island by the Creoles.

The Creoles are increasing in number and property, and but for three things would soon become masters of the island — the queen of the ocean. These three things are:

1st, Slavery; 2d, early licentiousness; 3d, tobacco. The first demoralizes them; the other two debilitate and enervate them physically.

Early licentiousness grows out of slavery, or the presence of a degraded race. Its effects you know; *ils sautent aux yeux.*

The habitual and excessive use of an enormous quantity of such a powerful narcotic as tobacco by *all* the members of a race, women as well as men, must lower the standard of health, and lessen the *quantum* of nervous power.

In spite of these dreadful disadvantages the Creoles are rising in number, wealth (?) and mental condition. They are . . . under the influence of the United States, which *on the whole* is good, for it furnishes them stimulus and occasional mental progress. They are making efforts to educate themselves. They have high schools, called collegiate institutions, some of which are good. In spite of the Spaniards, the Creoles lead in the University, speak from the chairs, and give a liberal tone to the courses of instruction.

The leading Creoles dislike slavery, and this dislike modifies and lessens the yearning they have towards the United States annexation. If the Creoles get their way they will modify slavery at once, with a view to its speedy abolition.

The island, however, is over a volcano, which may upheave at any moment and make political chaos. "It gravitates toward the Continent" indeed, but there are possible, and even probable disturbing forces which may utterly neutralize this "gravitation." *Quien sabe?*

I have seen much of several truly wise and good Creoles, and I say to them: "Persist in your efforts to educate your youth; profit by Spanish despotism as by a lesson upon the wickedness of all despotism; parry the efforts of filibusterism, and by and by take and govern your island and yourselves!"

Ever thine,

S. G. Howe.

To Theodore Parker

Newport, August 3rd, 1859.

My dear Parker: — I have not been so remiss about writing to you as you may perhaps suppose. My eyes have been in good condition for use but a small part of every day. I made them worse by returning to a work which I believe originally strained them more than anything else, to wit, reading blind proof sheets. The dazzling white surface, unrelieved by any ink, makes the reading very trying to the sight, as I found to my cost. I have now devised a way of inking the top of the raised letters, so that I read very much more easily. This printing for the blind is a work that I have very much at heart, and I am sorry that I can do so little at it. I do not mean of the mechanical drudgery of proof reading, but of getting up and printing the books. By dint of begging I now and then get the means of printing a book, but too often I have not left to me the choice of the work. Milton's Works, and Combe on the Constitution were those I chose, when I last had the option. I am now printing Paley's Evidences; not my selection, but I am comforted

by the thought that the blind will find it an interesting collection of facts. They, more than others, need to seek support and direction of their religious sentiments in deeper and stronger proofs of God's works and love than can be found in any manifestation of ingenuity and power, in any mechanical and material contrivances. These latter address themselves to a lower sense, and are not satisfactory to bold and enquiring minds. For such minds the facts of universal consciousness will alone suffice. Are these anywhere set forth with sufficient conciseness and clearness to be suitable for books in blind print? How I wish you were able to give a short time, to set forth your views in a shape adapted to the wants of the blind! Strange that the only philosophical, nay almost the only essay on the morals of blindness (so to speak) is Diderot's snarling and atheistical letter. There, in much rubbish, are many rich pearls of thought.

What shall I say to you, dear Parker? Uppermost in my thought is Horace Mann's breakdown and severe illness. He has been dangerously sick; and though, by last accounts, the prospects are good for his life, I fear he will be much crippled. It is a pure case of sin against the natural laws, punished by severe consequences. Like you, he held that, *in his particular case*, he might violate laws which he preached to others — that the end justified the means, and that an exception would probably be made in his favour. May you both find that you were checked in time; and that, though you have swung to the very outmost verge of "the margin of oscillation," you had not quite passed over the line, beyond which there can be no backward swing.

I have been but once to the Music Hall,[1] of a Sunday, and that was to hear Emerson lecture, alas! not preach.

[1] Where Parker had preached.

Sinner as I am, dear Parker, it made me very sad to find that even the few aids and supporters which you had carefully preserved for the religious nature, were swept away. There was no Bible, no prayer, no praise! Now you know how effectually my early superstitious regard for the Bible was supplanted by the natural, reactionary feeling against any excess; how little I believed in what is usually called the efficacy of prayer, and how little I partook of the silly notion usually attached to melody, as *praise*. But perhaps you do not know how deeply I felt and lamented the want of them all, then and there, from that congregation. Some may think, or try to think, that it is the legitimate result of your teaching and preaching, that the congregation should lose all desire for outward manifestation of inward religious feeling, since you had destroyed its root. But I feel convinced that you have not only nourished and strengthened the root, but given more life and vigour to the foliage. But for you, most of that vast audience would have been as near atheism as intelligent men can be; and they can be very near, when under the reactionary swing from superstition.

I not only cling to the belief that man has an innate religious disposition, but hold that this disposition leads him to forms and ceremonies, just as naturally as other dispositions lead to covering and ornamentation of the body. The ceremonial is the garment which the religious disposition craves, and for want of pure or beautiful robes it will put on any covering, and daub on coarse colours, as Indians wear rags and daub themselves with ochre. I trust that the congregation will (and perhaps they do) wear more and more comely religious robes than they did on the occasion I mention. . . .

Yours ever,

S. G. H.

BOSTON, August 4th, 1859.

P. S. I open my letter to say that the shocking news of Mr. Mann's death reached me this morning.

I cannot express to you, nor to anyone, the desolating effect which, for some hours, it had upon me. No death of a friend ever affected me so. Though I have not seen much of Mann for many years, I loved him dearly, and looked up to him with more of respect and admiration than you, perhaps, can easily conceive, because you did not place him so high, in a moral point of view, as I did. But, Parkie, he was a noble spirit, and a true lover of his kind. He sank very rapidly, and most unexpectedly to his attendants, who confidently counted upon his recovery. It was a break down of the brain; he had passed the outer verge of the margin, and there was no reactionary swing. God bless him and keep him!

To Theodore Parker

NEWPORT, August 21st, 1859.

MY DEAR PARKER: — I believe I have written to you since the sad news of Mann's death; and of course I must have alluded to the deep sorrow which, in common with all his friends, I felt, and which amounted to anguish, when I could bring home to positive consciousness the stern fact. You will have read much about it, if you get papers and letters. One noble trait flashed out; showing how the leading sentiment, conscientiousness, and persistent will, lived to the last. He was not aware of the danger; and when told he had but two or three hours to live, and must at once attend to what he was most anxious about, the old hero roused up, and without praying for his soul, or directing his funeral, or even arranging his pecuniary affairs for his family, he had them send for several rebellious students, stubborn young men, who had not joined in the general subscription

to his system and his wishes. Upon them and others, who followed in, he poured forth for an hour or more, in earnest and burning words, exhortations and loving entreaties to virtue, which melted and overcame them. He so exhausted himself that he could only refer his wife to his friends for advice and direction in regard to their future fortune. He had, you know, made large inroads upon the moderate property which he had made and very well invested here. This was mainly by his efforts to sustain the college, for whose redemption fund he subscribed lately $5,000. It is comforting to know that before he departed he had carried the college successfully through its great danger, and died on the field of victory.

His death is clearly attributable to over exertion of brain, which left him without vital force enough to resist an ordinary attack of typhoid fever. Indeed, probably, the exhaustion gave the typhoid type to what otherwise would have been but a common cold.

Would, dear Parker, that you had been here, to give to the public a double picture — of ———, the hero, the demigod of Hunkerism; in whose honour every civic and social demonstration was made, who lived a life of self indulgence, purchased by making the worse the better reason, and who died the martyr of self indulgence — and Mann, who gave his time, talents, life even, to advance the cause of education!

Well, poor Mann! or rather, noble, happy Mann, had and has, let us trust, his reward; for who would not rather serve virtue, without any outward, earthly recompense, than serve any false god, and have all that false gods can bestow?

Mann had begun to be felt as a power throughout the West, and his place will be with difficulty filled. I hope that Thomas Hill of Waltham will try to finish, or carry on, the good work.

I have been staying here two or three days, with the good

Andrew, J. A., as a guest. He is one of the few men left in the Republican party to save it from utter discredit. He and all like him will, I think, soon cleave off, and carry a large portion with them. The instincts of the people begin to show them that Banks and his adherents use their power for its own increase and perpetuation, rather than for advancement of human freedom and good. Banks has been very busy, ploughing with the Silver Greys — Hunker Democrats — Whigs — Know-nothing "outs;" and, as Wilson says, was, not long ago, the most probable candidate of the opposition. But he cannot get over the effect of the constitutional amendment of the last winter, the Webster statue and other things, which show the "expediency" hoof. The knowing ones say we are to have the blathering B—— for our next Governor, but I do not think so.

We are all much cheered by the news from you, dear Parker, and expectation takes the place of hope, that you will be here next summer, mended up and good for many years: "*qu'il soit ainsi!*"

My own health is not good, though the partially recovered tone of my optics shows some improvement in the generation of vital force. How wonderful is the foresight and provision implied in the various means for mending breaks and stopping leaks in our soul's craft [in its voyage] over the ocean of life. An old physician told me the other day that he was present at the examination of a man who died very old, and that they found several spots in the lungs, where the cavities made by softened tubercles were nicely plugged up by chalky secretions.

I shall not, however, hold out very long: my machinery was very tough, but all the grit that has got in has worn away some of the main springs. . . .

Kind love to all friends. Ever yours,

S. G. Howe.

In the following letter it is easy to distinguish my father's views in the matter of domestic work. He believed firmly in its dignity and value, and would, my mother tells me, now and then express a wish that she would dismiss the servants and do the work of the house herself with the aid of the growing daughters. Fifty years ahead of his time as usual, he realized that hands and brain must work together to secure man's full development, and that with this higher development manual labour would be raised into dignity and repute.

We children early learned to make beds, wash dishes, and help in various ways; one little daughter was to have a watch when she could make a good loaf of bread, another when she could cook a dinner. My mother reminds me of the beauty and deftness of my father's own hands: true surgeon's hands, strong, skilful and tender.

To Theodore Parker

BOSTON, Monday, Feb. 27th, 1860.

MY DEAR PARKER: — . . . I returned from Washington some two weeks ago and have got into harness again! Ah! ye gods! how unconscious of your blessings, how ungrateful for favours, are those who complain of the harness of work! Work! Work! the greatest blessing, the crowning privilege, the highest happiness of man, when it is his instrument and not his yoke. And it may and ought to be his instrument always — never his yoke. We never shall get anything towards right, however, until the philosophy of labour is better understood. Men and women now think they outwit God when they contrive to shirk all hand work and live by brain work, and keep a class of serviles; but they are like those who throw stones up in the air, thinking to keep the ground clear of them. This reminds me of an animated discussion we had, about a fashionable young

lady of New York — a belle, a beauty and really a person of great acquirements in the trumpery of accomplishments. She married a man who went to seek his fortune in the West. He did not prosper at first, and they had to go to a log cabin. He then cleared lands, sold crops, hired men and throve well. She kept house, bore children, did the work, even to the cooking. By and by she went to New York and, to the horror of her fashionable friends, related her experience; but what was worse, to their great disgust, she declared she would rather go back to her western home than remain, lace-draped and kid-gloved, and be waited upon in the gilded *salons* of Fifth Avenue!

Now here on one side was the view that talents were buried, tastes sacrificed, accomplishments thrown away, and a weary life of drudgery endured, uselessly and wrongly: on the other was the view that, extreme as was the case, the western life, with its coarseness and hardships, was perhaps better than the one that would probably have been led, idly, vainly and extravagantly, by a pampered and useless fine lady in New York. Much discourse about this — some dispute and many specious arguments: as thus — why should this lady, with all her accomplishments, be called to do what an Irish drudge could do better — why, for instance, should all the costly and painful acquisition of musical culture be thrown away, because confessedly she never played and sang out there — perhaps never could. Answer — in time she might play and sing and refine others about her, but, even if not, the culture of her musical talent would have the effect of giving to her offspring more musical *capacity*, more *tendency* toward refinement than if she had never had the culture, and therefore in no case could it be useless. But no end to the argument — each side better satisfied than before that it had the right: this to let you know what is going on in the domicile.

I saw much of Sumner in Washington. Physically he is doing better than we expected, or ought to have expected. On walking with him to the Capitol, however, I found that he could not well keep up with me (even the old Chev!), and when we began to mount the steps he had to crave a respite.

He is bent upon making an onslaught upon the Southern cohorts, and I regret to say that too much of the impulse comes from combativeness and destructiveness. We had an argument about it, and he was driven to Scripture and quoted the "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,"—"whited sepulchres," &c. You may understand that there was not much other ground to rest upon when he went there. By the by, do you know Channing's mode of reply to the man who urged these passages as a defence for his own sin of passionate aggression? "My friend," says he, "did it ever occur to you to read those passages with a feeling of compassion and sorrow, and to give them utterance in the voice of paternal love, yearning for the good of the sinful child?" Channing then read the passages, as we can imagine *he* would read them.

What a sink of abominations is our National Capital! Look at the Republican Party, now at this moment there, squabbling and delaying all the business of the nation in order to make the most of the spoils of public printing. I fear we shall have to have the Democrats again; and perhaps it is better, for the Republicans have no high principles and no pluck; the cause of human freedom may be more advanced by their defeat than by their victory.

We look with great anxiety for Seward's demonstration on Wednesday next. God grant that instead of lowering his standard he may pluck it up, plant it farther forward and, overlooking '60, fix his eye on '64. The people will come up to him if he will only go on. But he will not. Washington and the party influences emasculate all our strong men.

No special news here, dear Parker. My new boy grows apace, and is "Samivel South Boston." The rest of the children are well, God bless 'em.

I go to Canada in a few days, to induce the people to induce the Parliament to build up schools for their blind.

Felton is President of Harvard, and bears his labours and honours well. Hillard has come out of the *Courier* and will, I trust, turn from his hard ways. Julia's *Trip to Cuba* pleases all, and me among them. . . .

They are doing a good work at the State House, amending that militia service bill, by striking out the word *white*. Cuffee shall train yet! and, golly! won't he beat Whitey in fuss and feathers, and make some of our epauletted flunkies sick of their toggery? . . . CHEV.

Mr. Parker had felt from the first that his illness was mortal, though for the sake of his family and friends he did all that was (in those days) possible to check the progress of the disease, pulmonary consumption. He died in Florence, May 10th, 1860.

As we have seen, my father was subject through life to occasional fits of depression; though these were never suffered to interfere with his work, they were apt to make him feel for the time that the days of his activity were numbered. Such a mood was on him when he wrote to Mr. Parker that "he should not hold out very long." Yet at this time he was on the eve of new and arduous undertakings on which he was to enter with all the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. What these were we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV

IN WAR TIME. THE SANITARY COMMISSION — THE FREEDMEN'S INQUIRY COMMISSION

"HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?"

Down the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier-like and merry:
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,
Such as "Bully!" "Them's the peach!"
"Wade in, Sanitary!"

Right and left the caissons drew,
As the car went lumbering through,
Quick succeeding in review
Squadrons military;
Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these,—
"U. S. San. Com." "That's the cheese!"
"Pass in, Sanitary!"

In such cheer it struggled on
Till the battle-front was won;
Then the car, its journey done,
Lo! was stationary;
And where bullets whistling fly,
Came the sadder, fainter cry,
"Help us, brothers, ere we die!
Save us, Sanitary!"

Such the work. The phantom flies,
Wrapped in battle-clouds that rise;
But the brave — whose dying eyes,
Veiled and visionary,
See the jasper gates swung wide,
See the parted throng outside —
Hear the voice to those who ride:
"Pass in, Sanitary!"

BRET HARTE.

On Saturday, April 13th, 1861, the country was startled by the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The Civil War had broken out. On that day my father wrote to Governor Andrew: "Since they will have it so — in the name of God, Amen! Now let all the governors and chief men of the people see to it that war shall not cease until Emancipation is secure. If I can be of any use, anywhere, in any capacity (save that of spy), command me."

Governor Andrew was perhaps the only man in the country who was ready for the war. On April 15th came President Lincoln's first call for troops, "seventy-five thousand militia to serve for three months" "to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union."

On Wednesday, April 17th, the Sixth, Fourth and Third Massachusetts regiments started for Washington *viâ* Baltimore: the first troops to move in the North. Unfortunately Washington had not been so wide awake as Massachusetts. Confusion worse confounded reigned in the various departments. Every day Southern men were leaving, and being replaced with enthusiasts unfamiliar with the duties they were called upon to fulfil. Matters were worst of all in the War Department, where no one seemed to know what to do or how to do it. The immediate consequence of this was that Massachusetts, having sent out four thousand men as it were on the spur of the moment, now found that she must maintain them in the field — and this in an unfriendly country between four and five hundred miles away.

The great War Governor was ready. Within twenty-four hours he had engaged two steamers, the State paying one half the cost, the other half being raised by subscription. Within a week they sailed, laden with all imaginable supplies. One, the *Cambridge*, was provided with guns, in case of meeting a Confederate privateer, and was instructed to push up the Potomac to Washington if possible. Massachusetts

would be the first to reach the capital by sea as well as by land.

Governor Andrew was as careful as he was swift; he must make sure that his soldiers were well cared for and that his supplies reached them safely. Already, in the second week of the war, he had sent ex-Governor Boutwell to Washington to open communication between that city and Boston; and now, after the departure of the vessels, he sent my father and Judge E. R. Hoar to follow them, charging the former especially with an investigation into the health of the soldiers. My father, realizing that at sixty years old he could not hope to go into active service, gladly embraced this opportunity.

He wrote from Washington a vivid account of the carelessness of the soldiers in sanitary matters, and the lack of proper provision in that direction on the part of the regular army.

"There is more need of a health officer than of a chaplain; but the United States knows no such officer. . . .

"Soap! soap! soap! I cry; but none heed. I wish some provision could be made for army washerwomen; they are more needed than nurses. . . ."

When the armies of the North went out to battle, the women left at home asked, "And what shall we do?" The answer was not far to seek. Our armies were hastily organized, hastily provisioned. Though foreseen by many individuals, to the mass of the people the call had come suddenly, and the country was not prepared for war. The need was far more than the Government could at the moment supply: here was the women's opportunity.

The women of New York were the first to give voice to the general feeling. Fifty or sixty of them met on April 25th, 1861, and sent out an appeal addressed to the women of

that State and others already engaged in preparing against the time of death and sickness in the army.

The answer to this appeal was the organization of the "Woman's Central Association of Relief" out of which grew the Sanitary Commission. For the women found at once that they could not work alone: that here as elsewhere they and the men must work together if the best results were to be obtained.

On June 9th, 1861, the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, announced that he had "learned with great satisfaction that, at the instance and in pursuance of the suggestion of the Medical Bureau, in a communication to this office, dated May 22d, 1861, Henry W. Bellows, D.D., Prof. A. D. Bache, LL.D., Prof. Jeffries Wyman, M.D., Prof. Wolcott Gibbs, M.D., W. H. Van Buren, M.D., Samuel G. Howe, M.D., R. C. Wood, Surgeon U.S.A., G. W. Cullum, U.S.A., Alexander E. Shiras, U.S.A., have mostly consented, in connection with such others as they may choose to associate with them, to act as 'a Commission of Inquiry and Advice in respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces,' and without remuneration from the Government. The Secretary has submitted their patriotic proposal to the consideration of the President, who directs the acceptance of the services thus generously offered. . . ."

I should like to tell the story of the heroic labours that followed, a story only parallelled by that of the Red Cross, the "Sanitary" of to-day; but I must not linger, nor is there need. The Sanitary Commission will not be forgotten till we forget the war that gave it birth, or the peace which its labours helped to make possible.

As we have seen, my father was one of the original members of the Commission, and from the first he took the keenest interest in all its work. On this and subsequent visits to

Washington he went to many battle-fields, hospitals and prisons, investigating conditions and carrying aid; the field work proved too much for his precarious health, nor would his multifarious duties permit him to remain long at a time near the seat of war; but his knowledge and experience were always at the service of the Commission, and he was frequently appealed to for counsel and information.

On May 2d, 1861, he was requested by the Commander-in-chief, Gen. Winfield Scott, and by Governor Andrew, to make a sanitary survey of the Massachusetts troops in the field at and about Washington. He reported as follows:

BOSTON, May 25, 1861.

His Excellency, John A. Andrew.

DEAR SIR: — I cheerfully comply with your request for a brief *résumé* of the various observations made in my letters to your Excellency during my late flying visit to the seat of war.

My observations were chiefly confined to the Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Massachusetts Regiments. I arrived at Annapolis on the 6th inst., and went to Washington on the same day. The first impression was that of surprise at the changed appearance of the men. It seemed but yesterday that they were mechanics, citizens, traders, clad in varied but plain dress, going soberly about with most unmartial looks, and busy with their various callings, in shops or factories; to-day they were all armed, uniformed in martial array, five hundred miles from their homes and ready to go a thousand more.

On examining a little into the actual condition of the regiment, one was surprised to find how abundant had been the provision made for the comfort and efficiency of the men in so short a time; and in how few instances the careful forecast of those who fitted out the expedition had failed to effect

the object aimed at. To be sure, one regiment had ill-assorted uniforms, another lacked tents; one had been on short commons for a day or two at sea, another on land; one company lacked blankets, and had camped by night on the wet grass; another had been pinched in the belly, and had laid hands violently on stray pigs; but instead of wondering at these things, any one at all used to actual life in camps marvelled at the good condition and the good fare of the troops, called so suddenly and unexpectedly into the field. There were indeed a few complaints and grumblings from some of the men about exposure, and sleeping on the ground by night, and about hard fare and disgusting food by day; but one who had gone through a whole campaign without tent or bed, save a goat's-hair capote, did not shudder much at the story that some companies had been caught at a pinch without tents and blankets, and obliged to lie one or two nights on the wet grass.

And if he had, perchance, been so sharp set with hunger as to find relish in boiled sorrel and luxury in raw snails, of course he would not so readily melt as others might at hearing that some of our men had actually been limited, during a day or two, to dry biscuit and raw pork.[1]

It was evident that as a general thing there had been abundant outfit in the several departments, and there certainly was a superabundance of what are usually considered comforts at home, but what are really luxuries in camp life. If after a year or two of campaigning one of the regiments start for home, they would leave behind as worse than useless luggage many of the traps and *goodies* which burdened their first progress to the national Capital.

The breaking in of a soldier to campaign life seems a rough and hard process, but it is not a killing one, especially

[1] This is an allusion to my father's own campaigning days in the Greek Revolution. See Vol. I.

to New Englanders; and you may depend upon it that when our boys come back, they will laugh heartily at the recital of the fears and sorrows excited among their papas and mammas by the stories of their privations and sufferings on their first march to Washington.

I would not make light of any real, especially of any unnecessary privations and sufferings of our soldiers, but I have no evidence of any such having yet occurred on any considerable scale, though there may have been here and there an individual case.

I have known somewhat of the food and fare of European soldiers, and have seen somewhat of the sufferings and horrors of actual war; and it seems to me that, comparatively speaking, our men are well clad, well fed, and well cared for; and the prospect is that their sufferings will be much less than usually falls to the lot of soldiers.

If, on the one hand, they have had some privations and annoyances and sufferings, arising from the haste and confusion of the expedition, which would have been spared to regular soldiers with a well organized commissariat, on the other hand they have had a profusion of extras and an abundance of luxuries which would astonish old soldiers.

The invoice of articles sent out by the *Cambridge* and other vessels for our troops contains articles hardly dreamed of by general officers in actual war. Hundreds of chests of Oolong tea; tons of white crushed sugar, and a whole cargo of ice! Besides these regular supplies there was a great variety of articles in the greatest abundance, intended for the personal comfort of the soldiers, made up and forwarded by families, friends and committees, in the several towns. It would be easy to mention some articles of which our four regiments have enough to supply forty thousand men during a whole campaign.

Many of these things will have to be left behind when the

troops go into the field. Their principal value (and that is priceless) is as a testimony of the patriotism, zeal and generosity of the men and women who felt that they must do something for the cause which seemed to them not only of their country, but of humanity.

It may be well to say here that, in my opinion, no more extra stores should be sent on. They do not promote the real efficiency or even comfort of the troops, and they do cause confusion, and even interfere with the regular service in various ways. I have had occasion to speak of this before.

As to the matter of suffering — some soldiers do indeed complain that they have to undergo needless exposures, and privations, and hardships through the indifference of their officers. These complaints are indeed so common in *one* regiment that they can hardly be called groundless, and will doubtless lead to proper investigation. I heard them from so many quarters, and in so many ways corroborative of each other, that they made a painful impression upon me. There are many things in the organization of our forces which will check and keep down the tendency to abuse of power by the officers, and the tendency to demoralization among the privates; in the election of officers by the men, the salt of New England virtue will prevail, and moral qualities will have weight.

There will be many captains like the one whom I could name in the Massachusetts 5th,[1] the stalwart man, every inch of whose six feet is of soldier stamp; the captain who eschews hotel dinners, and takes every meal with his men, eating only what they eat; who is their resolute and rigid commander when on duty, but their kind and faithful companion and friend when off duty; who lies down with them upon the bare ground or floor, and if there are not enough

[1] Capt. G. L. Prescott, afterwards Colonel of the 5th, killed at Petersburg.

blankets for all, refuses to use one himself; who often gets up in the night and draws the blankets over any half-covered sleeper, and carries water to any one who may be feverish and thirsty; the man who is a father as well as a captain of his soldiers.

This is the man who administered that stern rebuke the other day to the upstart West Point cadet, sent to drill the company. The first day the cadet interlarded his orders with oaths — his commands with curses.

The men complained to their captain.

"I'll stop that to-morrow," says he.

The next day's drill begins, and the cadet begins to swear at the soldiers.

"Please do not swear at my men, sir!" said the captain.

"What do you know about the drill," says the cadet, "and what do you know about my swearing?"

"Sir," said the captain sternly, "I know this, and you ought to know it; swearing is forbidden by the army regulation, and if you continue to break the rule, I'll order my men to march off the ground, and they'll obey me and leave you to swear alone."

The cadet took the rebuke, and swore no more at that company.

There are many officers of this stamp; and there is among the soldiers enough of the Puritan leaven to lighten the lump. The chaplaincy is not, in all regiments, a sinecure, and I was much pleased to find that in some cases the religious services were not confined to the amount prescribed by army regulations, and doled out as a Sunday ration merely — but that morning and evening devotions were regularly kept up, and willingly attended by the men.

Then there is hope that the usual demoralization attendant on armies will be lessened by that modern corrective

power which is working wonders among the moral forces of the age like those which steam is working among the material forces — the power of the Press. The reporter is everywhere — at the drill, in the tent, upon the field. Nothing escapes him. His eye is upon every man, his ear is open to every complaint, his nose is under every pot-lid. He mouses and he moles and he worms, until he scents out the truth. This is his true and noble *aim;* and despite his extravagances and sensational paragraphs, he generally hunts it down to the end. Your reporter will not only do much to *prevent* peculation and abuses, but to prevent or lessen in our army those common evils of war — tyranny among the officers and brutalization among the men.

But my business is rather to speak about the physical condition of the troops, the means of restoring and preserving their health. I found only about one per cent. on the sick list; and only two cases of dangerous illness. The surgeons and attendants were numerous enough for any probable contingency. They had brought from home a very large supply of medicine, instruments, lint, bandages, &c., so much, indeed, that it was burdensome. Calculation had been made at home for the possibility of being cut off from government supplies; but as this had not happened, the surgical staff was embarrassed by too great a load of drugs, &c. A large part of these, therefore, were left under my charge by the surgeon of the 5th and 8th Regiments; the surgeon general having promised to take them at the regular price, and pay the State for them.

Regimental hospitals have been extemporized at Washington. As soon as a man is reported sick, he is taken into the hospital of his regiment and prescribed for by his surgeons, and nursed and cared for by the attendants detailed from among the soldiers.

Every morning the ambulance comes to the Regimental

Hospitals, and if there are any patients severely sick, or who need other treatment than can be given there, they are removed to the Central Hospital established by the United States; or, if they had any contagious disease, to the hospital specially devoted to such cases.

The Central Hospital or Infirmary is a large, airy and convenient building, in a healthy part of the city. It is easy for those who visit it seeking for faults, to find them; but it is also easy to find much to praise.

The surgeons and medical men seem to be competent and attentive. The Sisters of Charity go about the work of nursing in that quiet, earnest, business-like manner which distinguishes them everywhere, and which earns for their order the high praise of being an actual, working, Christian institution.

The ladies of Washington visit the infirmary frequently, and Miss Dix, who is the terror of all mere formalists, idlers, and evil-doers, goes there, as she goes everywhere, to prevent and remedy defects.

The Government is making provision also for a Hospital at Georgetown, so that there are, or soon will be, ample accommodations for fifteen hundred sick and wounded. After waiting a few days, therefore, and becoming satisfied that all reasonable provision for the care of our sick and wounded would be made by the Government, I concluded that it was not wise to persist in the plan of a separate hospital, *i. e.* for the Massachusetts troops, and Miss Dix agreed with me.

The hospital established at Annapolis is in a healthy locality. The buildings are large and convenient, the attendants are for the most part New England men and women; and nothing is lacking except patients.

Annapolis is a quiet and beautiful place, easy of access by land and water; and as the spacious Government build-

ings there present ample room and conveniences, I suggest that if any special arrangements be made for our sick and wounded, it might be done by establishing a hospital for convalescents there. It would be better in many respects than bringing them home. Indeed there are practical difficulties in the way of the latter plan, which make it very objectionable.

The suggestions and recommendations which I have to make refer mainly to the matters of cooking and washing for our troops. In both these important items, the present arrangements, indeed the best arrangements provided in the United States Army are lamentably defective. It is difficult, if not impossible, to enforce perfect personal cleanliness among the soldiers beyond that of the head and hands. The rest must depend upon the individual habits and inclination.

But it is possible to enforce cleanliness of the clothing, especially of flannels and blankets, which are the articles most liable to neglect in this respect, and where insects of certain kinds first appear. It is next to impossible to keep the men free from lice, in the best disciplined European armies, while in campaign; and I believe that our troops will soon become infested by them; indeed, I know that some are so infested already.

The *ova* of the insects seem to be omnipresent; and where the men wear the same clothing unwashed, or imperfectly washed in cold water, for several successive weeks, and when they are huddled closely together at night, the lice are sure to appear. Nor can we rely upon the proverbial personal cleanliness of New Englanders to keep themselves free in a campaign. The horror which they feel at first soon subsides, and like other soldiers they will finally submit to what at home would be disgusting and insufferable. The regulations of the United States Army are very unsatisfactory and

inefficient for the preservation of the soldiers from this nuisance and pest.

Soap rations are allowed always to the men; and while in garrison full rations of provisions are allowed for four laundresses to each company. But the soap is wretchedly bad; and when the laundresses are present each soldier is expected to pay fifty cents a month to them. The consequence is that when in active service the men have to do their own washing or go dirty — generally to go dirty anyhow; because, with bad soap, hard water, and no proper mechanical appliances, a man cannot keep his flannel clean, nor prevent the germination of the *ova* of the vermin. The fact of the appearance of vermin already is patent, and the multiplication is certain.

Now I would suggest that the regiments should be furnished at all times with men instead of women to do the washing, because men can accompany the regiments upon campaigns, and because men can perform all mechanical operations (save dancing) better than women; and because, upon a pinch, they can fight as well as wash. In order to make their services effectual, they should have a light, portable stove, with contrivances not only for boiling water, but for raising a high, dry heat, for the rapid drying of the clothes. Indeed, a heat high enough to kill the *ova* of insects would be desirable. With a proper apparatus of this kind, the washing and cleaning of the clothes could be done effectually and under all circumstances. Even if the men had but one set of flannels, they could be dispensed with an hour or two; and that would suffice. This is a very important matter, and I earnestly commend it to your attention.

In the matter of cooking there is need of as great reform as in that of washing. As things stand now, the companies are not only obliged to extemporize cooks, but also fire-places and cooking apparatus; because the camp kettles or other

scanty appliances furnished by the United States are entirely inadequate. It is hard to conceive why an article so essential for keeping our men alive and in good fighting condition as a cooking apparatus should not be carried about with the army as well as cannon and other apparatus for killing the enemy or putting them out of fighting condition.

It has been suggested that we need an increase of our medical regimental force, but I deem it of much greater importance that systematic arrangements be made for cooking. It is called for not only by high considerations of health, but of economy.

Already great differences are observable in different companies in the matter of cooking. Beef from the same ox served up to one company is juicy, tender and nutritious; while to another company it is served up dry, tough and indigestible. The difference too in economy is marked.

The rations furnished by the United States are abundant in quantity, and under ordinary circumstances good in quality. So abundant are they that an economical cook could save upon the staple articles a sum sufficient to procure what would be considered luxuries in camp.

I think that men specially adapted for cooks by nature and experience could be enlisted in each regiment, and then detailed for the service, so as to obviate the objections raised by the red-tape men of the army.

The principal want seems to be a strong but light and portable apparatus which would answer both for cooking and washing. The genius of the French has done much for the first, but failed in the second.

If the subject were properly brought forward, Yankee ingenuity would doubtless soon produce an apparatus that would do more for the health of our men than all that doctors can do.

If a tithe of the science, skill and care which are so liberally

given to improving all the means of killing the soldiers of other armies were devoted to the means of keeping our own soldiers in health, the present fearful mortality of war would be greatly lessened.

I have the honour to be

Respectfully yours,

S. G. Howe.

Later in 1861, my father, as a member of the Sanitary Commission, visited and inspected the Government camp at Readville, Massachusetts. The following is a part of his letter of report to Governor Andrew. It is evident that he felt that by this time matters should have been better organized, and that allowances should no longer be made for hasty and imperfect equipment.

Boston, July 26th, 1861.

His Excellency John A. Andrew.

Dear Sir: — Some time ago I made at your request a hasty inspection of the sanitary and general conditions of our troops which were first sent to Washington, and reported to you that it was upon the whole satisfactory, considering the ordinary condition of armies in the field, and considering that the march of our men was not only their first march, but a forced one.

In that sudden and dire emergency it was meet that Massachusetts and her troops should accept the sufferings and hardships of war without a murmur. It was not a moment for close criticism. But we are getting into a state of persistent war, and it behooves us to see how it can be vigorously prosecuted with the least suffering and hardship to our soldiers that is consistent with honour.

Being prevented from directly aiding the National Sanitary Commission at Washington, I have tried to do something

indirectly by visiting some of our encampments here, and I address to you some reflections suggested thereby.

From the moment a man enlists in the army his bodily and mental powers belong to the country. He is called upon by honour, duty, and patriotism, to devote his time, strength and life even, if need be, to her service. These obligations are kept continually before his eyes and those of the world, in prayer, prose, and verse, to say nothing of army regulations; but there are others which are apt to be forgotten.

Obligations between parties are reciprocal, and the country is bound by as strong ties of honour and duty to the soldier as he is to it. The soldier's health is his capital — his stock in trade. It yields a certain daily income in the shape of bodily strength and activity. All of this the country has a right to; but it has no right to touch the capital unnecessarily, or in any way to diminish it. Nay! it is bound by moral considerations, if not by army regulations, to increase it if possible, so that the soldier may be richer when he is mustered out than he was when mustered into service. Any unnecessary fatigue or exposure, therefore, any needless lack of wholesome food and clothing, any avoidable violation of sanitary laws, by which the soldier's health is broken, is a fraud upon him. . . .

Government ought to take as much care of the soldier's health as it does for its personal estate, its implements of war, or its horses, but it does not. For instance, it is well known that the use of straw between the ground and the soldier's blanket is very important in a sanitary point of view; it is useful, too, for horses. Now the United States Army regulations allow one hundred pounds of straw a month for each cavalry horse, but only twelve pounds a month for each soldier. These straws show which way the wind blows. The Government owns both the capital and the income of the horse's vital force, and economizes

both; but it owns only the income of the soldier's vital force, and neglects the capital. True, a horse needs more straw than a man, but not eight times as much. The point is that he is provided, whenever it is possible, with all that is needful for his well-being, while the man is not. . . .

The main object of these encampments should be two-fold — to train men by drill and manœuvres, and to raise their physical powers to a maximum. The first is the duty of the officer, the second of the sanitarian; an actual though lamentable distinction, for a really good officer will also be a good sanitarian. The first duty is everywhere looked after; the second is almost everywhere overlooked. It ought not so to be. In training men for the ring we not only teach them to hit skilfully, but we at once put them on such diet and regimen as will increase their vital force and make them hit hard. In training soldiers, however, we submit them to such diet and regimen as must decrease their vital force. Who would think of training boxers on salt junk and lodging them in close rooms with foul air? Yet this is what we are doing while training soldiers; and it will tell in the coming campaign.

There should be a very small percentage of kid-glove in an army. We want muscular men who can march fast and far; who can carry weight, and wheel guns, and use spades, and endure fatigue. In the Southern army they have not merely ten but fifty per cent. of kid-glove. But most of all we want men of abundant vital force, who can resist destructive agencies of all kinds; among these are climatic influences; and it will be found that strong, temperate, well-trained Northern men will stand tropical heats better than Southern men not so trained. . . .

I wish I could see the sanitary condition of our encampments in such a rose-coloured light as it presented itself to the learned and eminent body of doctors who made the tour

of the camps some time ago; but I cannot. I have great faith, however, in the skill and ingenuity of the regimental surgeons. They are getting the "hang" of camp life; and I trust that, by and by, our troops will be models of personal cleanliness, health, and morals, if only good general sanitary regulations for the army are adopted at headquarters, and rigorously enforced by the regimental officers. God forbid that the narrow and impious policy of breaking down all but the animal nature of the men, and of converting them into mere fighting machines, should prevent wise measures for raising the moral and sanitary condition of our soldiers above the common and low standard of armies.

S. G. HOWE.

In February, 1862, my father published a letter "To Mrs. —— and other loyal women," touching the matter of contributions for the army and other matters connected with the war.

This letter was written as a general answer to the many letters which, he says, "come constantly from loyal and anxious women in all parts of New England," asking many questions on the conduct of the war in general, and more particularly the work of the Sanitary Commission and the duty of the women of the country towards it. In this letter he says:

"Compared with European armies in the field, ours is healthy; compared with the rebel army it is probably very healthy; but compared with a half million men at home, it is fearfully unhealthy.

"Having seen something abroad of the usual frightful mortality among soldiers in actual war, and read more; and having seen too the manner in which our volunteers were hurried into the field, I believe that the mortality

among them would have been vastly greater but for the existence of the Sanitary Commission. . . ."

Here follows a vivid picture of the horrors of war, which not all the commissions in the world could overcome; from this I can quote but a few passages.

"Our soldiers in the Army of the Potomac are dying at the rate of three and a half in a hundred yearly; and in the Army of the West at the rate of five in a hundred.

"Try to conceive the awful truth told by these figures. . . . Think of over five hundred soldiers in the very bud and blossom of manhood, dying every week! Think of half a regiment of Union troops buried every seven days! twenty-seven whole regiments laid low in a year, not by the sword, but by disease!

"Merciful Heaven! it almost drives one mad, when with this fearful fact before his eyes . . . he is told to be patient and silent, and to hope at least that the Government will be *drifted* by *events* away from its serve-God-and-Mammon policy of saving the Union, and saving too the constitutional rights of that institution [slavery] which is the accursed root of all our bitterness and sorrow, and the only cause of disunion! . . . pardon this outburst; but I lose patience at the delay to strike a righteous and killing blow into the very stomach of the rebellion by proclaiming emancipation under the war power, and enforcing it as fast and as far as we can; since every week's delay costs five hundred lives, and every month's two thousand. . . . The Athenians rejected a plan to destroy their enemies, because it required them to do wrong; we reject a plan because it requires us to do right, and to destroy wrong.

". . . We *must* raise the moral standard of our war if we would have our country come out of it with honour, instead of conquering by dint of greater numbers and greater strength."

He deprecates the sending of extra supplies for men in the field.

"Whatever it may have been in the outset, it is now not only unwise, but it is harmful and ought not to be continued. Never was an army so well paid, and never was a large one so well fed and so well clad. . . . As for the extras, they [the soldiers] can and ought to pay for them. It is better to spend their money and preserve their self-respect. Disguise it as we may, if we continue the present practice beyond the period of dire necessity, *we introduce a system of alms-giving and alms-taking;* and no purity of motive can avert the degrading influence of such a system. . . ."

"Our men in the field do not lack food or clothing or money, but they do lack noble watchwords and inspiriting ideas such as are worth fighting and dying for. . . .

"Finally, repeating that I do not speak for the Commission, I advise the loyal women not to send any more extras of any kind to soldiers in the field, and not to undertake any more work than they have now on hand, even for the hospitals. I know this advice will be unacceptable, but I know how zealous, how unselfish, how untiring is their patriotism, . . . and I know it will urge them to work for their country in some way which is neither of doubtful value, nor injurious to more pressing calls of charity. If any have means to spare, they will strengthen the hands of the Commission more, as I think, by sending to the treasurer five dollars in cash than by sending twenty-five dollars' worth of clothing."

Such words, at the beginning of the war, were indeed unpalatable, and were resented by many of the loyal women; later, they came to see the truth of them.

Through all the ups and downs of the long and terrible war, my father, though often sad and depressed, never for a moment doubted the final outcome of the struggle. The

knowledge of military operations obtained in Greece now stood him in good stead, and my mother records the fact that " throughout the course of the war he was never deceived by any illusory report of victory. He would carefully consider the plan of the battle, and when he would say, ' This looks to me like a defeat,' the later reports were sure to justify his surmises."

In his labours for the Sanitary Commission my father worked once more side by side with his old and honoured friend Miss Dorothea Dix. They accomplished much in the way of providing hospitals and money for the sick and wounded; but both realized that theirs was not the time of life for camp and field labour. The Sanitary Commission once firmly established and in running order, my father, looking forward as usual, saw the next task that awaited the nation, and threw himself into it " with all the zeal of youth and all the wisdom of age." This task was the preparation of the public mind for the emancipation of the negro, which must, he felt, follow the war as inevitably as day follows night.

This tremendous step implied an entire reversal of the national policy toward slavery, a policy which had been held and enforced during a period of forty years.

Less than five months after the outbreak of the war, my father called a meeting of anti-slavery men at his office. This meeting proved an important one, for out of it grew the Emancipation League, with the *Commonwealth* revivified as its organ, and many of the active influences which in 1862–63 led up to the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, abolishing slavery in the insurgent States under the war powers of the National Government.[1]

Mr. Sanborn finds among his papers this record of the meeting: —

[1] It was not until 1865 that slavery was finally extinguished everywhere by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

BOSTON, Sept. 5, 1861.

A meeting called for this day was held at Dr. Howe's room, 20 Bromfield Street, to take into consideration measures tending to the Emancipation of the Slaves as a War Policy. Present: James Freeman Clarke, Wm. Henry Channing, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Thomas H. Webb, Edmund Quincy, James D. Whelpley, Samuel G. Howe, F. W. Bird, Wendell Phillips, Geo. L. Stearns. The subscriber was requested to invite you to attend an adjourned meeting at the same room, on Tuesday the 10th inst., at 3 P. M.

(Signed) G. L. STEARNS.

F. B. Sanborn, Esq., Concord.

During 1861-62 my father was frequently in Washington, labouring with President Lincoln again and again in the cause of emancipation. This was the time of McClellan's great influence, an influence which all the anti-slavery men felt to be for slavery rather than against it.

The following letter shows that this was my father's feeling; it also shows how little, at this early period, even such keen eyes as his were able to pierce the veil of reticence and modesty which still hid the greatness of Lincoln from the eyes of his people.

To F. W. Bird

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1862.

MY DEAR BIRD: — I never want to be glad alone, and I hasten to communicate to you the cause of my present joy. . . .

The President has been long on the anxious seat; but has at last had a change of heart, and has set his face steadily Zionward, though he is as yet rather ashamed of his Lord. He considers slavery to be a great stumbling-block in the way

of human progress, and especially of this country. He feels that whoever has a hand in its removal will stand out before posterity as a benefactor of his race. Why in the world, then, does he not "speak out in meetin'" and relieve his mind? Simply because of his habit of procrastinating: he puts off and puts off the evil day of effort, and stands shivering with his hand on the string of the shower-bath. He has, however, gone so far as even to make up a message to Congress, which, if sent, will prove to be a bomb-shell. If he is not further demoralized by victories, he will be brought up to the scratch.

As to Congress, there are a few earnest and disinterested patriots, but they could be carried off in an omnibus; and if, after their departure, some Guy Fawkes could successfully explode his mine, there would be no great loss to this world, though, doubtless, a sudden increase of the population of Hades. . . ."

The President's message thus foreshadowed was sent to Congress the next day; it contained a proposition for the gradual abolition of slavery, with compensation from the National Government to the State which might adopt such a measure. Congress passed the desired vote, which had little immediate effect at home, owing to the strong pro-slavery feeling in the border States; but abroad it made a distinct impression in favour of the North, and from this moment the tide of foreign opinion began to turn in favour of the Union cause.

Then, in September, came the Emancipation Proclamation.

At this time my father felt deeply the importance of strengthening the President's hands by every possible demonstration of interest in the cause of freedom. This is shown in the following letter:

To F. W. Bird
U. S. Sanitary Commission
Adams' House, 244 F. Street
WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 17th, 1862.

MY DEAR BIRD: — I have only just arrived, and cannot therefore give you any news. The general impression is unfavourable to the earnestness, or *persistent* earnestness of Government in the emancipation project. All Hell is moving to head off that beneficent scheme.

I write now merely to say that I have revolved much in mind the matter of an emancipation bureau, and concluded that our best way is to push that measure with all our force. I shall see Chase[1] about it, and do what I can here.

It seems to me that what we want now is a knowledge of the actual condition of the freedmen. We must be able to present *in December*, as early as possible, a general and *reliable coup d'oeil* of the actual condition of those who are actually out of the house of bondage; their wants and their *capacities*.

We must collect facts and use them as ammunition. I will do what I can here; and, if I can arrange matters at home, should like to join you, and give personal attention to the condition of the freedmen at Fortress Monroe and elsewhere.

The condition of the poor fellows at Cairo and other places in the West is I hear deplorable. . . . Meantime, do something immediately and earnestly to stir up our Emancipation League; magnetize it into life and activity!

Everything now depends upon the people *backing up* the President and insisting upon his coming up to the scratch on the first of January.

Ever truly yours,
S. G. HOWE.

[1] Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury.

In 1863, Secretary Stanton appointed a Freedmen's Inquiry Commission, consisting of my father, Robert Dale Owen, and James McKay, to consider what should be done for the slaves already freed.

Here was a new and congenial field for my father's energies; but before speaking of this work in detail, I must make brief mention of a very different matter.

During this war time, in the year 1863, my father experienced the keenest sorrow of his life in the death of his younger son, a noble boy of four years, and his namesake. The child of his age (the youngest by many years of the six children), little Sam was the darling of my father's heart. His beauty, intelligence, and sweetness of disposition all gave promise of a "brave and generous manhood," such as befitted the son of the Chevalier; his death, after a brief illness, of membranous croup, was a blow from which my father never fully recovered. Many years after, he wrote to his friend, Francis Bird, who had just sustained a similar loss:

"Greater sorrow is not given man to suffer than that for the untimely death of a child; and the death of a son is probably more keenly felt by us fathers than any other. Up to this day, the death of my youngest boy, my best beloved child, comes over me like a fresh pang; and I go away and weep alone. I well know, therefore, the keen pangs which you must now be suffering. Time will soften, but never entirely remove them. Oh! for the soothing and blessed hope of reunion beyond the grave! Why cannot we two mourning fathers enjoy it in full faith and assurance, without the damning doubt? I vainly hope against hope; and cling desperately to the best reason in favor of immortality, to wit, the existence within us all of this pleasing hope, this striving, this longing after immortality. Can God have created it within our hearts merely to cheat and disappoint

us? No! Let us then hope for a reunion of the loved and lost ones."

My father gladly welcomed work as the great tonic for this crushing sorrow; and his labours in behalf of the Freedmen were arduous.

In behalf of the United States Freedmen's Inquiry Commission, he and the other commissioners made an investigation into the condition of the coloured population of Canada West,[1] a population composed partly of runaway slaves, partly of free coloured people, and numbering at this time some twenty thousand.

They visited all the large towns, in which the coloured population existed in considerable numbers, St. Catherine's, Hamilton, London, Toronto, Chatham, Buxton, Windsor, Malden, Colchester, and spent in each all the time necessary to get a good idea of the people. They inspected small settlements and detached farms, saw the mayors and city officials, the sheriffs, jailors, constables, the schoolmasters and the clergy, and took their testimony. They also saw and conversed with a great many coloured people at their homes, shops and farms. . . .

Returning, they presented an exhaustive report, ending with these words:

"Finally, the lesson taught by this and other emigrations is, that the negro does best when let alone, and that we must beware of all attempts to prolong his servitude, even under pretence of taking care of him. The white man has tried taking care of the negro, by slavery, by apprenticeship, by colonization, and has failed disastrously in all: now let the negro try to take care of himself. For, as all the blood and

[1] Now the Province of Ontario.

tears of our people in this revolutionary struggle will be cheap if they re-establish our Union in universal freedom, so all the suffering and misery which this people may suffer in their efforts for self-guidance and support will be held cheap, if they bring about emancipation from the control of the whites."

The freedmen were in my father's thoughts wherever he went, and he was one of the first to advocate the enlistment of coloured troops. In the fall of 1863 he visited Kentucky, mainly in the interest of the blind; but he writes as follows to Governor Andrew.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 27, '63.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR: — I have just returned from the interior of Kentucky, and have a suggestion to make, though perhaps it is not new to you.

Coloured men, slaves, might probably be got from this State in numbers, who would be willing to go to any other State and enlist; and their masters would give them their free papers in consideration of $300 or thereabouts.

The powers that be are so little powerful in brains, that they do not think the loss of their only industrious class will harm the State.

If the matter is worth your inquiring about it, write to James Speed, Esq., Louisville, a man entirely trustworthy and honourable, and a thorough going anti-slavery man, though born and bred a slave holder.

Vale!

S. G. HOWE.

Desiring all possible light on this vexed question, my father wrote to Professor Agassiz, asking his opinion on the future of the negro race, and on the wisest policy to pursue

in regard to it. A correspondence of deep interest followed, which has been already printed in the Life of Agassiz. In my father's second letter he says:

"I hold that in this as in other matters, we are to do the manifest right, regardless of consequences. If you ask me who is to decide what is the manifest right, I answer that in morals as well as in mathematics, there are certain truths so simple as to be admitted at sight as axioms by everyone of common intelligence and honesty. The right to life is as clear as that two and two make four, and none dispute it. The right to liberty and ownership of property fairly earned is just as clear to the enlightened mind as that 5 x 6 equals 30; but the less enlightened may require to reflect about it, just as they may want concrete signs to show that five times six do really make thirty. As we descend in numbers and in morals, the intuitive perceptions become less and less; and though the truths are there, and ought to be admitted as axiomatic, they are not at once seen and felt by ordinary minds. Now, so far as the rights of blacks and the duties of whites are manifest to common and honest minds, so far would I admit the first and perform the second, though the heavens fall. . . .

It is our duty to gather as many facts and as much knowledge as is possible, in order to throw light upon every part of the subject."

The closing paragraph of this letter epitomizes my father's views on the vast and vexed problem of the American negro. The first thing was to gather facts and knowledge, as a *pou sto* for future action. Who was to take this action was a secondary matter. He knew that he should never see the solution of the problem, but he was content to clear the way so far as he might for those who should come after him.

As I have already said, his labours in behalf of the negro ended only with his life.

NOTE. — The Freedmen's Inquiry Commission was succeeded by the Freedmen's Bureau, established in March, 1865.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BOARD OF STATE CHARITIES

"He was at South Boston, he was at his office in town, he was at the rooms of the Board of Charities, he was at the Executive Chamber, he was sometimes at his own house, he was always where duty called. He seemed capable to drive all the reforms and charities abreast; and yet he was seldom on a strain; always having an air we all liked, of a man of business, of a man of the world — of dauntless force of character, of firmness that was impassive, of modesty that was unfeigned; a little mutinous when governors attempted to interfere with his methods — but that was of no consequence, since he was mutinous to revolt whenever he saw the image of God oppressed or wronged or neglected. Nor will I leave him without allusion to his last great work . . . in establishing under the endowment of Clarke that noble institution on the banks of the Connecticut, where the deaf (no longer dumb) learn to discern a voice from a mute breath — to catch human language at sight from human lips. I recur, not without sensibility, to the days when we thought him essential to us in laying its foundations."

GOVERNOR BULLOCK'S EULOGY ON DR. HOWE, 1876.

"No such mind had before been steadily directed upon the problems of charity and social legislation in New England; and he came to the questions of juvenile reform, prison discipline, the care of the insane, and the general disposal of the dependent classes, with a piercing analysis and a well-formed synthesis which delighted men of thought, while it startled and displeased the children of tradition and routine, who in this generation are so much wiser than the children of light. Whoever will read the various propositions laid down by Dr. Howe in the second, third, fifth and ninth reports of the old Board of Charities — to mention only half of those which he wrote or directed — will find that hardly one of his theorems has now failed to be acted upon in practical ways, not only in Massachusetts, but throughout a large part of the nation. Yet nearly every one of them was hotly disputed by the mass of persons officially concerned with charity and education, who have since adopted them and forgotten Dr. Howe."

F. B. SANBORN.

WE now come to a new and important phase of my father's work.

Up to the year 1863, the Charities of Massachusetts had stood apart from one another, each managed by its own

board of inspection, and practically apart from the State. This condition of things distressed the methodical mind of Governor Andrew.

As early as 1860 he had come to the conclusion that all penal reformatory and sanitary institutions should be under the supervision of a single board, with a competent secretary.

Absorbing though the war was, the Governor was not the man to let it interfere with the tasks of peace. In December, 1862, he wrote to my father as follows:

"I wish you would, some early day this week, place on paper for my edification your views in reference to general and systematic improvements in our method of public charities. . . .

"I confess I do not like our State pauper system. It is contrary to the law of God. We should keep the poor with us, not set them apart in great pens. It is not a natural order. In great cities we perforce must have some great almshouses. But why should we multiply them beyond the urgency of controlling circumstances? Why elevate the paupers into another estate of the realm? . . .

"Now I have just thrown out very crudely and hastily the direction my mind is taking. You have reflected a good deal and have learned a good deal on all such matters. I want you to help me get right in regard to some of the more important aspects of this great subject of reformatory and charitable institutions — *and also to help me say it right.* I desire to call the attention of the Legislature to the subject, hoping now only to help give a little direction to the public mind, and that ultimately the fruit may begin to appear."

It was not merely to his personal friend that the Governor appealed for help in this important matter. By this time my father had become, as Mr. Sanborn says, the Nestor and

Achilles of public charities in Massachusetts. Not one of the works taken up in the thirties but he had still in hand in the sixties. Blind, insane, idiotic, deaf-mute, vicious, prisoners and captives, he was still caring for all, working for all, literally and absolutely "driving all the reforms and charities abreast." He more than anyone else felt the need of concentration and of better organization in these matters, and he hastened to reply to the Governor as follows:

To Governor Andrew

BOSTON, Dec. 21, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: — I was in attendance upon a session of the U. S. Sanitary Commission during most of last week, and did not get your note of the 15th until Friday. The necessity of attending to matters which had been deferred in my absence prevented me from writing a line until this morning; and I am now too late I fear to do anything but to express my sense of the honour and favour alluded to in your letter, and my regret at being unable to give any information which shall be worthy of your notice, on a subject of such magnitude.

In the system, or manner, of treating pauperism in Massachusetts, we find a curious medley of folly and wisdom; of antiquated abuses and modern improvement; of practices tending to encourage and promote evils, and of practices tending to discourage and root them out.

In some of our country towns you will find upon a small scale, but in full vigour, some of those well meant but really vicious and ruinous practices which in the last century (and even in this century) existed so extensively in England that there seemed danger of the country being swamped in an overwhelming flood of pauperism; and which brought about that revolution (so bitterly opposed) ending in the establishment of the Poor Law Commission, and the present system of real *Alms* and *Work Houses*.

In other towns, you will find establishments, founded on wise and humane principles, and conducted with such good judgment, skill and frugality as to bring about even better results than the model " Unions " of England can show.

It seems to me what we want is, *first*, a " knowledge of the fact." The statistics now gathered and published by the Secretary of State are valuable as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. The migratory habit of our pauper population, and the great facility of travel, render it difficult to show conclusively the result of different modes of treating paupers and pauperism in different sections; but I think they might be shown, and they would prove, as was the case in England, that while in some districts pauperism is encouraged, cultivated as it were, and made rank and rampant, in others it is discouraged, cut down and almost rooted out.

Second, a board or central commission whose duty it shall be to collect and diffuse knowledge, to prevent abuses, to protect the rights of paupers, and to establish as far as may be a uniform and wise system of treatment of pauperism over the Commonwealth.

Such a board might have more power of interference in the local administration of poor laws than the spirit of municipal independence would probably admit.

So much for the general subject, upon which I cannot of course in a brief and hasty letter dilate. If I add a word it would be upon the justice and necessity of having all questions and all systems looked at a little from the *pauper stand-point.*

This is seldom if ever done. The pauper is to be legislated for and about, and he is to be disposed of and treated as seems best for the class above pauperism; and this should be so mainly, but not entirely. The more he is limited in enjoyment and curtailed in privileges, the more precious are those rights of which no human being can ever be justly deprived.

To say nothing of his moral and social rights, there is his *right* to work and to have the hire of his work, which is apt to be disregarded.

You mention certain establishments, as the Girls' industrial School, and the School Ship, with commendation. The first seems to be working well; and the second to be as well managed as an establishment *not founded on a good and sound principle* can be.

For want of time to enlarge upon the principles which, it seems to me, should underlie reformatory institutions for the young, allow me to refer you to pp. 8–9 and 20, 34 and 35 in the enclosed pamphlet.

The plan of State almshouses seems to me wrong in every way. This establishment seems to be a step backward, and I so said at the outset. The place for the poor in a Christian community is the home of those who are not poor. As we cannot have that arrangement, we should give them a house and home in the *midst of our own and as near like our own as may be. We should not sever* social ties, be they ever so feeble, nor break local attachments, but let the poor live on where the lines have fallen to them. This can be done without violating the plain maxim that we must not make the status of the pauper a desirable one.

The fact that our State paupers are mostly foreigners does not justify our violation of the plain principles which should underlie all establishments for the support and maintenance of the poor, but on the contrary should make us adhere to them more strongly.

We have this foreign element among us; we cannot get rid of it if we would; and we should strive to fuse it into our common nationality as fast as possible. We strengthen our State by homogeneity; we weaken it by the contrary course.

We have the elements and the initiatory measures for the best systems of poor "support and employment" that exists

in the world, and these are found in our town almshouses; the smaller and more numerous these are the better, provided we can have a central board of supervision and control, to prevent abuses and protect individual rights. The protection of these should devolve upon the State.

No valid objections to our town almshouses have been urged; it is the abuses only that need correction. In these houses the State paupers would be in all respects better situated than they now are; and the best interests of the State (which are always the interests of humanity) would be promoted by a change back to the old system, especially as it would furnish an opportunity for the introduction of a better method and the correction of abuses.

I wish I had time to say more, but I cannot conclude without urging you to say a few words in your nervous and touching way, which will prepare the Legislature to favour a movement that I want to initiate for breaking up the State Reform School for Boys, into at least twenty parts.

We have, you know, just removed twenty-five boys into a neighbouring farm-house and established a third colony.

My wish is that we may be enabled to *hire* small farms, and without altering the buildings at all, or having anything marked and peculiar about them, to colonize our boys in them, under the care of plain substantial farmers, and their *wives and families*. It is not necessary even that they should be in Westboro, so that they are accessible to the superintendent of the central institution by an hour or two's ride. This is the next best thing to distributing the boys, and paying for their keep and care among the households of the State.

Pardon the haste and crudity of these remarks, and believe me to be with great respect and kind regard,

Sincerely yrs,

S. G. Howe.

The outcome of this correspondence and of Governor Andrew's subsequent efforts was the organization on October 1st, 1863, of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts, the first institution of the kind in this country.

The powers and duties of the Board are thus defined:

"They shall investigate and supervise the whole system of the public charitable and correctional institutions of the Commonwealth, and shall recommend such changes and additional provisions as they may deem necessary for their economical and efficient administration. They shall have full power to transfer pauper inmates from one charitable institution or lunatic hospital to another, and for this purpose to grant admittances and discharges to such pauper inmates, but shall have no power to make purchases for the various institutions. They shall receive no compensation for their services except their actual travelling expenses, which shall be allowed and paid."

The original members of the Board of State Charities were as follows:

Nathan Allen, of Lowell,
Otis Norcross, of Boston,
Robert T. Davis, of Fall River,
Henry B. Wheelwright, of Taunton,
Franklin B. Sanborn, of Concord,
Edward Earle, of Worcester,
John H. Coffin,[1] of Great Barrington.

Toward the close of 1864, my father was appointed to fill a vacancy in the Board; in October, 1865, by the choice of his colleagues, he became its chairman; and from this time till the summer of 1874, eighteen months before his death, he was its master spirit.

[1] Mr. Coffin never served.

The task he set himself was a severe but a most congenial one, being nothing less than a reversal of the policy up to that time existing among the charities of Massachusetts. Hitherto the State poor and defective had been herded together in large establishments. My father disapproved entirely of this system, and set himself steadfastly to turn both the theory and practice of public charity into other and wider channels.

Briefly, his theory was that the dependent classes should be diffused through the community, not congregated together. For this ideal he laboured without ceasing, and to-day, although much remains to be done, his theory has become the accepted one, not only in Massachusetts, but — in a greater or less degree — in many of the States of America, and in some of the countries of Europe.

Mr. Sanborn, his able and faithful fellow-worker on the Board, tells us that:

"In whatever he undertook, and in all the detailed work of the Board, his courage, his enthusiasm, his faith in the future good of mankind, enabled him to overcome obstacles which others had found insurmountable. He used to define obstacles as 'things to be overcome,' and generally the result justified his definition. Happily combining theory and practice, insight and experience, the seeing eye and the helping hand, he was better fitted than any man of our time to perceive and apply the laws — spiritual no less than economic — by which public and private charity should be governed."

My father's system was developed and illustrated in the successive reports of the Board over which he presided from 1866 to 1874. The second report of the Board, issued in 1866, is his first work, and is a declaration of the faith in

which he lived and died; faith in the power of light over darkness. In it he lays down the following:

General Principles of Public Charity

"In considering what measures ought to be taken for the care and treatment of the dependent and vicious classes, we are to bear in mind several principles.

"1. That if, by investing one dollar, we prevent an evil the correction of which would cost ten cents a year, we save four per cent.

"2. That it is better to separate and diffuse the dependent classes than to congregate them.

"3. That we ought to avail ourselves as much as possible of those remedial agencies which exist in society — the family, social influences, industrial occupations, and the like.

"4. That we should enlist not only the greatest possible amount of popular sympathy, but the greatest number of individuals and families, in the care and treatment of the dependent.

"5. That we should avail ourselves of responsible societies and organizations which aim to reform, support, or help any class of dependents, thus lessening the direct agency of the State, and enlarging that of the people themselves.

"6. That we should build up public institutions only in the last resort.

"7. That these should be kept as small as is consistent with wise economy, and arranged so as to turn the strength and faculties of the inmates to the best account.

"8. That we should not retain the inmates any longer than is manifestly for their good, irrespective of their usefulness in the institution."

Shall I be forgiven for saying again that these reports of my father's seem to me wonderful reading? In many respects

To-day has overtaken his Yesterday; in others, we must still look forward where he points the way. Everywhere, the spirit which breathes through these closely printed official-looking pages is the same spirit which saved the Greek soldier from death, which built up the "American Mole" at Egina, which brought Laura Bridgman out of her living tomb: the undying spirit of humanity.

The headings of the different divisions of his first Report give some idea of the width of its scope. "The Family System," "The Family in Reformatories," "Importance of Separation and Diffusion in the Treatment of Paupers."

Special Classes: "Deaf Mutes and the Blind;" "Intensification of Peculiarities growing out of an Infirmity;" "Church and Village for Deaf Mutes;" "Permanent Asylums for the Blind;" "Instruction of Deaf Mutes and Blind in Common Schools;" "The American Asylum for Deaf Mutes at Hartford;" "Treatment of Juvenile Offenders;" "Separation should not be mere Segregation;" "Difficulties and Disadvantages of large Reformatories;" "Character of Inmates of Reformatories;" "Reformatory Discipline and its Results;" "Vagabondage;" "Restraint in Reformation;" "Uncertain results of Reformation;" "Intercourse with Good Associates as necessary as Separation from Evil Companions;" "Plans for Reforming Young Offenders;" "The School Ship;" "Children in the State Almshouses;" "Our Prisons;" "Insanity and the Insane;" "Causes of Insanity;" "Inherited Tendencies or Predisposition;" "The Nature of Insanity;" "The Lunatic Hospital;" "Restraint and Imprisonment;" "Idleness of the Insane;" "Confinement of Persons not Insane;" "Expenses of the Board of Charities."

Every one of these subjects had been studied by my father at first hand through many years; to every one he brought the fullness of thought and experience. If the teaching

of Laura Bridgman was the flower of his early prime, this work of the State Charities was the ripe fruit of his later life.

Here, as always and everywhere, we, his own children, were in his mind and heart. Nothing should be lacking that he could give us; no silver or gold of love and sympathy and helpfulness, the only treasures he valued. So, on his visits to the various institutions he often took one or another of us with him. The blind had always been our playfellows and friends; in a different way we were familiar with the cheerful inmates of the School for Feeble-minded; but as we grew older we must make acquaintance also with our sadder brothers and sisters of the insane asylum and the almshouse. He never showed us anything that would shock or frighten us, only that which would awaken our interest and sympathy. My sister Maud writes concerning these visits: "I remember how all the inhabitants of poorhouse or insane asylum seemed to wake up at his arrival. It was like switching on the electric light in a dark theatre."

A few quotations from the first Report must suffice. I give at some length his remarks upon the Family System, as this was to his mind the foundation on which the charities of the future should be builded.

Philanthropy Needs Thought

"Knowledge first, works next.

"The attempt to reduce to its lowest point the number of the dependent, vicious and criminal classes, and tenderly to provide for those who cannot be lifted out of them, is surely worthy the best efforts of a Christian people. But that the work may be well done, it must be by the people themselves, directly, and in the spirit of Him who taught that the poor ye shall always have *with* you; that is, near you — in your

hearts and affections, — within your sight and knowledge; and not thrust far away from you, and shut up alone by themselves in almshouses or reformatories, that they may be kept at the cheapest rate by such a cold abstraction as a State Government. The people cannot be absolved from those duties of charity which require knowledge of and sympathy with sufferers; and they should never needlessly delegate the power of doing good. There can be no vicarious virtue; and true charity is not done by deputy. Government should seek to call forth and increase the charitable feelings of the people, but should not assume their duties of action without strong necessity.

"There should be the least possible intervening agency between the people and the dependent classes; on the contrary, the wants and sufferings, the capacities and the desires of the latter should be brought home to the minds and hearts of the former. If organized public charity must exist, the distinction between it and private charity should never be needlessly increased by any action of Government. Each citizen should be led not only to sympathize with all of whatever class, but to show sympathy by action. If, for instance, we are to have almshouses, they should be so organized as to repel the lazy or criminal pauper, but to attract the kindly visitor, and enlist the sympathies of the people.

"There need be no fear of exhausting the popular heart, for it is like the widow's cruse, and yields more affection as it is more largely drawn upon.

"The sympathies of the people can always be easily called forth. As soon as the hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers were opened, the people with one accord pressed into them, bringing their fruits and flowers and delicacies, and offering their sympathy and aid. The difficulty was, not to get them into the hospitals, but to keep them out; not lack of sympathy, but superabundance of it. Now, that impulse had its

source in something deeper than passing enthusiasm, something broader than narrow patriotism — in humanity itself. While, therefore, it should be the policy of a republican government, in the treatment of the dependent classes, to call out the sympathies of the people, it should moreover, as much as is possible, rely upon them for action.

"So ready and abundant, indeed, is the sympathy of people with misfortune and suffering, that it is apt to lead them into measures harmful to the very cause which they would promote. The heart never needs the guidance of the mind more than in the direction of charitable impulses. A man often learns by sad experience that he has increased the very evil which he sought to lessen, by almsgiving, or by unwise bounty; and a people is liable to the same error; with this difference, however, that the mistake of the man has short-lived effects, while that of the people is apt to be perpetuated in a building or an agency which posterity accepts for good, and carries on merely because it exists.

"Our people have rather a passion for institutions; but they have also a vague idea that great piles of brick and mortar are essential to their existence and potency. They want to see them, at once, and in the concrete. Hence, we sometimes have follies of the people as well as of individuals — many stories high, too — and so strongly built, and richly endowed, that they cannot be got rid of easily."

Then follows an earnest plea for the Family System, which my father was the first in this country to advocate, and for which he never ceased to plead and to labour. I can make but a brief extract from this passage.

"In providing for the poor, the dependent, and the vicious, especially for the young, we must take the ordinary family for our model. We must, in a general view of them, bear in

mind that they do not as yet form with us a well marked and persistent class, but a conventional, and, perhaps, only a temporary one. They do not differ from other men, except that, taken as a whole, they have inherited less favourable moral tendencies, and less original vigour. Care should be taken that we do not by our treatment transform the conventional class into a real and persistent one.

"In providing for them we are to consider that although there exists in them, as in all men, a strong gregarious instinct, out of which grows society, there are yet stronger domestic instincts out of which grow the family, and upon which depend the affections and the happiness of the individual. We cannot make the gratification of one instinct atone for the disappointment of the others. No amount of instruction and mental culture compensates for stunted affections; no abundance of society compensates for poverty of domestic relations; and the denial of these to the dependent poor, especially to the young, can only be justified by stern necessity. The family has been called the social unit. It is indeed the basis without which there will be no real society, but a multitude of individuals who harden into selfishness as they grow older. By means of the affections growing out of the family, the individual is divided into many; and the interests of others are felt to be his own.

"God not only 'set the solitary in families,' and made 'blood thicker than water,' but seems to have ordained that the natural institution of the family, growing out of kindred, and long familiar intercourse, must be at the foundation of all permanent social institutions, and that by no human contrivance should any effectual substitute be found for it. But the family instinct craves a permanent homestead; and the lack of that is one of the greatest evils of poverty.

"If we look through history we shall find that none of the attempts to imitate the family upon a large scale have been

successful, and that most of them have been disastrous failures. They require separation of sexes, and this involves a train of evils. Large numbers of one sex, living together permanently as a family, constitute an unnatural community, which necessarily tends to a morbid condition. Armies, and still more, navies, show this in some degree; but where the congregation is closer and longer continued, as in monasteries, nunneries, knighthoods militant, Shakerism, and other establishments on like foundation, the evil effects are multiplied and intensified. The public history of such establishments shows this plainly; and enough is known of their secret history to prove that, if it were openly written, it would cause a shudder in the minds of the pure.

"The institution of the Sisters of Charity, that rare and beautiful flower of the Romish church, forms no exception; for the essence of the evil, to wit, intensifying selfishness, and making one's own good, whether here or hereafter, the chief aim of life, is counteracted in the Sisters by their blessed occupation, which calls them into the walks of men, and makes them sharers of human interests, sorrows and joys, contrary to the very principle of selfish isolation which underlies most of such establishments.

The Family in Reformatories

"We shall find in our public institutions, that, other things being equal, the nearer they approach to the family system the better, and the contrary. In those for children it is all-important, and the force of it is beginning to be felt in our reformatories. But children need the human family as ordained of God, — the family held together by ties of blood and of sympathy, not imperfect imitations of it, made by gathering together its members for some special purpose. The family must grow; it cannot be made in a day, nor be put together by rule and compass.

"We may as well try to imitate within a house sunshine and rain, and clouds and dews, and all the shifting scenes of nature, as imitate, in a reformatory, the ever varying influences of family life and social life, with its trials and temptations, its defeats and triumphs, which are so potent to fashion character. We may as well try to teach by precept, or upon a stage, the graces and affections and virtues which grow out of close and long-continued family relations, as teach them in a great household made up of hundreds (or even scores) of children of the same class, the same age, the same sex, and, worse far than all, of the same vicious habits. We have, at best, a make-believe society, a make-believe family, and, too often, a make-believe virtue; while what boys need is a real family, real society, real life, even if its virtue is not patent and approved of men. . . .

"It would be a beautiful and most hopeful sight to see fifteen hundred children and youth — of a class who elsewhere are confined in reformatories, or shut up in pauper houses — scattered over our Commonwealth, and cared for by the people themselves.[1] What need of organizing emigration for our unemployed unmarried women, and opening fields for their energies on the Pacific slope, when such a blessed work as this may be done at their own doors?"

From the chapter on Deaf Mutes and the Blind, I quote the following passage on the *Intensification of Peculiarities growing out of an Infirmity.*

"It is to be borne in mind always that the infirmities which characterize these classes of mutes and blind (*i. e.* those blind and deaf from birth) do, in spite of certain compensations, entail certain undesirable consequences which have unfavourable effects upon body and mind both.

[1] Five thousand children are now (1908) so cared for in Massachusetts.

"The lack of an important sense not only prevents the entire and harmonious development of mind and character, but it tends to give morbid growth in certain directions, as a plant checked in its direct upward growth grows askew. It would be a waste of words to prove this, because a denial of it would be a denial of the importance of the great senses.

"The morbid tendencies, however, are not strong — certainly not irresistible — at least with the blind. They are educable, like all tendencies and dispositions, and by skilful management may be turned to advantage. Certainly, however, they ought to be lessened, not strengthened, by education. Now, they are lessened, and their morbid effects corrected in each individual, by intimate intercourse with persons of sound and normal condition — that is, by general society; while *they are strengthened by associating closely and persistently with others having the like infirmity.* . . .

". . . Guided by this principle, we should, in providing for the instruction and training of these persons, have the association among them as little as is possible, and counteract its tendencies by encouraging association and intimacy with common society. They should be kept together no more closely and no longer than is necessary for their special instruction; and there should be no attempts to build up permanent asylums for them, or to favour the establishment of communities composed wholly, or mainly, of persons subject to a common infirmity.

"Special educational influences, to counteract these special morbid tendencies, should begin with the beginning of life and continue to its end; and they should be more uniform and persistent with mutes than with blind.

"The constant object should be to fashion them into the likeness of common men by subjecting them to common social influences, and to check the tendency to isolation and

to intensification of the peculiarities which grow out of their infirmity.

"A consideration of the principles imperfectly set forth above will show that when we gather mutes and blind into institutions for the purpose of instruction, we are in danger of sowing, with sound wheat, some tares that may bring forth evil fruit. The mere instruction may be excellent, but other parts of the education tend to isolate them from common social influences, and to intensify their peculiarities, and this is bad."

These doctrines were new at the time, and roused the wrath of the conservative authorities at the Hartford Asylum for Deaf Mutes. They were still more angered by my father's advocating articulation, as he never failed to do when occasion served. The remarks of the Principal of the Hartford Asylum, the Reverend Collins Stone, are curious reading to-day:

"As far as the English language is concerned, there is no difference of opinion on this subject among practical teachers of the deaf and dumb. The question, indeed, stands about thus: on the side of educating deaf mutes by signs, we find every teacher in this country, and in the British Isles, with the exception named, and several of these gentlemen have spent nearly forty years in the work of practical instruction; on the side of teaching by articulation, we find Dr. S. G. Howe. It is pleasant to notice that as Dr. Howe's views with regard to the best arrangement for deaf mutes have not been entirely settled in the past, there is reason to hope he may come out right yet." [1]

To these last words my father replied:

[1] Report of the Principal, May 12, 1866.

"Amen! but he will never come out right, if he is afraid of inconsistency with former opinions, or clings to doctrines because he once professed belief in them."[1]

The conclusion of the Report is as follows:

"The Board have thus discharged the double duty imposed by the law; first, of setting forth in a Report 'all their proceedings and expenses;' and, second, of 'making such suggestions as they may deem necessary and pertinent.' And pray the Legislature to consider indulgently that the bulk of this Report consists of *suggestions;* and that these are made with the earnestness which comes from faith in their soundness, but without pretension to special opportunity, or ability, for treating the subject as it ought to be treated.

"None will rejoice more than the Board themselves, if the theories advanced are proved to be unsound, and, consequently, that the measures recommended are unwise; because out of the discussion will come good to the great class of dependents and unfortunates, whose condition and well-being are practically in the hands of their more favoured fellows.

"This Report assumes the solidarity of humanity; that all are equal in the essentials of manhood, and differ only in the accidents of condition.

"The essential is Divine work, and can be changed by God only. The accidental is human work, and may be changed by man in his individual or his social capacity.

"It is by difference of accidental condition that some, in every generation, have native force and added culture, and therefore rise high above the common level in knowledge,

[1] Remarks upon the Education of Deaf Mutes in defence of the doctrine of the 2nd Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Charities, and in reply to the charges of the Rev. Collins Stone, 1866.

virtue and true prosperity; while others sink as far below that level in ignorance, vice and misfortune.

"The Board has to deal with this latter class only, and the considerations and suggestions in this Report aim to set forth the importance of attention to the accidents of condition which throw so many into it, and, once in, keep them there.

"Among the accidents of condition, parentage, inherited tendencies, and early training are the most important. On these hinge individual and social progress; and, therefore, these have been dwelt upon especially.

"The Board have also dwelt much upon the importance of having the people understand fully the causes of difference in social condition, in order that they themselves may take interest and direct action in social improvement, by *levelling from below upward.*

"They have dwelt much upon the physical laws of inheritance, because these give favourable or unfavourable tendencies; and upon outward and material influences, as those of food, clothing, lodging, occupations, and the like, of the dependent classes, because these are educational.

"Finally, they have dwelt upon the importance of knowing and obeying all the natural laws, because they are ordained by our beneficent God and Father, to bind together by bonds of mutual interest and affection all the children of His great human family; and to prepare them here, for His good will and pleasure hereafter."

In his second Report (the third of the Board) my father thus outlines the policy hitherto pursued:

"1. To ascertain and exhibit the condition of our public charities and prisons.

"2. To bring about a better classification of the dependent

and criminal classes, to diminish their number, and to secure better means for their restoration to the ranks of industrious life.

"3. To procure the adoption of a better system of administration for the institutions of the State, counties and towns, and more exact reports upon their results.

"4. To set forth the causes of social evils, and the means of their remedy, not simply for the consideration of the Legislature, but for discussion and application among the people.

"5. To administer the executive powers of the Board, so as to guard the State against an increase of these evils."

The Report continues:

"How far we have succeeded in this policy, others must judge. But we have the right to say that it has been honestly and industriously pursued, and that certain results of it do appear in the legislation and the public administration of this Commonwealth. Time will show how permanent and how valuable these results are, and will perhaps complete what is now but begun.

"In carrying on our work, which we have never supposed a slight or easy task, or one for which we were fully adequate, controversies have sometimes been unavoidable. But we have sought to conduct them in such a manner that the State should be the gainer, even at the sacrifice by ourselves of much that would have been personally agreeable. We certainly should have been unfit for our position, had we allowed misconstruction and misapprehension to turn us from the plain road of duty."

The following extracts are taken from the fifth Annual Report.

Offences against Morality

"As with the first great instinct of nature, to support and prolong our individual life at whatever cost to others, even so with the second, which leads us to renew and extend our existence by transmitting it to others; which is a sort of blind longing after eternal earthly life, in the material sense of the word.

"God intrusted neither of them to reason; but to passions, planted in the deepest parts of our nature, with reason and conscience striving for supremacy over them.

"The inability to restrain and guide the first instinct, is the fertile source of offences against property; inability to restrain the second, of offences against morality. The first affects men most; the second affects women equally with men.

Feebleness of the restraining powers constitutes the greatest drag upon social life. But it is only feebleness, not an utter lack; it is therefore only a social drag, not a barrier. It is not irremediable, but curable. Faith that it is so, teaches patience under social vices and crimes, and charity towards the immediate authors of them. It teaches that they do not differ from us in the nature of their appetites and passions; that what they have desired, we have desired; that what they have done, we should have done under like circumstances of parentage and training; and that the difference of our moral and religious state comes from the fact that in them the restraining powers of reason are only rudimentary, while in us, by reason of external influences, they have been partially developed.

"What they are, we might have been. What we are (and even higher) they or their children may be.

"Such faith makes us abandon all desire of vengeance, and rely less and less upon the coarser kinds of punishment; upon the halter, the lash, the prison; upon bodily pains and

penalties of any kind. Indeed, men are ever acting upon such faith, and building better than they know; for nothing more certainly marks the progress of civilization than our relaxing the severity of penal codes, and acting less and less upon the idea that we can promote moral growth, or amend moral defects, by bodily pains and restraints.

"We must have charity to all, but above all to women; and to those vices and crimes which grow out of abused instincts and perverted sentiments. We must especially consider that some of the vices and crimes which infest society result from, or at least are fostered by, defects in those social institutions which are not modelled upon natural ones.

"If we are guided by such principles and considerations in the direction of penal, correctional and charitable legislation and administration, we shall avoid many errors into which most societies fall.

"We shall not attempt by mere preaching, and precept, and instruction, to strengthen conscience and the restraining faculties, so that men may be self-guiding and self-restraining, any more than attempt to make a child walk by telling him how to use his legs, without setting him upon his feet. To respect and to economize property, a man must own something. To improve, he must have some free agency.

"We shall not attempt forcible suppression of natural desires, but only their proper direction.

"We shall not inflict penalties in the spirit of vengeance.

"We shall not attempt to cure vice by social ostracism of the vicious; and especially not gather them together, and keep them in close and corrupting contact.

"But whoever carefully studies the vicious and criminal classes will see that through all the coarse woof of the lower social ranks of humanity there runs a golden thread which connects it with the Throne above. This is manifest in the constant tendency to recuperation.

"As in disorders of the body there is a constant tendency to recovery of normal health, which usually prevails save when great damage renders cure worthless, so in any social distemper there is a constant, strong tendency to the normal standard of virtue, which is almost certain to prevail when the natural forces are set free to remove or overcome it.

"A tree tends constantly and irresistibly to upward growth, from the very germ. Invert it, and it inverts its direction; press it down and it creeps sideways, but ever pushes upward, seeking the first opening. Distort it, and it tries to straighten and grow upward. It is thus with the human race, as a whole. Its tendency is strongly marked in the very germ, and that tendency is from the earth and towards the heavens. Inverted, it inverts its direction; distorted by vice, it tries to straighten itself; weighed down by poverty, crushed down by wrong, it grovels sideways, only to shoot up as soon as it is free. . . .

"Let all then, who by word or deed can command any influence, exercise it to discharge this duty, and to confer this blessing upon those whom misfortune has made dependent upon them. Let them visit the almshouses and prisons, and see for themselves the deplorable condition of their brethren; their visits will at least have the effect of causing greater vigilance, cleanliness, and attention on the part of the keepers. There is room here for all to work, women as well as men. Come, then, ye whose bosoms heave with just indignation at the oppression of man in distant lands; here are victims of dreadful oppression at your very doors. Come, ye who lament the heathenish customs of ignorant pagans, and would fain teach them Christianity; here are worse than heathenish customs in our very towns and villages. Come, ye who are filled with sickly sentimentality, who weep over imaginary sufferings of imaginary beings, who sigh for some opportunity of doing heroic deeds, who are speculating upon

human progress; here are realities to be grappled with, here is misery to be alleviated, here is degraded humanity to be lifted up.

"Finally, let the State Government be urged to make immediate and ample provision for all the indigent insane, cost what it may cost, even though it should be necessary to sell the arsenals, with their trumpery of war, and let all the people say Amen."

My father was also the first in this country to recommend the family system in the care of the insane.

When he went to Europe for the last time in 1867 (a trip which I shall describe in another chapter) he visited the Colony of the Insane at Gheel in Belgium, and there saw with delight the realization of his dream.

In the sixth Report he thus describes this interesting place:

"The present general aspect of the colony is this: There is a peaceful, industrious community of eleven thousand people, one-third living in comfortable and sightly houses in the village of Gheel; the rest living in farm-houses scattered over about thirty thousand acres of land. Living with these people, forming a part of their families, and undistinguishable at first sight, are between ten and eleven hundred lunatics. Of these, about a score are under constant confinement and medical treatment, in the central hospital. The others are lodged, singly or in couples, in the houses of well-to-do people; or are employed as tailors, shoemakers, joiners, nurses, or farm labourers. A few, attended or unattended by servants, lounge about the parades, coffee-houses, and places of public resort, or roam the fields, fishing and hunting. Others run up and down the streets upon errands, or carrying packages in their arms, or small loads upon barrows. Others work on the tailor's bench, in the shoemaker's shop, or at the washtub, or in the kitchen

or nursery, tending infants and little children. A few sit and stare with vacant look; but the most are stimulated to activity by the activity about them. But by far the greater number work upon the farms in the surrounding country. Wherever you see a gang of half a dozen peasant men or women at work, be sure there is at least one lunatic among them. Now and then, indeed, one of them may have gyves upon the ankles, to prevent running; but for the most part the restraint is self-imposed; and the spirit of emulation and the hope of reward are the only restraining powers.

"Contrast this with the general aspect of our lunatics at our public institutions. These are gathered together, nearly two thousand in number, in seven establishments. They are all of them under restraint, by walls and by keepers. Almost all of them are under lock and key most of the time, by day and by night. Go into any of the public institutions and ask, how many of your patients are free to take their hats and walk out of the door without the leave or knowledge of a keeper, and the answer is, hardly one. Non-restraint is preached. That is the theory. Cages, chains, straps, camisoles, muffs, bed-cribs, restraining-chairs, are abolished as far as it is thought they can be with safety. But the old superstition remains, and the whole establishment is one great restraining machine. Surely we may learn something by studying these contrasted pictures. There, freedom is the rule, confinement the exception. Here, confinement is the rule, freedom the exception. There the general rule is occupation out of doors, here it is confinement in idleness.

"Make allowance for difference of race, of education, of habits; make all proper deductions for mistakes and exaggerations; allow for the fact that the insane at Gheel are to a certain extent picked cases, still there remains this striking contrast. But can the colony system as practised at Gheel be introduced into Massachusetts? Surely not, now; nor ever,

perhaps, as a whole. Gheel was not enacted, nor built; it grew. Planted centuries ago, the virtue that was in the seminal idea — *occupation for the insane in company with the sane* — counteracted the false ideas, and kept the whole in vigorous life. It took centuries too, to educate a people to carry on the system. But growth of all kinds is more rapid with us; and if we plant good seed, free from tares, the growth here will be more in one generation than there in a century. At any rate, we may improve our own system by imitating the chief features of that. . . .

"The business of keeping lunatics has been the main source of the marked prosperity of the town of Gheel, and of the surrounding country.

"About four hundred are employed in the town, and do a great deal of the work. A still larger number are employed in the surrounding country; and it is mainly by their work, and help, and by the pittance received from Government that the peasants have been able to clear up waste land, and improve their gardens and houses. It is *by utilizing the brain power which remains to lunatics* (and which we waste) that the peasants of Gheel make the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

"At Gheel about one patient in fifty is confined within the hospital; in Massachusetts, while all are so confined a large part of the time, hardly one-fiftieth are completely free from confinement, or from close supervision at any time. This comes not from any fault of the superintendents, but from the nature of the system, the structure of the buildings, and the condition of the neighbourhood. This is a matter of so great importance to the insane that the whole system should be modified so as to give to the superintendents the means of allowing all the freedom which patients, of certain classes, can enjoy with safety to themselves and to the public. If there is but one poor, dazed man or woman confined in our

lunatic hospitals who pines for freedom, and who could enjoy it without harm to others, we ought not to rest until it can be accorded. But there are scores and hundreds so confined; and we must not let the fact that it has always been so, and, under our system, must be so, prevent our calling for remedial measures.

"One of the chief virtues of the Gheel system is that the insane are surrounded by normal or sane influences, while under our system they are surrounded by abnormal or insane influences. The most powerful of all influences upon the sane or insane is that of human sympathy. What is fabled of the chameleon is true of man. The ordinary man soon takes on the moral hue of those about him; it is only the extraordinary man who does not. Under our system of treating lunatics, nine-tenths of the social influences upon any one patient may be called abnormal, and only one-tenth are normal influences, since the insane part of the community in which he lives is as nine to one of the sane. But under the colony system, as practised at Gheel, a thousand insane persons are scattered among more than 700 families, where the normal influences are at least as five to one of the abnormal; and as the lunatics mingle much in the community at large, it may be said that the normal or sane influences are as ten to one of the insane."

If my father were living to-day, he would see his dream coming true in his own country too, here and there, little by little. But the way is a long one, and much of it is still to traverse; and in many States the huge Asylum still gathers its sorrowful inmates together by hundreds, increasing their misery and riveting their fetters.

My father remained Chairman of the Board of State Charities until October, 1874, when the infirmities of age compelled him to resign the office; he retained his member-

ship, however, for another year. The last motion offered by him in April, 1875, was one recommending an investigation of the State Almshouse at Tewksbury. This investigation was made by his colleagues soon after his death, and led to the discovery, exposure and subsequent cure of serious evils in that institution.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION

"My first impression of Dr. Howe, whom I had only known by report, and never met until the greatest of his works had been accomplished, was that of a man who was singularly devoid of all appearance of enthusiasm. I was struck with the absence of superficial fervor and gushing demonstration. He was never the hero of his own tale. I have talked with him, often and long, and should never have guessed from anything that fell from his lips that he had ever seen Greece, or lain in a Prussian prison cell, or penetrated the three-barred gate of Laura Bridgman's soul.

"Another peculiarity of his enthusiasm was the liberality, the tolerance, that accompanied it. And this I believe to be one of the rarest of moral phenomena, the combination of philanthropic enthusiasm and a tolerant spirit. Excepting him only, I have never known a philanthropist — I mean an active, reforming philanthropist — who was also a fair-minded, tolerant man. Many excellent, devoted, self-sacrificing men I have known of that vocation, men to rejoice in and thank God for; but they all had this taint of intolerance. Not content with strenuous advocacy of their own pet charity, not content with active service in the cause, they insisted that you should tread their narrow path, should merge yourself in their one idea, and reviled all who differed from them as to time and method, when even agreed as to ends. Advocates of temperance I have known who reeled and staggered and wanted to intoxicate you with their heady politics; champions of abolition I have known who wanted to fasten the yoke of their method on your neck; and even apostles of non-resistance who handled their olive-branch as if it were a war-club. Dr. Howe was not of that line. He was that exceptional character, a tolerant enthusiast, a fair advocate of a righteous cause!"

F. H. Hedge, D. D.

In the year 1866 my father was sixty-five years of age; a period of life when many men say, with Emerson,

> "It is time to grow old,
> To take in sail!"

This was far from being my father's attitude of mind; his lance was still in rest, and when a new call to arms sounded, it found him ready.

In this year the people of Crete, left in subjection to the Turk when Greece achieved her independence, rose against the cruel and barbarous rule that oppressed them; a struggle followed which, had it been successful, would have been dignified by the name of war, but failing, became known as the Cretan Insurrection.

In the first news of the outbreak, my father heard the voice of Greece calling him. He at once summoned a meeting at his office, and formed a committee for collecting funds to relieve the suffering that he foresaw would be inevitable. A meeting was held in Boston Music Hall, at which Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett Hale, and other eminent men spoke of the claims of Crete upon the sympathies of the civilized world. When my father rose and said, "Forty-five years ago I was very much interested in the Greek Revolution," there was something of a sensation in the audience. They saw a slight, erect, martial figure, abundant dark hair but slightly touched with silver, flashing blue eyes; to judge from appearances, forty-five years before this Dr. Howe should have been in his cradle.

Briefly he told the story of the Greek Revolution, and of the heroic part played by the Cretans in that great struggle.

He recalled the generous aid sent by America in those days to the suffering Greeks, touching lightly upon his own experience and work; and called upon the American people to help this new outbreak of the spirit of freedom.

Other meetings followed this one, and a general interest was roused. At one of these meetings (held on January 7th, 1867) my father presided, and ended his brief address with these words:

"The Cretans everywhere shared the dangers and the struggles of the other Greeks, and were distinguished for patriotism and good sense.

"I knew hundreds of them — good men and true. I had been in their beautiful island, had stood a siege with them in one of their beleaguered fortresses,[1] and witnessed their courage. I knew that the independence of Crete was just as well assured by the result at Navarino as that of any part of Greece. Giving up the Cretans, therefore, to the Turks, seemed to me then as unrighteous and cruel as seems now the proposal to give up the negroes, who fought with us and for us, to the dominion of their old masters, without even a ballot-box for defence.

"But Greece was forced to disarm; she was utterly at the mercy of the Allied Powers; and Crete was given over, bound hand and foot, to her enemies and her old oppressors.

"The Cretans have suffered ever since all the indignities and wrongs and barbarous oppression which Christian subjects of Turkey always suffer when they live so remote from the capital that even the little protection which the Porte affords cannot reach them. At last they have revolted, and have maintained a struggle at fearful odds, but gallantly and successfully, for several months.

"They have been driven at last from the open country; their towns have been destroyed, their villages burned, their fields ravaged, their olive-groves and vineyards cut down or pulled up; and so it is the old story over again. I see them now, the sons of my old companions, in their 'snowy chemise and their shaggy capote,' saying sadly, 'Good-bye, mother! good-bye, sister and child! Seek your refuge in the neighbouring isles, upon the main, wherever the hand of Christian mercy may aid you: we go to the mountains, to keep the flag of freedom flying so long as we live.'

"My friends, these unfortunate women and children are now suffering as many of their mothers suffered forty years ago.

[1] Grabousi. See Vol. I, *The Greek Revolution*.

"Your fathers and your mothers relieved them: will you not relieve their children?

"My friends, this is not a mere struggle between a few islanders and their oppressors; for, though it is no fault of the Cretans, their island has become the field for the last fight between Greece and Turkey, between Christianity and Mahometanism, between freedom and despotism, in the Levant. Diplomacy says we may not interfere as a nation; but humanity says we ought to interfere as men and women, and at least feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

Governor Andrew was the last speaker, and he presented a set of resolutions calling for aid to the Cretans, which was loudly applauded.

He then said, addressing my father, "I venture, Mr. Chairman, to make one single suggestion — that if all of us were dumb to-night, if the eloquent voices which have stimulated our blood and inspired our hearts had been silent as the tomb, your presence, sir, would have been more eloquent than a thousand orations; when we remember that after the lifetime of a whole generation of men, he who forty years ago bared his arm to seize the Suliote blade speaks again with the voice of his age in defence of the cause of his youth."

The response to this appeal was generous indeed. Thirty-seven thousand dollars was raised, mostly in Boston and its neighbourhood, and in March, 1867, my father sailed once more for Greece on an errand of mercy.

I was so fortunate as to accompany him on this expedition; my mother and my sister Julia making up the party of four. I was then a girl of seventeen, and my recollections of the trip are as numerous as they are delightful; but I shall follow my rule of letting my father speak for himself so far as possible, and shall quote freely from "The Cretan Refugees

and their American Helpers," a small volume published by him on his return as a statement addressed to the contributors for the relief of Cretan refugees. He says:

"Last winter, a cry of distress reached your ears from the outposts of Christendom; and in the spring I went, as your almoner, to relieve the sufferers.

"In order that you may better understand the case, and the effect of the distribution of your gifts, have the patience to hear a few words respecting the causes which led to the present deplorable condition of the Island of Crete, or Candia, and about the moral as well as material interests which are involved in the result of the struggle of its inhabitants for freedom. You will see that it is not a mere question whether a few thousand Christians shall or shall not die of hunger and cold rather than submit to Mohammedans; because, although the Cretans seem to be struggling merely for their own existence and freedom, they are in reality fighting for the progress of Christianity and of civilization in the East. . . .

"This silent struggle for national existence, this death-grapple between races, is now going on between Greeks and Turks in various parts of old Greece, insular and continental; in soft Samos, in flowery Rhodes, in blood-stained Scio, in rugged Epirus, in fertile Thessaly, in rich Macedonia; and the end is sure to be the extermination of the Turks, or their expulsion from Europe.

"Diplomacy may prop rotten thrones, may suppress democratic tendencies, may uphold the Crescent, may retard the march of Christianity and of civilization for a while, but, thank God! not for ever; and the Sultan, notwithstanding his new alliances, must soon go over the Hellespont as ignominiously as did Xerxes. . . .

"In this manner the Cretans, clinging to the soil like the

grass, showed more tenacity of national life than their enemy, who towered above it like the trees. Thus stood the parties during the dark ages when Crete was lost to sight of the European world; so that when the trumpet of national resurrection sounded in 1821, and the Greeks of the continent commenced that seven years' war which ended in the enfranchisement of part of their race and the independence of part of old Greece, the Cretans also rose vigorously upon their oppressors, drove them from the interior of the island, and shut them up in the old Venetian fortress upon the sea-coast. They shared the dangers, the privations, and the successes of the continental Greeks; and when the long and bloody struggle was terminated by the armed interposition of the allied powers of Europe at the battle of Navarino, Crete had well earned her claim to that independence accorded to the rest of the Greeks. But European diplomats, just as indifferent to her rights as Asiatic despots had been, cruelly decreed that she must be sacrificed to propitiate Turkey; and so the unhappy Cretans were again subjected to the brutalizing rule of Mohammedanism. . . .

"Cut off by their insular position from the rest of the world; still further isolated by an oppression which crushed commerce, obstructed progress, and prevented culture; unlettered, unvisited by travellers — the Cretans began to think that Christian brotherhood was dead; that the haughty Moslem riding rough-shod over them was master everywhere else; and that if they should grapple with him, they must look for no help from abroad.

"They did so grapple, however, sixteen months ago, trusting only in God and their right hands; and when, after weary months of hard fighting, they had been driven from the plains into the mountains; when the warriors were nearly exhausted by continual exposure, privations, and struggles; when they had sent away part of their women and children

to seek food, and the rest were clinging to their knees, half naked, half famished, and utterly despairing — then came, as if from Heaven, the bread and the clothing which you sent to them. Then the warriors took heart and hope, as the tears of their wives were changed to smiles, and the cries of their little ones to laughter; and all the people thanked God and you.

"This is literally true. What you sent was, indeed, only a little for such a multitude; but that little was made marvellously great because it embodied your sympathy, which gladdened their hearts and strengthened their hands. It gave them faith in human brotherhood, which, next to faith in God, is the best support in time of trouble. . . .

"The Cretan insurrection broke out in August, 1866. The Cretans, foreseeing that they must take to their natural fortresses, the mountains, and knowing that their brutal oppressors would spare neither age nor sex, hurried away as many of their women and children as they could to the continent. These were few, and most even of them fled without means of livelihood. The mass of the people remained; and as the Turkish armies issued out of the fortresses and began to devastate the country, the families fled half naked from their burning villages to the mountains or the rocks upon the seashore; and some escaped in boats. The number of the refugees became so great that the continental Greeks could not provide for their wants. The story of their sore distress reached your ears. You began your contributions in the winter, and I arrived in Greece with them early in May.

"I immediately proceeded to ascertain, by personal inspection, the number, condition, and wants of the refugees in Greece proper. There were then over twelve thousand entirely destitute, and supported by charity; about two thousand who had saved enough in their flight, or were able

to earn enough to support themselves; and more were continually coming.

"The largest part were children of tender age; the rest were women and a few old men. They were living huddled together in barracks, or other buildings, twenty, thirty, forty in a room, sitting or lying upon the floors, without tables, chairs, or bedsteads. In this sad condition, ragged, hungry, and idle, they anxiously awaited news from their husbands, fathers, brothers, fighting for the homes and the gardens which they themselves had abandoned, but fondly hoped to see again.

"In all this penury, dirt, and suffering, the women looked sad, but patient and resigned; the girls looked more hopeful; while the little ones were as merry as your children. But they all strove to make the best of their sad condition, and grouping themselves according to families, each one arranged some tattered blankets, or rude utensils, broken crockery, and scraps of furniture in some nook or corner, and hung upon the wall a rude cross or other church emblem, so as to make a faint semblance of their homes; thus manifesting, in a striking degree, two traits of Greek character which I have before mentioned — family instinct, and religious sentiment — the enduring strength of which has helped to preserve the nationality with such wonderful purity through the flood of invasions, and the age of foreign domination.

"Moreover, in spite of all their penury, squalor, and rags, they showed signs of the physical beauty and mental vivacity which distinguished the Cretans among the Greeks, who are acknowledged to be preëminent, physically, among the various nationalities of the East. Fine skins, delicate features and limbs, and large lustrous eyes, made them remarkable even in Greece. The photographs of some of these groups will show that neither fancy nor partiality made them appear thus in my eyes.

"Most of these unfortunate people had fled away at the outbreak of the revolt; but others were coming in continually, as the Turkish army extended its ravages. They were all of them living witnesses of the barbarous nature of Turkish warfare, for people do not abandon house and home and fly half naked before the approach of armies warring after the manner of civilized nations. Even the Polish peasant did not thus fly before Russian armies: and the only parallel is to be found among barbarians, or savages on our own frontier. . . .

"The moral condition of the refugees was such as would be expected of such a people; they were chaste, sober, frugal, and withal self respectful. They had neither the habits nor the air of paupers. There was a certain tidiness even in their rags. They received from the Anglo-Greek and other committees their allowance, averaging two dollars and a half per week for a family of five, and expended it almost entirely upon bread and salt, using the balance to buy a few sticks of wood for cooking, or other absolute necessaries.

"The simplest and easiest course for me would have been to pay over my funds to existing committees, and let them distribute; and some were disappointed that I did not do so; but for what seemed good reasons, I determined to make special distributions, as far as possible, under my personal inspection. The existing committees had funds enough to supply the refugees with food for months to come, but they could not provide for other wants; and besides, they were restricted in the use of their means to those refugees who had actually left the Island of Crete, while I had no other restriction than the moral obligation to relieve the suffering non-combatants of Crete. Part of my funds, indeed, might have been applied to any suffering Cretans, whether armed or not. Said one large contributor, 'I recommend you to buy bread with my money, but if you find that cartridges are more needed, buy them.' All the aid that refugees were then

receiving from the foreign committees and from the government, was their daily dole of cash; and this barely sufficed to feed them on poor and imperfectly cooked food.

"Of course there were cases where the clothing was hardly enough to hide nakedness — cases of extreme suffering, arising from sickness or disability of a mother, and cases where families could not even get into barracks, but lay on the ground in stables and out-buildings.

"My first care was to provide for such cases, and to this end I placed funds in the hands of the American missionaries, who went in and out like ministering angels among these poor people. . . .

"The next step was to try to arrest the demoralizing effect of idleness by providing some employment. There were many difficulties in the way. The people of the towns in which the Cretans had taken refuge, with the exception of the Athenians, are poor, and do their own work. Labour was not in demand. Besides, the Cretans were mostly of the peasant class. Some women knew how to spin and to weave; but few of them, and none of the children, could sew or knit. They disliked the idea of domestic service; still more the idea of breaking up their families. They regarded their exile as only temporary, and clung to the hope of speedy return to their beloved Crete. Their strongest form of expression was, 'May I never see dear Crete if I don't do thus and so!' — 'Ah, my dear babe,' moaned a mother over the body of her child, 'death is dreadful; but alas! to die in the strange land, and be buried out of Crete!' . . .

"These difficulties had deterred other committees from the attempt to supply employment; but on my proposing it to the American ladies, Miss Baldwin, Mrs. Constantine, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Kalopothakis and Mrs. Sakellarios, and Miss Hill, they undertook it, and carried it out beautifully. We got a job for making a large number of coarse bags. The ladies

were supplied with material, and taking some of the most intelligent Cretan women to help them, cut it up, and then let it be known that all who could sew might have work, and be paid fifty *leptas* for each bag made. The news spread, and immediately the houses of the ladies were besieged by applicants. The poor creatures came from long distances, under the broiling sun, many carrying infants in their arms, and waited patiently, hour after hour, until they received cloth, needles and thread, upon which they hurried home and eagerly went to work. . . .

"We then made arrangements to supply knitting-work. . . . But many women and most of the children did not know how to knit, or even to sew; and so we established work schools in which they could be taught, and soon had in Athens several hundred in constant attendance. These schools were conducted principally by the ladies above mentioned, aided by intelligent Cretans whom they selected for assistants.

"No people on earth could long continue in the condition of the Cretan exiles without becoming more or less demoralized, and unfitted to return to their former simple industrious ways of life.

"They were huddled together in crowds; they lacked effectual means of maintaining family privacy and personal self-respect, or even of personal cleanliness; the children were becoming accustomed to rags and dirt; the women were subjected to the gaze of rude men, and the temptation of vicious ones; and the whole were in danger of losing habits of self-support and acquiring those of dependents, by receiving a daily dole of what was in reality alms.

"No thoughtful friend of Crete could see all this prospective evil without painful anxiety about its final effect upon the morals of the island, should it ever become independent, and these refugees go back to it.

"I concluded, therefore, that an effort should be made to lessen, if not to stop, the exodus. At that time thousands of families had been driven from their villages, but were living in the neighbouring mountains, and hoping to regain their homes. The Turkish armies had not penetrated all parts of the island, and the mountain regions were still safe. The only pressing danger was that of starvation.

"If, therefore, means could be found to throw a supply of provisions into the interior, with reasonable assurance that it would not be seized by the soldiers, but would reach hungry women and children, it would not only relieve immediate suffering, but lessen the inducement to leave the island. It would to a certain extent check the exodus, and would of course lessen the evils which *wholesale* emigration must occasion.

"After satisfying myself that the project was feasible, provided the military authorities would aid it, I wrote to the Central Cretan Committee at Athens, composed of exiled Cretans and others, which exercised great influence because it was the organ through which contributions from Greeks in all parts of the world supplied the insurgents with munitions of war.

"The following is a translation of the answer of the Committee:

"'ATHENS, May 9 (21), 1867.

"'SIR: — The Central Cretan Committee hastens to express its deep gratitude for your humane decision to send provisions to the unhappy Cretans, driven from their homes and perishing of hunger in the caves of the mountains. Your decision comes most opportunely, at a moment when Omar Pasha and his generals are taking every possible means to subdue the Cretans by pangs of famine inflicted upon their wives and children.

"'The *Arkadium* (a vessel) will be put at the disposition of your agent.

"'Be assured, sir, that the provisions which you forward will be safely and fairly distributed, and that the name of America will be blessed in Crete.

"'We have written to the Provisional Government of Crete to take all necessary measures to second your philanthropic plan,

"'Accept, &c.,

"'LEON MELAS,

"'JEAN SCALZUNI,

"'D. E. MAUROCORDATOS,

"'A. F. PAPADAKI,

"'GEO. P. SKONTZOS.'

"Thus assured, I caused a large quantity of coarse nutritious biscuit to be baked, and packed in sacks of thirty pounds each, so that when landed upon the beach in the night, as they would have to be, they could be carried on men's shoulders into the mountains.

"Fortunately I found a man well fitted to lead the enterprise, and who volunteered to do it — Captain Elias Stekoulis, a Greek, whose character for courage and honour had been well established by years of confidential service on Garibaldi's staff. I gave to him the following letter of instruction: —

"'*To Mr. Stekoulis.*

"'SIR: — I intrust to you a cargo of biscuit, flour and clothing, furnished by the voluntary contributions of certain benevolent inhabitants of the United States, with the object of relieving the distress of those Cretan women and children who, driven from their dwellings, have taken refuge in the mountainous regions of the island inaccessible to the Turks.

"'In order that you may thoroughly understand the ob-

ject of your mission, I would state that the American Committees, although sure of their right and duty to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, wish, nevertheless, to fulfil that duty in such wise that the international laws (whether really or only conventionally right) shall be infringed as little as possible.

" ' The succour sent is intended for the non-combatants, especially for the women and children.

" ' We know that immense numbers have fled from their villages and farms to mountainous regions, inaccessible to the Turkish army, yet not far distant from their former places of residence. It is precisely for this class of unfortunates that the cargo of provisions is destined, and I trust that by your discretion and firmness it may reach them, in spite of all the efforts which may be made to divert it to the use of the combatants. Persons in authority have assured me that you shall be safe from all intervention, but I rely chiefly upon your courage, discretion, and firmness.

" ' You will see the importance of checking, or at least of diminishing the emigration of the inhabitants from the island. The consequences of this are already frightful, and if continued will do more to injure the cause of Crete than even the burning of houses and destruction of olive trees. The latter injuries can be repaired; but the fatal consequences of the exodus will last for ever. Thus I repeat my earnest desire that you should distribute the supplies entrusted to you in such a manner as to prevent the departure of families from the region to which you are sent.

" ' I must leave to your discretion the details of the execution of this general plan; but I think that you will be able to pursue the following course.

" ' Disembark your cargo in one of the little creeks near Lutrou, and place it in some locality inaccessible to cavalry, and, if possible, beyond the reach of infantry. Leave this

depôt in charge of some responsible person, and under a sufficiently strong guard. Then go yourself to the higher regions, and make investigation among the refugees. Find out those among them suffering most from destitution. Give to each family an order upon the depôt for an amount of food and clothing proportionate to its number and wants. Several families can then unite in sending their orders by the hands of persons whom they can trust.

"'You will everywhere give them to understand that this attempt to relieve their hunger is made as an experiment, and that if successful it will very probably be repeated, but if not, then probably not; certainly not, if the failure be in consequence of the rapacity of the soldiers or men in power.

"'You will have the goodness to note and record every circumstance which can throw light on the cause of this deplorable exodus.

"'I would suggest that you make a daily record, and that on meeting with persons driven from their homes, whose natural intelligence and integrity are so evident as to inspire you with confidence, you should write down, *verbatim*, all the circumstances of which they can give ocular testimony, tending to explain the manner in which this dreadful war is waged.

"'Take special pains to ascertain whether there are supplies concealed in different parts of the island, which the inhabitants could produce in case the fear of famine should cease and a sufficient price in money be offered. . . .

"'Yours, &c., &c.,

"'SAMUEL G. HOWE.'

"Having guarded against the dangers of the provisions and garments being seized by Greek soldiers, the next step was to elude Turkish cruisers on the water and Turkish

troops on the land. On the night of June 14, 1867, the bags were landed on the Cretan shore, almost under the range of the guns of the blockading squadron; and before daylight they had all disappeared. They had been expected, and a crowd of men, with a few mules and donkeys, had come down from the mountain fortresses, and been waiting for them upon the beach since sunset. The sacks were immediately laden upon the animals or upon men's shoulders, and carried up to places of safety, without the loss of a single one.

"At sunset the Turkish officer on duty on the blockading ship, sweeping the horizon with his spy-glass, saw nothing but stones and sand upon the beach, and reported, 'All's well!' At daylight he looked again, and saw only the same sand and stones, and again reported, 'All's well!'

"There was a touch of real heroism, on this occasion at least, in the conduct of these simple but chivalrous Cretans. We had appealed to their honour, and they answered honourably. Strong men, armed, undisciplined, unrestrained by martial or civil law, numerous enough to defy opposition, hungering and not knowing where to find the next meal, took this food upon their shoulders, and toiled for miles up the mountain passes, and threw it down before the women and children, and broke not their own fast, nor their faith!

"Individual men have often imitated the dying Sidney's generous self-denial, and passed untasted the cup of water to lips less parched than their own, but masses of men rarely. . . .

"The distribution was made immediately, and the following laconic letter from Captain Stekoulis gives not only a vivid sketch of the scenes, but an insight into the heroic character of the writer.

"'CRETE, June 23, 1867.

"'SIR: — We arrived at Ajia Rumeli on the 16th inst., towards midnight. In the morning came men and women

from different villages of Sphakia, crying, while their eyes were filled with tears, "Bread! Bread, to save us!" I gave to each person a little bread, on condition of their transporting the cargo to Mylos, where was a locality which served as a depôt. On the 18th women and children came from Kydonia and from Selino. The enemy has already devastated both these provinces by fire, and the families are wandering hither and thither among the mountains. They were at the utmost extreme of hunger and nakedness. They cried out, "In the name of Heaven, we have not tasted bread for twenty days." I gave them bread and clothing, as authorized by you. . . . On the 22nd we passed through the midst of the White Mountains, where, in the rocks, ravines, and caverns, we found a crowd of families in the same condition. Believe my words: had it been possible for me to strip myself naked, I would have given my clothes to these unfortunate beings. On the 23rd we arrived at the village of Askypo, and in the morning, having slept in a deserted cabin, I heard cries without. On arising, what did I see? A crowd of girls, young women, children, and old women, who cried, "Bread! Bread, in the name of God!" Believe me, I could not look at them, such was their nakedness.

"'I gave the last garment I had, and a little bread, to each individual. To-morrow I shall go to Apokorona, in order to obtain a nearer view of the situation, and to learn the details. The inhabitants of the aforenamed provinces and villages have given me letters of gratitude for you.

"'In view of this terrific destitution, I beg you to send a cargo of flour, and of cotton cloth to cover their nudity.

"'Faithfully yours,

"'ELIAS STEKOULIS.'

"The result of this distribution of your contributions in Crete was very satisfactory. Thousands of hungry and

naked women and children were fed and clothed, and tens of thousands of hearts were gladdened and strengthened. The following letter came unsolicited from their regularly organized municipal and general authorities, and, allowance being made for the hyperbolic style of the Easterns, will show, not only the feelings of the people, but also the character of the writer. The original can be examined by the curious, who will see how nearly the language conforms to the ancient Greek.

" This letter is an outbreak of feeling on the part of simple religious people reduced to sad extremity, and is expressed with more zeal than taste: —

" ' Glory to the Triune God, the Bestower of all blessings! And God save our Heaven-sent benefactor and supporter, Dr. Howe! And God save the illustrious and Philhellenic people of glorious America! And best wishes for our brother and genuine compatriot, Stekoulis.

" ' In our despair, at a moment when we were expecting that all, not only our wives and children, but our warriors, would die of hunger — at a moment when our bloodthirsty enemy was preparing to invade our province with all his force, to decimate and ruin it — the Heaven-sent *Arkadium* arrived, bringing the precious gift sent us by the illustrious and freedom-loving people of America through our most beneficent father, Dr. Howe, and transmitted to us under the direction of our kind brother, Stekoulis.

" ' The day this donation arrived was to us a day of regeneration, a day of freedom, a real festival, because then a perishing multitude was fed and revived. Women and children who for many months had been exposed to the extremity of cold and of heat, were comfortably clothed. Warriors, after suffering the hardships of want and warfare, were cheered and encouraged, so as to be prepared again,

please God, to repel the foe, and all to contend as long as we have a drop of blood to shed in our country's cause.

"'Had this precious donation not arrived in the very moment of our extreme need, we might have all been victims of our ferocious and sanguinary enemy, the apostate Omar Pacha. In fact, the insurrection might have been extinguished in our Province, which God forbid.

"'In a word, the benefit conferred on us by this contribution, and the courage with which it has inspired our hearts, are beyond all power of description.

"'We deem it, therefore, our bounden duty to offer up, day and night, our united prayers to the Almighty, for our most beneficent father, Dr. Howe, for the illustrious and Philhellenic people of America, and for our kind brother and true patriot, Mr. Stekoulis.

"'With hearts full of gratitude, we shall all, small and great, unceasingly continue to exclaim, God save the illustrious, humane, and freedom-loving people of America! God save our most kind benefactor and father, Dr. Howe! God save our brother and sincere patriot, Mr. Stekoulis, intrusted with the distribution of the American bounty.

"'JOANNES SAKELLARIOS, Priest.

"'GEORGE DASKALAKIS, Commandant.

"'JOANNES ZACHAREONDAKIS, Lieutenant.

"'DEMETRIUS PAPADUS, Deputy.

"'And eighty-one other inhabitants of the Province of Sphakia.'

". . . The effect, which I had rather hoped for than expected, of checking the exodus, was not realized; because, first, it soon became evident that none but American supplies could be counted upon, and that these were very limited. The people felt that we would save them, but could not. Second, because Omar Pacha, by his able and vigorous

strategy, and by vast sacrifice of men and money, had succeeded in penetrating mountain regions hitherto held to be inaccessible to Turkish armies. They could not, indeed, remain stationary there, because there was nothing to eat except what each soldier could carry, and it was impossible to maintain long lines of communication with their base upon the sea-shore, while such plucky guerillas beset every ravine and pass; but they could burn and destroy everything combustible, even to the rafters and doors which the Cretans had brought from their houses on the plains to prevent their destruction.

"The smoke of burning dwellings now went up not only from villages on the plains, but from hamlets in the mountains, from shepherds' huts and folds, and from the tents and temporary shelters erected by refugees who had abandoned them, and who had clambered up higher with their children and their goats. Thence they looked out upon the sea for some friendly sail or some blockade-runner upon which they could take refuge. I myself, while sailing along the coast, saw the smoke going up from their villages by day, and saw the light of the fires by night. Such things may seem to you marvellous and incredible, because you have never witnessed the like, nor has our land ever known them; but history is full of them, nor have they yet ceased in countries where the hand of the tyrant is unstayed by law or by public opinion. . . .

"All the Cretans now came to the conclusion at which many had long before arrived, to wit: That the European Powers would not soon interfere, and that the only hope of rescuing the island from Turkish domination was by taking permanently to the mountains, and thence carrying on guerilla war, pouncing down upon every detached troop, making onslaughts upon every outpost, harassing every garrison, making the open country untenable by the enemy;

and so, by long protracted resistance, to outweary and exhaust him. If the policy of the Turks had been to conquer and possess the island for their own people, they would have favoured the exodus. But no! they wished to make the Greeks continue to work it as serfs for them. To this end they resolved to prevent the women and children from escaping, and so pinch them by hunger that their famishing cry might force the men to submit. Accordingly large divisions of the army penetrated every accessible part of the island, burning habitations, destroying every green thing, and driving the families before them; while war vessels, with steam ever up, sailed continually about the coast, firing upon whoever tried to escape, upon whoever tried to carry in provisions, and upon whoever tried to fish from shallops, or even from the rocks.

"To meet this policy of starvation, the Cretans resolved to send off every non-combatant who could be got away, and to leave only fighting men and goats who could clamber the mountains with them, and furnish some food.

"The Sultan was countenanced, and indeed aided, in his atrocious policy of subduing a Christian country through wholesale and systematic starvation of the entire population, by his friend and hostess, 'the Defender of the Faith,' and indeed by the United States Government. British sailors were forbidden to interfere and save the refugees; and I blush to think that, when American officers asked what they should do if starving women and children should stretch out their hands from the shores of Crete and beg to be taken on board, the answer was, 'You may rescue them *if it can be done without offending Turkey!*' Save the lambs if the wolf does not object! This was publicly reported, and never publicly contradicted; and as American war vessels have been in those waters, and never saved a refugee, I fear it is true.

"But more humane counsels prevailed with other nations,

and the war vessels of France, Russia, Italy, and Austria, in defiance of the Turks, transported tens of thousands of these unfortunates to the shores of Greece proper. And now those innocent victims of this infernal war, exiled from their homes, half clad, half fed, are looking to the Christian world for help and support; while their husbands and brothers, wandering barefoot, shirtless, and ragged, without tents, and without rations, can look only to God and their own right hands to keep the flag of the Cross flying yet a little longer in defiance of the Crescent.

"Let me next give an account of the distribution of clothing to the refugees who had escaped from the island and found refuge in neighbouring islands or in continental Greece.

"The committee of the New England women made an appeal to the public in behalf of the Cretans, which was answered promptly and generously. Nearly ten thousand garments of suitable kinds, mostly women's and children's dresses, were made up by our ladies, and some second-hand clothing was added.

"I received them after the summer heats had set in, and at first thought to retain them until the autumn and winter should add the anguish of cold to the pangs of hunger. But there were so many who were not only becoming filthy for lack of change, but whose garments were becoming too tattered to cover their nakedness, that I was forced to commence the distribution, and trust to future means to provide for the winter.

"Amid such general and pressing want, it was difficult to say who were most in need; but I decided to make a beginning with the refugees in the islands of Egina and Milo.

"The minister of marine, who, like all the officers of the Greek Government, was eager to promote my plans in every way, gave me an order for any Government steamer that

might be then disposable. The Greek navy, however, consists, for the most part, of one steam frigate, two sloops of war, two or three tugs, and sundry craft too dilapidated to float. A crazy old tug was the only thing then available, and upon this I embarked with several boxes of clothing. Mrs. Walter Baker, of Boston, who was returning from a tour in the East, happened to be in Athens; and she, with Miss Mary Baldwin, volunteered to go with me and attend to the distribution. So we sailed out of Port Piræus, and across the Gulf of Salamis, down to old Egina. The ancient port was formed by projecting two vast walls into the sea, and approaching the ends thereof so nearly that the narrow opening could be closed by a chain, and further guarded by towers. Chains and towers, and most of the superstructure, were gone; but the foundations of the enormous walls were still above the surface, and made a secure haven within. It had, however, become much choked up with the soil washed down from the hills, and by rubbish from the town, and would have been still more so but for the mole built here by the agent[1] of the American-Greek committees in the old war of independence, forty years ago. There were then assembled in Egina many thousand refugees from parts of Greece ravaged by the Turks. Provisions by ship-loads were sent out from this country; but the agent, instead of feeding the refugees in idleness, employed those who were at Egina in building a mole to protect the harbour from further filling up. The men unearthed the vast foundations of an old temple, and took the huge blocks of stone, which had been quarried, and hewn out with mathematical precision, three thousand years ago. These were carried down to the harbour, and laid the outer line of the mole, where they will probably be useful as many thousand years more. The women and children brought small stones and earth in baskets, and so all,

[1] This agent was my father himself. See Vol. I, *The Greek Revolution*.

toiling during many months, fairly earned, instead of receiving as charity, their daily allowance of flour grown in the Genesee valley.

"Grateful to us it was, landing upon this broad, substantial mole, to find assembled upon it the populace of Egina, many of whom were witnesses of its building, and all of whom regarded it as a monument of the generosity and of the practical beneficence of the American people.

"Near the town is a vast building, erected, during the presidency of Capo d'Istria, for an orphan asylum. It is an extensive pile, one story high, built around a square, and divided off into small rooms. These had been stripped of everything, even to the wooden floors. There were gathered about twelve hundred refugees, women and children, with a few old men, and three or four *papas* or priests. Like the other Cretan refugees, they were sadly destitute of all the comforts, and some of the necessaries, of life. Their allowance from the committee was but forty *leptas* a day, just enough for meal and salt, and a few sticks of wood for cooking. Their garments had become soiled and tattered, and many were nearly naked. They had no occupation, and sat with folded hands, looking out over the sea for some vessel from Crete, and listening for news from their husbands and fathers, then battling for their homes.

"One large room had been set apart for a church; and here we opened our boxes, and sorted out the garments. Admitting a family at a time at one door, we hastily gave to each one a shirt and drawers and gown, and dismissed them for the others.

"It was a hard task, for the poor creatures were so eager to get a garment of any kind to cover their children's nakedness or their own, that they thronged and choked the passages. Still they did not clamour, or beg in words. There was none of the crying out, and praying, and blessing you, so common

among mendicants. They were unpractised in any art of begging. Pressing hunger, and want, and fear of nakedness impelled them to come and show their condition. Mothers mutely held up their infants above the crowd, and pushed their little girls before them — but were still.

"It was only after they had clutched some garments and were bearing them away, that they broke out into exclamations of joy and gratitude. Would that the thousands of New England women and girls who made up those garments, or gave their own dresses, could have heard those thanks and blessings, and seen the passing gleams of pleasure which lighted the wan faces of those widows and orphans of living men!

"As far as possible, the clothing was selected in view of the special needs of each family; but in general little could be done further than take a hasty glance at the size of the persons, and try to pick out a fit. All we men could do was to cry out, 'Here, you tall woman with four children: here are two long and three short gowns, shirts and drawers. — Make way for that stout woman! Here is a big petticoat, and drawers to match, for you. — Make room for the next.' And so on, trying to despatch business as fast as possible. But the great variety of the garments enabled the ladies who gave them out to exercise woman's greater tenderness and tact. Many a mother was delighted by their suddenly changing the garments which I had given to their daughters for others better adapted to their shape; and many a maiden blushed with pleasure when they snatched from her a coarse check gown, and gave in its place another, the more genteel appearance of which had caught her eye, as it lay on the heap — some cast-off dress, perhaps, still useful, and displaying in its make and ornaments the taste of the former wearer.

"Returning, we were overtaken by night; our tug broke her machinery, and became unmanageable, so that we passed

the night in a dreary and dangerous plight. There was no room for the ladies to lie down, nor any fit food for them to eat; but they bore it all bravely, and when at dawn we drifted into a little cove on the coast of Attica, and came to anchor, they counted their sufferings as light compared with the satisfaction at what they had done."

My sister Julia accompanied my father to Greece, but my mother and I tarried a little in Italy, joining them a few weeks later. When we arrived at the Piræus we were surprised not to find my father waiting for us. We proceeded to Athens, and met him at the door of the hotel; he was as usual, full of cheerful energy and the affairs of the day: it was not till later that we learned of the accident described above, which had prevented his meeting us.

My father, as usual, makes no mention of his own part in this episode, but Mrs. Baker gave my mother a vivid account of it; telling of the long night hours during which they drifted farther and farther from the shore, helpless and — she almost felt — hopeless; and how my sister Julia, unconscious of the imminent danger, prattled of the beauty of sea and sky, and told stories to lighten the tedium of the sleepless night. With morning a breeze sprung up. This brought no hope to the captain and crew, who were calling upon the saints and bewailing their sins; but my father tore down the awning which covered the after part of the deck of the wretched little tug, called upon one of the passengers to hold it up for a sail, took the helm himself, and in a few hours brought them into port.

It was delightful to see the flame of enthusiasm with which my father was everywhere welcomed. Some of his old Revolutionary comrades were still living, chief among them his life-long friend George Finlay the historian. These gathered round him eagerly, but no less eager were the

young men who flocked to see and greet the old Philhellene, the Chevalier of St. George, the builder of the American Mole. Looking back, it seems that our little *salon* in the Hôtel d'Angleterre was thronged every day and all day with men, old and young, all with dark eyes beaming kindness and reverence, all with words of heartfelt welcome on their lips. My father was deeply touched by this reception, and it is one of the beautiful memories of my life.

One of the distributions of clothing was made at Argos, and my mother and sister and I had the happiness of assisting in the work. I recall vividly the great church, its floor piled with clothing of every description, the stately dark-eyed Cretan women, majestic even in their rags and misery, the slender girls, the lovely, dirty children.

We spent the day and night at Argos, and drove over to Mycenæ; ate our luncheon beside the Lion-gate, and crept into the Tomb of Agamemnon and the Treasury of Atreus, two rock-hewn caverns, opening one into the other, both lined with great stones exactly fitted. They were dark and very cold, and the shade of the King of Men seemed to shiver over my shoulder, but I little thought that his mortal part, crowned and jewelled, lay actually under my feet.

One incident of this expedition has always seemed to me highly picturesque. We found the good people of Argos in great excitement. Kitzos, the famous brigand, the original of Edmond About's *Roi des Montagnes*, had committed one crime too many, and was being hunted through his mountains by the militia of the country. A new rumour met us at every corner. They had found Kitzos: they would never find him: he was seen yesterday: he was taken: no, he had escaped to inaccessible fastnesses, and was safe. So the rumours flew, and we girls, who had read our About, listened with beating hearts.

The next morning early, my father went down to the little wine-shop where the news of the day was to be had, and found it full of hubbub. People were wrangling and disputing loud-voiced, and still the word was "Kitzos."

"He is taken, I tell you!"

"A lie! they will never take him."

"But I heard —"

"But I saw —"

Close beside my father in the shouting crowd stood a man in the dress of a mountaineer, shaggy capote over his shoulders, shirt and fustanella, all dingy and ragged; a savage-looking fellow enough. After listening to the talk for a while in silence, he said quietly, yet so that every one heard, "Kitzos *is* taken!"

Something in his tone made every one turn to him with eager inquiry.

"What do you say?"

"How do you know?"

"Where did you hear?"

The mountaineer made no reply, but plunging his hand into a bag that hung by his side, drew something out and held it up at arm's length. It was the head of Kitzos!

The head, on which a great price was set, came to Athens in the same steamer with us, and my sister and I begged for a glimpse of it, which my father most wisely refused.

This reminds me of the fact that the Turkish authorities in Crete had set a price on my father's own head, quite as if he were a mountain brigand. In spite of this he visited the island, and came away full of hope for the Cretan cause.

This visit, as well as the one to Egina, must have been full of strange and vivid memories for him. Fifty years had passed since the young *Archichirurgos* was shut up in the

little rock-fortress of Grabousi, closely besieged by the Turks, watching from the ramparts day after day for the reinforcements that did not come, flinging down his eager, impatient thoughts in the faithful little leather-bound pocket-book. I like to fancy that it was then, on Cretan soil, that he picked up an antique jewel which we children loved to finger and admire; a golden earring — why not Ariadne's, dropped when she fled with Theseus? — exquisitely wrought in very pure and soft gold; a lion's head clasping a shred of golden rope. Who knows but that, had his mind been on such things, he might have sought further, and brought to light the treasures of ancient Cretan art for which we have waited till to-day?

Returning to Boston, my father published the Statement from which I have quoted, and he and my mother at once began to make arrangements for a great fair in aid of the Cretan refugees.

This fair was held the following spring (1868) at Boston Music Hall, and was most successful, realizing more than thirty thousand dollars. This money, like that raised the previous year, was expended in food and clothing for the Cretan refugees. Much suffering was alleviated, many hearts cheered and lightened, by these efforts of the friends of Freedom in America; but another generation was to pass before Crete gained even partial liberty.

At the time of the fair, my father began the publication of a small newspaper, called *The Cretan*, the object of which was "to enlighten the American public upon the merits and antecedents of the Cretan question." This publication was continued during six months, and is an instance of the thoroughness and devotion with which my father served this cause. My mother, speaking of the close of the Cretan struggle, says: "The glimmer of hope died out from the hearts of the brave Cretans, and the darkness of a bar-

barous despotism settled and sealed itself over their horizon. But in distant America, one true heart beat ever for them to the end. Their champion cherished hope for them as long as it was possible to do so, and at last committed their cause, sorrowfully but trustingly, to the justice of the future."

It has been said of my father that he never planted a dead seed. In the neighbourhood of Athens there is (or was, a year or two ago) a large establishment where fabrics of all kinds are woven, from cobweb silks and gauzes to heavy carpets; this, I am assured, is the outcome of the schools founded by my father in 1867.

In the year 1869, the American mission to Greece falling vacant, it seemed to many people that my father was the most suitable man for the position. His name was suggested to President Grant, but the politicians at Washington had other views, and he did not receive the appointment.

My father little thought what other good fruit this expedition was to bear for him and for others. While in Athens, finding that the work of correspondence was more than he could manage alone, he made inquiry among his friends for a suitable person to act as his secretary and amanuensis. Shortly afterward a young man applied for the position, giving his name as Michael Anagnostopoulos, a native of Epirus. My father liked his looks, engaged him on the spot, and both fell to work without more words. At this first interview the question of salary was not mentioned; but after several weeks, the young secretary proving all that could be wished in every way, my father broached the subject, and asked how much he owed him.

"You owe me nothing, sir!" was the reply.

"What do you mean?" asked my father. "You have been working for three weeks, and I wish to pay you your salary."

"Dr. Howe," replied Anagnostopoulos, "what salary do you receive for helping my country?"

"I?" said my father; "Not a penny! That is a different matter."

"Neither do I receive a penny," said Anagnostopoulos, "for helping you."

There was no reply to this.

"Well!" said my father. "Be it so! but what *can* I do for you?"

"Take me with you to America!" said the young man. "If I have served you well here, I may be able to do so there."

The rest of the story is well known. Michael Anagnos (to call him by the familiar name) came back with us to Boston, married my sister Julia, and became my father's right hand at the Institution, and in due time his successor in the office of Director. His long and faithful service there, the honours he attained, and the good deeds he did, are fresh in the memory of all who knew his beneficent life and mourned his untimely death.

CHAPTER XVIII

SANTO DOMINGO

"Leaving those things which were behind, he pressed forward to those which were before. His youth was perennial. At seventy years of age he was a young man still, full of love of adventure and enterprise, ready at all times to carry the institutions of his country into all nations sitting in darkness, that they might see a great light. The ardour of his friendship, time never cooled; his sympathy with human progress, and elevation and emancipation, no circumstances, no associations ever quenched or subdued. To the hour when the infirmities of years entirely overcame him, almost to the very hour of his death, he was constantly watching and waiting for a new opportunity. . . .

"Fortunate in many circumstances of life, in its associations, in its cultivated friendships, in its achievements, he was especially fortunate in this, that he laid down in the beginning the great law which guided him to the close. His old age was indeed the maturity of his youth. And as the young men and old men of our land ponder on his life, they may learn the value of constant devotion to the best impulses, and the glory which gathers around the head of him whose career is one unclouded day of charity, and heroism, and self-sacrifice.

"Massachusetts has been called, in these waning years of the first century of our national existence, to mourn the loss of many of her strong and illustrious sons, native and adopted, until her soil has become truly sacred from the holy treasure which has been committed to its keeping — of Andrew, the prophet of an earnest and devoted people — of Agassiz, the imperial monarch in the realm of science — of Sumner, the majestic advocate of human freedom as the foundation of human law — of Wilson, the tribune of the American people from north to south, from east to west, in all their social and civil equality; but she has enrolled on her banners no brighter name than that of Samuel Gridley Howe, who gave inspiration to the prophet, and walked the paths of science with the great explorer, and whispered the loftiest thought into the ear of the advocate, and taught the tribune that his chosen people might be found in the humblest walks of life. And so shall he receive his reward."

GEORGE B. LORING.

Two years later my father heard still another call from that voice of Freedom which had never yet summoned him in vain. The Republic of Santo Domingo sent through her President, Baez, an urgent prayer for annexation to the United States. President Grant, who approved the idea,

appointed a Commission to visit the Republic, inquire into her conditions and resources, and report upon the question. Of this Commission my father was one, the others being Hon. B. F. Wade of Ohio, and Hon. Andrew D. White.

The three commissioners sailed for Santo Domingo, on January 17th, 1871, in the steamer *Tennessee*. Before taking leave of us, my father said, "Remember that you cannot hear from us sooner than a month under the most favourable circumstances, so do not be frightened at our long silence!"

Scarcely a week after the sailing of the *Tennessee*, there appeared in the papers a sensational account of a great storm in the southern seas, and of a large steamer seen struggling at the mercy of wind and wave. "The steamer was probably the *Tennessee*, and it is most likely that she foundered in the storm and went down with all on board."

In spite of my father's warning, this report could not fail to cause grave anxiety. My mother in her *Reminiscences* recalls the days of cruel suspense that followed, and the outburst of congratulation when the good news came of the steamer's safe arrival in port.

The commissioners, aided by a corps of scientific observers, made a thorough inspection of the Dominican Republic, traversing it from end to end, talking with the people, taking testimony, examining official records. They also visited the neighbouring Republic of Hayti, and investigated the conditions there. They were absent in all seventy days, and on returning, made a report strongly in favour of annexation.

The following extracts from this report will show its general tenor.

Condition of the People

"The physical, mental, and moral condition of the inhabitants of Santo Domingo was found to be much more advanced than had been anticipated. The population is gener-

ally of mixed blood. The great majority, especially along the coast, are neither pure black nor pure white; they are mixed in every conceivable degree. In some parts of the interior considerable numbers of the pure white race are to be found, and generally in the mixed race the white blood predominates. The Dominican people differ widely in this particular from the Haytian, among whom the black race is in complete ascendancy. The cultivated and educated, such as the president, members of the cabinet, senators, judges, and local magistrates, compare well with the same class in other countries; and the uneducated appear equal to the same class in any country with which we are acquainted. They seem to be practically destitute of prejudice of class, race or colour. In their intercourse with each other and with strangers they are courteous in manner, respectful, and polite. In all their relations with them the commissioners found them kind and hospitable. The testimony shows them to be an honest and inoffensive people, among whom, in the rural districts, a person may travel alone and unarmed all over the country, with treasure, without danger. All of the numerous parties attached to the commission, which traversed various parts of the country, bear the same testimony concerning the people. The judicial officers stated that high crimes, such as murder, arson, burglary, and the like, are nearly unknown among them. No pauper class exists, and beggary is almost unknown. They are a temperate people, and drunken men are rarely seen. Among the popular vices is that of petty gambling, which is indulged in openly and extensively, especially by the Spanish portion of the population."

Hayti

"The commissioners, of course, felt a deep interest in the experiment of self-government which the blacks are trying in

Hayti. They certainly wished it all success. They could not understand how any new and close relations between Santo Domingo and the United States could affect that experiment otherwise than favourably. They felt that it would be unjust to our Government to suppose that it contemplated any action injurious to it. They had too much faith in the virtue of our institutions to doubt that the firm establishment of similar institutions in a neighbouring land must act favourably upon republicanism and progress in Hayti. The only force to be exerted would be a moral one — the force of example. They knew of no valid claim which Hayti had against Santo Domingo, nor of any rights or interests which could be endangered by the extension of our institutions over the eastern end of the island.

" Nevertheless, they desired to give to the Government and to intelligent citizens an opportunity of stating their views. Moreover, they desired, in the most friendly spirit, to make the same observations and study of Hayti and its inhabitants as they had made of the Dominican Republic.

" They intimated to the President of Hayti and his council their dispositions and desires. They stated even that they should be glad to be put in the way of ascertaining what were the claims of Hayti upon Santo Domingo, and what were the views and wishes of the Haytian people with respect to any changes that might be brought about in the neighbouring republic; but they received no encouragement to pursue their inquiries.

" They asked verbally and through our minister, in writing, for permission to explore the interior of the island, but this was met in a spirit equivalent to a refusal. They contented themselves, therefore, with taking such testimony and gathering such information upon matters bearing upon the question of annexation as they could without giving offence.

" In reviewing the whole field of their investigations, looking

to the interests of both divisions of the island, they are firmly persuaded that the annexation of Santo Domingo to the United States would be hardly less beneficial to the Haytian than to the Dominican people. This benefit would arise, first, from the example which would doubtless be afforded of a well-regulated, orderly, and prosperous state — the great need of that part of the world, and which it has yet never seen. A second and more direct benefit could arise from the equitable establishment of a boundary line between the French-speaking and the Spanish-speaking nations upon that island, and its guarantee by a strong power. This would end the exhausting border warfare which has been one of the greatest curses of Hayti as well as Santo Domingo, and would enable both to devote their energies thenceforward to the education of their people and the development of their resources.

"Respectfully submitted,
"B. F. WADE,
"AND. D. WHITE,
"SAM'L G. HOWE."

But the time was not yet ripe. The opponents of annexation were first in the field, and, before the commissioners could present their report, raised a hue and cry against the project. Sumner attacked it bitterly in the Senate; others of less noble mould opposed it on lower grounds; the far-seeing military genius of Grant, the keen intelligence of the three commissioners, all availed nothing: briefly, the measure was still-born.

This was a grievous disappointment to my father, who had set high hopes on the future of the beautiful island. Moreover, his indignation was roused by many unjust and unworthy accusations brought against President Baez, against everything and everybody connected with the project.

To one of these attacks he felt constrained to reply, in a letter to the *New York Tribune:*

"*To the Editor of the Tribune:*

"SIR: — Justice to a neighbouring people calls for a reply to a recent article in a Boston newspaper, which I ask leave to make through the columns of *The Tribune.*

"The commissioners to Santo Domingo reported, as the result of their personal observations, certain interesting and important facts. The chief of these were, first, that a large proportion of the Dominican people are of a high type of physical organization, and may be properly classed with the white race. Second, that they manifested an unexpected degree of intelligence and of culture. Third, that they are accustomed to the exercise of considerable municipal and political power. Fourth, that people of all ranks do earnestly and almost unanimously desire annexation to the United States. Indeed, the word 'prayer' would express their feeling upon this matter better than the word desire.

"The commissioners set forth these facts over their own names. They were confirmed by their secretaries, among whom were Frederick Douglass and Judge Burton. A corps of scientific men, numbering, with their assistants, more than a score, reported the same general facts, and most of them over their own names. The reporters of newspapers of all parties almost unanimously confirmed these statements, especially the last one, to wit, the unanimity of the desire of the Dominican people for annexation.

"I know that the investigation of the island and of its people was made honestly, earnestly and thoroughly. The commissioners were not blind, nor were they hoodwinked by Baez. The canvass of the people was minute and extensive. Men and women of all ranks were conversed with face to face. Two of the commissioners were sufficiently familiar

with the two languages most used on the island to understand the wishes of the people. The scientific corps was composed of intelligent men. The other witnesses were regular correspondents of American newspapers, a surer guaranty for intelligence than titles of LL. D. or even M. C. The commissioners appended the voluminous testimony which they had taken from magistrates, priests, soldiers, artisans, peasants, from men and from women of all occupations; and the Government printed and published the report. Surely it was worth some attention, even though it conflicted with opinions and dogmatic assertions based upon Congressional Library lore, and with statements of political adventurers and exiles, whether Haytian or Dominican. But Santo Domingo was already, for the time, a dead cock in the political pit. The clamour of party drowned the voice of humanity; and the report was still-born. Our people had been made to take a 'snap judgment' upon the question of annexation, in utter ignorance of its important bearing upon the subject of West Indian and Brazilian slavery, and upon the spread of freedom on all sides. The time foretold by an illustrious Senator, in his 'Prophetic Voices about America,' had indeed come — 'when the name of our Republic should be exalted, until every neighbour, yielding to the inevitable attraction, should seek new life in becoming part of the great whole.' The people of Santo Domingo believed the prophecy. They prayed 'to become part of the great whole;' but our people were made to turn a deaf ear to the prayer.

"Perplexed by side issues, skilfully paraded; disturbed by fierce charges of executive usurpations and wrongs; fearful of breaking political ranks, our people forgot their high mission, and pronounced against the peaceful extension of our institutions to a suffering neighbour, who prayed for them. It was a grievous error and a wrong. Nor have they been allowed to see their error and to correct their wrong. Any attempt

to revive the question of annexation is scouted as a disturbance of the dominant party. On the other hand, no opportunity is lost of giving a kick at the corpse of annexation, and of vilifying the Administration as the supposed parent of it. . . ."

A few days later he wrote to the *Independent:*

". . . One of the most painful episodes of my life was a short sojourn in Hayti. I had always felt a deep interest in the experiment of a negro republic. I came a warm friend. I wished to be an indulgent admirer; but I had seen too many countries not to feel instinctively, on landing, that I was no longer among a democratic people, as I had been in the eastern end of the island.

"Moreover, I soon perceived signs of a reign of terror. The social atmosphere indicated a coming storm. The mulattoes, especially, seemed in fear for their lives; while a conceited and ferocious aristocracy (based on colour) was everywhere rampant. They sought to parade their anger, and to show their scorn of annexationists.

"Looking about for signs of hopeful progress, I found, instead, marks of stagnation, if not of degeneration.

"After a few days, Frederick Douglass, meeting me on the quay, said sadly, 'If this is all my poor coloured fellow-men have been able to do in seventy years, God help the race!'

"But there were intelligent and liberal men among them; and though they spoke with bated breath, the opportunity of communing with real republicans was too precious to be lost; and so they contrived to commune with us. A mulatto, one of the most prominent and able supporters of the dominant Government, who in public denounces annexation, said to me, with deep emotion, 'If we mulattoes should speak out our

wishes about annexation, the negroes wo
our children.'

" Several, however, contrived to come a
others admitted me privately to their ho
and by back doors opening on back street

" They all looked to the annexation of
the United States as a step toward the an
also, and of their deliverance from the tyra

" I, therefore, do something more than
that many intelligent and liberal Haytians

" Well may they desire that some exte
brought to bear upon their present politi
dition, so as to improve its prospects; for,
baleful effect of generations of servitude (
the negroes of Hayti, as in other West In
they are left entirely to themselves, tend
barbarism, as neglected fruit to the c
savagedom in some parts of the interior
the perpetuation of the pagan worship of
sacrifice of infants, and the eating of the
even the fear of execution has been able t
help them! and may we also try to help t

" But we cannot do it by the scheme of
negro confederacy in the tropics. That in
to wit, a white republic in the temperate z
no conditions of colour. It implies seg
colour; and the world has had too much
sequestration from the human family, and
great social movements of the age; and of
can least flourish under such disadvan
contact with more highly developed ra
rather than originates; and he may carry
civilization which he never could have initi

" No man of feeling who knows this in

Santo Domingo can fail to be moved by a thought of their present condition and their probable fate. To me they seem, in some respects, like the poor mountaineers of Crete a few years ago, whom we might have saved but for our worship of the fetish of international law.

"I trust that Santo Domingo, so marvellous for its beauty and its fertility, so delicious in its climate and its fruits, so felicitous in its geographical position, may be kept from becoming the colony of any foreign government; and that its inhabitants may be saved from civil war and subjugation by the Haytians until such time as the sober second thought of our people shall grant their prayer for the protection of our laws and of our institutions.

"This I do as a friend of Hayti, for I believe what intelligent Haytians have told me, that the best hope for free institutions in their part of the island is in the firm establishment of like institutions over the neighbouring territory of Santo Domingo. I have no more sympathy with the cry of 'a black man's government' for Hayti, than with that of 'a white man's government' for the United States. I believe in human solidarity, not in segregation; least of all that based on colour. I scout, as childish, the fears that by flying our flag over Santo Domingo, and establishing our civil and political institutions among its people, we shall affect the independence of Hayti any sooner or any more than its people shall desire.

"Our country lusts not for military conquest.

"We do not seek subjects, but we will not deny citizenship. Nor will we refuse to share the political blessings which God has vouchsafed to us, among our fellow men who honestly seek for them. 'Our city can be nothing less than the North American Continent, with its gates on all the surrounding seas;' in the name of humanity, let us keep them all open.

"*Boston, August* 23, 1871. "SAMUEL G. HOWE."

Was it a dead seed that was planted here? I cannot think it. For nearly forty years it has lain dormant; but even at this hour it begins to show signs of life, and may yet spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold.

The plan of annexation having failed, some private individuals determined to form a company, and to obtain a lease of the beautiful Peninsula of Samana, in Santo Domingo, "under favourable conditions, and with valuable rights and privileges." My father had been enchanted with the beauty of the island, its delightful climate, and the mild and agreeable character of its inhabitants; he embraced this new project warmly, and consented to become a director of the new Samana Bay Company, organized in the autumn of 1871. The following spring he revisited Santo Domingo, charged with the completion of preliminary arrangements between the Company and the Government of Santo Domingo.

The late Colonel J. W. Fabens was his companion and collaborator, and my mother, my sister Maud, and Miss Lucy Derby[1] were also of the party.

The voyage was stormy, the little steamer *Tybee* flinging herself wildly about, and making every one uncomfortable; but when they anchored in the harbour of Puerta Plata, and my father came to the state-room door, crying, "Come out and see the great glory!" all discomforts were forgotten.

When they reached the capital, the city of Santo Domingo, President Baez received the party most cordially. The old Presidental palace was prepared for their residence. Weather, scenery, prospects, all were brilliant and beautiful. My father gave a ball for the townspeople; the President returned the courtesy with a state banquet; in short, everything was done to render their visit a delightful one.

I was at this time in Europe with my husband, and my father was, as always to us children, a most faithful corre-

[1] Now Mrs. Richard Fuller.

spondent. The two following letters describe his life in Santo Domingo:

To Mrs. Henry Richards

SANTO DOMINGO CITY, March 8, 1872.

DARLING LAURA:—. . . During all our stay of three weeks not one day has been cloudy or wet. Such a delicious climate is hardly to be found on the globe. The thermometer seldom falls below 70°, and when it mounts even to 90°, we have none of the oppressive sense of heat which usually accompanies such temperature, because the trade winds fan us all the time. Then too we are free from all common tropical pests. Fleas do not swarm as in Italy; the mosquitoes are small and few, and we seldom need bars. Flies we do not see at all; no poisonous snakes exist; and scorpions and tarantulas are like ghosts, much talked of, but never seen, at least by us.

You know that the Government put us in possession of the old Spanish palace of the Viceroy, so that we are really lodged *en prince*. True, there was only the lofty apartment, and the marble floors, and we had to provide furniture, and I had to put it up. I had brought bedsteads and the inevitable pianoforte, and by dint of hiring and buying, we soon made all very comfortable and cozy.

Night before last we had a *warming*. About seventy ladies and gentlemen came in about eight o'clock. With our own party and the officers of the U. S. ship *Nantasket* we made nearly an hundred. Dancing began at about nine and continued without intermission until two. Your Mamma for the first time in her life cried "enough," and had to beg one of the Dominican colonels to give the guests a hint to go; this they took rather hardly and departed reluctantly. Doubtless they would have danced until daylight. . . .

To Mrs. Henry Richards

SANTO DOMINGO, Wednesday, April 10, 1872.

MY DEAR LAURA: — It is rather shabby to write a letter to cross the Atlantic in pencil; but it is so very uncertain about this one even reaching you that I will indulge.

There is as much difference in writing a letter — between the slipshod pencil ways, and pen and ink way, as between shuffling about the house in slippers and dressing-gown, and being strapped into black trousers and stiffened by a claw-hammer dress coat. So *vive le crayon!* You will see your Mamma soon, and she will give you a better idea in three minutes' *confab* of our situation down in the tropics than I can do by writing a ream. But let me sketch my usual routine. Rise at daybreak — say 5 to 5.30; find that the thermometer which went to sleep last night at 80° has sunk to 70°; air, deliciously cool, floating in at my open doors and windows. Make my *warm* toilet — flannels (which I never leave off) and thin cassimere clothes. Sit down to my table and read and study Don Quixote in the grand old Castilian. At 6.30 go fussing about the house, seeing that breakfast is under way. Scold a little in bad Spanish. Have an eye to three ponies in the stable. See that the boy has come back from market with fresh bananas, oranges, sapotes and other outlandish fruits. Drum up the cooks — rouse up the sleepers, and by dint of din and perseverance get our company seated at breakfast at 7.30.

Then I lounge into the piazza and drop into shops of acquaintances, and ask about the news, of which there seldom is any.

At 9 I mount my pony and amble out through the city gate and over the drawbridge (which won't draw) and over the moat (which never has a drop of water) into the country.

Along a road with the ocean in full view on the right — with a thick undergrowth or jungle on the left, above which

towers the beautiful palm, in all varieties, the grand mangoes, the sandox and other trees, to a cove on the beach. There I take a sea bath with a zest of enjoyment which can never be felt except in tropical waters. You know that in the north one always feels a kind of shudder at first plunging or wading into the sea — and that to sensitive people there is a kind of nervous shock which makes one draw in the breath with a shudder — but here the water is so warm or fresh, that it invites, rather than repels; and you covet rather than shrink from the plunge. Then on coming out the air is so soft and warm! At home I bathe in summer in the sea rather because of the good it may do me than from the pleasure of the thing. Here I bathe because all the sensations at and after the bath are delicious.

After bathing I ride up to the summer house of a friend, and his boy brings down from the tree a fresh cocoanut, cleaves off the end with his *machete* and gives me a drink.

Then I amble home and dawdle about the house until dinner time — one o'clock. Dinner is — soup — fish of the most delicious kind — vegetables in abundance — and fruit of various kinds. We usually have a ragout, or a stewed fowl, but nobody eats it — we dine literally on soup, fish, vegetables and fruit. Often after dinner Maud prepares a delicious dish, neither solid nor liquid, by cutting off the end of the fruit of the Capion Flower plant, pouring in a little wine, and serving out juice and seeds in wine glasses.

The fruit is about the size of a large cocoanut, and of golden colour. The contents are about the consistency of cream, and abound in small black seeds which you must swallow with the juice. In the afternoon we mount the easy going ponies and take a ride of a few miles into the country. . . .

A packet of my father's letters to me is in my hand and I cannot forbear adding one of earlier date, just to

show a little of one side of him which I have perhaps slighted hitherto, the *merry* side. Up to the last he was always ready for mirth, when not driven by work or in pain; his blue eyes twinkled oftener than they flashed, and that is saying a good deal.

32 MOUNT VERNON STREET, Sunday, Nov. 27th, 1871.

DARLING LAURA: — Keep in mind the fact that Papa has always been, not a good, but a faithful correspondent of all his children, and in view of this forgive his late remissness in this respect. . . .

Mamma is crusading in Philadelphia and the adjoining country, and will be absent until Monday, I think. She is in sublime health and spirits; indeed her spirits are fireproof; and there is no danger of Purgatory or Inferno for her, because the devil would not admit her for fear she would raise a laugh in his warm premises. . . .

We are all to keep Thanksgiving at Aunt Jennette's, whose shadow is none the less. You and Henry should have seen her, the other day, trying to squeeze into our carryall! The first time, she got so far as to *stick*, without being able to make a lodgment, and came back upon the sidewalk with a bounce. I made her try again, and when the pinch came *I boosted* with my shoulder, and squeezed her whole corporation inside. When she expanded again, and her voluminous petticoats puffed out, there was not room enough left for a parasol. But she is as good as she is big, and so are big folks generally. I have a feeling that we of the lean kind are apt to be viperish.

The business of the Company seemed to flourish exceedingly, and when my father returned to Boston it was with high hopes of the good to be accomplished by the Samana Bay Company.

These hopes were not to be realized. My father and some of the other directors advised the immediate investment of all subscription money in roads and other much-needed improvements in the district of Samana, but the majority favoured an extensive loan in the English money market, and this project was pursued at great expense. At the very moment when the loan seemed negotiable, news came of a revolution in Santo Domingo. President Baez was thrown out of office, and with him his friends and the friends of the Samana Bay Company.

The new President was placed in office by the merchants of Puerta Plata, the rival city, and was little likely to favour the advancement of Samana. Then followed a time of uncertainty and divided counsels. In January, 1874, my father became seriously ill, and was ordered south to escape the Boston winter and the cares of office. He was most unwilling to leave his work, but when strongly urged by his family and friends, he consented to go once more to Samana, thinking that the Company might still be saved. He was accompanied by my mother, and by Colonel Fabens and Captain Samuels of New York, the three gentlemen being charged with negotiations between the Samana Bay Company and the new government.

My mother thus gives the conclusion of the matter:

"The conclusion of the whole may be briefly summed up as follows: the revolution prevented the loan; the failure of the loan rendered the company unable to fulfil its engagements. The new government took advantage of this failure, which itself had caused, to annul all concessions made by its predecessor in favour of the Samana Bay Company. The matter being thus at an end, the whole party, much chagrined, reëmbarked on board of the *Tybee*." [1]

[1] *Memoir of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.*

This was at the Capital. The *Tybee* touched at Samana and left my father and mother there, the rest of the party returning to New York.

They took up their abode in a cottage belonging to Colonel Fabens, and arranged matters for a stay of some weeks. The *Tybee* once fairly started on her homeward voyage, the new government insisted that the flag of the Samana Bay Company be officially withdrawn. The one warship of the republic made her appearance in the harbour, and pointed her one gun at the quiet couple in the hillside cottage. The next day the final scene in this interlude was presented.

The employees of the company, all coloured men, marched to the building over which the flag was floating. They were armed, but in the muzzle of each musket was a red rose. My father explained the situation in a few sorrowful words; a military salute was fired, and the flag came down.

My father had revived greatly during the voyage, and continued to gain in health as long as he stayed on the beloved island. He was deeply distressed at the failure of the enterprise on which such high hopes had been built, but discouragement had no permanent place in his mind. The prime object of his trip was the pursuit of health; in this he persevered, and attained a greater measure of success than could have been hoped for.

My mother tells us:

"He was early and late in the saddle, and dashed up and down the steep hillsides of Samana with all his old fearlessness. A row on the beautiful bay sometimes took the place of the excursions on horseback, in which I was not easily able to keep up with the swift pace of my companion. In the quiet of noonday he amused himself with the adventures of Don Quixote, which he read easily in the Spanish language. He often called me from my work to read me some favourite

scene, which he esteemed too entertaining to be read alone. The cloudless skies and transparent waters, the gloom and grandeur of the tropical forests, the quaint and primitive ways of the people who surrounded us — all this we enjoyed with a freshness of delight not unsurpassed by the enthusiasms of youth. The time flew swiftly by, and when at its end we turned our faces homeward, our satisfaction was not unmingled with regret." [1]

While at Samana my father learned with deep grief of the death of Charles Sumner. My mother has told how, as she was inspecting a mountain school, a note was brought to her from my father, saying, "Our dear, noble Sumner is no more. Come home at once. I am much distressed."

The news was indeed a heavy blow. Mr. Sumner's violent opposition to the annexation of Santo Domingo had sorely disappointed my father, and the two friends had sorrowfully differed on various important points during the last two years; but now all was forgotten save the love and tenderness of a lifetime. The following letter to Mr. Bird was written soon after this:

To F. W. Bird

SAMANA, April 9, 1874.

MY DEAR BIRD: — I am filled with sorrow and pain by the news of dear Sumner's death. It came in a chance number of the *Herald*, which merely alluded to it, as a thing some time passed, and in mention of his will. Agassiz, Sumner, — *les Dieux s'en vont!* I wrote to him shortly before I left, beseeching him to leave off brain-work and go to Europe — or better to Hayti — and try to check the backward progress towards barbarism of that interesting but misguided people. People throughout this region, while ad-

[1] *Memoir of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.*

mitting Sumner's talent and goodness of heart, feel that the greatest opponent of their freedom and elevation has been removed. The Haytians, on the other hand, will mourn the loss of their great friend.

The Samana Bay Company has at last been struck down by the British and German commercial men, who saw in its success the destruction of their own trade from Puerta Plata, and by the influence of the British Government, which foresaw in its success the spread of American ideas and institutions over their vast island, and all the surrounding ones. The finger of the British Government, and the money of its secret revenue fund, are to be seen plainly in the late transactions.

I linger here to enjoy the delicious climate and recover my health. I am heavier, stronger, hungrier, and more elastic in muscle and mind, than I have been during the past ten years. For a week past, every day has been even more balmy and delicious than our hot summer days. I live in the open air all the time; for windows and doors stand open day and night. We are perched in an eyrie upon a promontory jutting into this magnificent bay, which is surrounded on all sides by picturesque hills and mountains, covered with perpetual verdure, and clad to the very tops with timber and precious woods. At the foot of one hill is a little rocky basin, with a clean sandy beach upon which the breakers roll continuously, in which I bathe every day, lying down in the surf and rubbing myself with the white sand. It is a positive pleasure merely to live in and enjoy such a climate. . . .

It is luxury to look around at the gorgeous panorama of hills and mountains, of diversified shape, and covered by the richest verdure. Verily, whose eyes have not seen the tropics, they have not seen the earthly glory of the Lord. And then the fruits are so plentiful, so varied, so fresh. Bananas, in varieties which you never see, fat and luscious, and — five for

one cent! Oranges cheaper than our apples; pineapples, bigger than your head, ten for a dollar; and mangoes, sapodillas, cayelias, the fruit of the papina flower; the cactus and the like. Vegetables in profusion and of various kinds, sweet and cheap — three crops of corn being gathered from the same spot in one year. Fish, varied and delicious; meats? ah! there we fail, for one can hardly get a bit of fresh meat that one can chew up and swallow.

But the people — the people? Well, they are docile, temperate, courteous in manners, and rich in undeveloped resources, like their island; but uncultivated, cunning, and untrustworthy in business. They are, however, superior in every respect — higher by the whole head — than the semi-barbarian negroes of Hayti, and superior in many respects to the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands, but — but "better twenty years of Boston than a cycle of Cathay." Dear old Boston! I long to see you again as soon as the rugged winter, which meets and throttles one like an enemy, is gone; and I trust I shall enter your streets and walk over the stumps of the Paddock elms before the middle of March, and dine with "the boys" every Saturday afternoon.

With kind regards to everybody, except B. B.,[1] I remain

Ever faithfully,

S. G. Howe.

[1] Benjamin Butler.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GOOD KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

"Let us begin and carry up this corpse
Singing together."

ROBERT BROWNING.

"Over the tomb of the philanthropist I would not hang out his insignia of the Greek Legion of Honour, nor his cross of Malta, nor his medal of Prussia. I would instead record the words of Edmund Burke, applied by him to John Howard and his mission: 'He penetrated into the depths of dungeons; he plunged into the infections of hospitals; he surveyed the mansions of sorrow and pain; he took the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; he remembered the forgotten, he attended to the neglected, he visited the forsaken, and he compared and collated the distresses of all men in all countries.'" GOVERNOR BULLOCK.

"You ask for his epitaph. It is a very simple epitaph. He found idiots chattering, taunted, and ridiculed by each village fool, and he left them cheerful and happy. He found the insane shut up in their wretched cells, miserable, starving, cold, and dying, and he left them happy, hopeful, and brave. He found the blind sitting in darkness, and he left them glad in the sunshine of the love of God." EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

My father's health was indeed marvellously restored by his stay in Santo Domingo, but the strength thus gained was not lasting. Eager to take up his work again, he returned too soon; the change from tropical warmth to the bitter Boston spring brought on a severe attack of rheumatism, and though he rallied from this he never regained strength, and from this time on was seldom free from pain. I must think that this summer of 1874 was not the least remarkable period of my father's life. He was now broken with age and toil and suffering. The erect carriage and elastic tread, which he had retained till past seventy were gone; the

noble head was bowed; he moved slowly and with pain. But age could not touch that spirit of fire; the failing hand must still serve the active mind. Slowly, painfully, but with indomitable resolve, he pursued what he felt was probably his last earthly task, the writing of the forty-third Report of the Perkins Institution. His eyes grew dim; he closed them, and dictated to his faithful amanuensis, Mary Paddock. Pain racked him, sometimes forcing a groan from his unwilling lips; the groan shaped itself into words of wisdom and power. I have already quoted freely from this report, which is a retrospect of his life work among the blind. Written at a distance from the scene and records of that work, there is here and there a slight error in detail, a slip of memory: but the main story is told clearly and vividly, and were there no other monument to his memory, this would suffice.

I have been told by an eminent worker among the blind that in all his experience no question had come up relating to the subject which he did not find treated in my father's reports. I am glad and proud to know that more than a quarter of a century after his death they are still regarded as a gold mine from which the wisest may draw treasure.

The following letters belong to this summer. They are written from Portsmouth (Newport,) not — alas! from the Valley, which had been sold several years before, but from Oak Glen, a place not far from it, and only less charming.

To Francis Bird

NEWPORT, JULY 27, 1874.

MY DEAR BIRD: — I hoped, last week, to be able to go to Boston on Saturday, mainly that I might meet and condole with you in your great sorrow;[1] but I was still too feeble.

[1] The loss of his son, already alluded to.

Sometimes the feeling of sympathy in the sorrows of others helps lighten one's own, or ought to do so. There is my good friend Fabens, who, last week, was stricken down in sorrow for the *fifth* time, by the death of the fifth and last remaining boy. Hardly fifty himself, he has seen five goodly sons grow up to near manhood, and blossom into hope of a goodly life, and then successively and slowly decline and die before his afflicted eyes. Fabens I know to be a gentleman, pure and upright in all his intents and actions, quixotic as some of them were — and yet, Sumner had the misfortune to be so blinded by passion and prejudice as to hold him up to the contempt of the country. I gather some hope for the correction and improvement of my own character when I see men so much higher and better than I fall into such errors as I am conscious of in myself.

I have been more ill since you were here than ever before, and some of my symptoms seem to forebode an unfavourable end, but I am now sensibly gaining strength.

It may be that I shall have two or three years more of power of work; but it is doubtful, and I abide my summons for departure. I hope, my dear Bird, that I may yet have opportunity of communion of spirit with you.

With kind regards to your family, ever faithfully,

SAM'L G. HOWE.

To Francis Bird

OAK GLEN, AUGUST 12, 1874.

MY DEAR BIRD: — If you, or any of yours, have been victims of chronic rheumatism or neuralgia, you will understand how the pain and *malaise* utterly paralyze one's volition, and how one can put off, from day to day, and from week to week, duties and even inclination. My suffering has been almost constant during about two months; so that, although able to get into the saddle and ride about, I have

shrunk from performance of duties, such agreeable ones even as writing to dear friends. Hence my silence on the one subject near my heart, to wit, my sympathy and interest in you and your affairs. Two days ago, I suddenly felt a relief such as one who had been pinched and screwed up in iron armour until his joints were stiff and all his bones aching would feel by having the inflexible armour exchanged for a silken vestment. This is the third day of my relief, and I begin to hope that the disease has left no seeds in my system which will sprout again.

Glad indeed I am that you are to be so near us, and hopeful of your presence under our roof. It would be very imprudent for me to go in the boat, and I would not do it for any money, although I would do it if it were the only way to see you. After to-day we shall have plenty of spare room, and would welcome you and any of your family. Mrs. Howe will be away to-morrow, but home again on Friday.

I rejoice to hear of dear, good Wilson being better. Must he not sometimes feel as a man whose skin has been inflated with wind until he soared over people, and might fear lest some accident or rupture would let the wind out and himself down? "Ah, my son," said Oxenstiern, "you do not understand with how little wisdom the world may be governed!"

I note, in silence and sadness, what you say about my venturing a criticism upon one of the public acts of my dearly-beloved Charlie.[1] Would I were worthy of the affection which he accorded to me during so many years of an intimacy as great as between brothers, and greater than between ordinary brothers. Oh! the times when we walked or drove daily together, spent our evenings together, and, finally, retiring to our chambers, with a door open between them,

[1] This is doubtless an allusion to Mr. Sumner's action in regard to Santo Domingo.

talked and communed about matters great or small until one dropped asleep with the music of the other's voice subsiding from audible words into the music of dreams! Dear Charlie! the hope of renewed youthful intercourse makes immortality all the more desirable; although by no immortal spirit can chaster, purer, nobler sentiments be expressed than were expressed by thy mortal lips! Never an impure word, never a selfish wish, never a dishonest purpose!

Faithfully,
SAM'L G. HOWE.

To Francis Bird

OAK GLEN, Friday, August 21, 1874.

MY DEAR BIRD: I am disappointed in my hope of your presence here, or of at least a letter from you. I went up to Boston on Monday last intending to accompany the Board of Charities upon its visit of inspection of Tewksbury Alms House on Wednesday; but found myself too feeble to go. I returned here yesterday, rather better than worse for the journey. Verily old age diminishes greatly the recuperative power; and there are certain disorders, which, as Dr. Bigelow says, old persons have no business to have. Oh! how little do we appreciate the advantage, the beauty, the happiness-giving of the *capacity for work!* While we possess it we are more apt to complain of fatigue than to rejoice in the possession of the power. Fatigue! fatigue is not the natural result of work; but the punishment of the sin of *overwork.* Everyone who feels the pain, the discomfort of fatigue, expiates thereby, or suffers the consequence of his sin. The normal consequences of normal work are a pleasant feeling of well-being, and a positive increase of bodily ease and of happiness. . . .

S. G. H.

With the autumn of 1874 came an abatement of my father's painful symptoms, and the winter was spent in reasonable comfort and activity. In October he resigned the chairmanship of the Board of State Charities, in which office Mr. Sanborn succeeded him; but he still attended the meetings whenever it was possible for him to do so. He was at his office every day, in all weathers, and continued to fulfil his duties as Director of the Perkins Institution and the School for Feeble-minded, and as Trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital and of the Insane Asylum at Somerville.

So passed my father's last winter of active work. This record would not be complete without brief mention of the delight he took in his grandchildren. "*L'art d'être grand-père*" needed no study in his case; he was a born grandfather; and I have no more delightful memory than that of his figure stooping in the doorway with my daughter Alice laughing and crowing on his shoulder. We were at Green Peace now. The year 1871 had seen the marriage of three of us sisters.[1] My father felt the house in Mt. Vernon Street which we had occupied for several years too large for the diminished family, and his heart turned to the old home, where he had always wished to end his days. The final move was made, and at this time (1872–6) my father and mother and my sister Maud were living in the "new part," my husband and I and our two children in the old.

The mortal part failed more and more, and the summer of 1875 was full of pain and increasing weakness. Still the mind was able to conquer; at Oak Glen with some aid from Michael Anagnos he wrote the forty-fourth Report, a brief one compared with that which preceded it, but breathing his own spirit. But this, though the hardest, was not the only

[1] Julia to Michael Anagnos, Florence to David Prescott Hall, Laura to Henry Richards.

work of my father's last summer on earth. The remembrance is infinitely tender of his efforts to benefit and enrich the place that he knew he should see no more. He took great pains to stock the little brook (the same brook that flows through the Valley,) with trout; they are caught there to-day. He gave a bell to the neighbouring schoolhouse, which still rings clearly, calling the children to school; he loved to see them trooping past the house. In the intervals of pain he toiled lovingly over his fruit trees, resolved that children and grandchildren should not want for apples, pears or peaches. He could no longer mount the swift black horses we all remember so well, but he found great pleasure in riding a beautiful little white stallion, a parting gift from President Baez at Santo Domingo, a creature as gentle as it was graceful. His letters to me during this summer are most precious, but are too tender and intimate for publication. They are full of loving and merry thoughts of the two little granddaughters, and of delight in my sister Florence's babies, who were with him at Oak Glen. So the summer passed.

In the autumn he rallied somewhat, and on returning to Boston tried to take up the round of duties again, walking as usual between Green Peace and the Institution, and driving to the Idiot School, then at South Boston.

Here again he took up the gardening that he loved, and found pleasure in pruning and trimming his fruit trees, for the benefit of those who should see the coming summer; but he felt, and my mother felt, that the end was not far.

On Christmas Day we were all together at dinner in the great dining room at Green Peace. A few days later Mr. Bird, the friend closer than a brother, visited him for the last time, and thus records the visit.

"At my last visit to him, two days before he was struck

down, I found him in extreme suffering. Soon after I went in, he said with great gravity and emphasis, 'I shall not live to the end of this month.' I laughed it away; but yet, may it not have been one of those mysterious shadows which coming events sometimes surely cast before? During the interview, he charged me with most affectionate messages to my family, repeating them as though under the same premonition. As I rose to leave, he followed me into the hall, threw his arm around my neck, and with a beautiful smile said, ' My dear old fellow, let me kiss you,' and gave me a warm kiss. Within two days the thick curtain fell."

On January 4th, 1876, my father started as usual to walk to the Institution, but had taken only a few steps when the fatal seizure came. He was stricken down, and remained for several days unconscious, breathing quietly, apparently without suffering.

As he lay there, peacefully awaiting the call which should summon him to

> " . . . be gone
> Once more on his adventure brave and new,"

Laura Bridgman was brought to say farewell. His own children were at his bedside, but they and my mother felt that the child of his spirit should be there too. My mother says, " She knew that she was in his presence for the last time. She was allowed to touch his features very softly, and a little agonized sound, scarcely audible, alone broke the silence of the solemn scene. All who were present deeply felt the significance of this farewell."

My father never regained consciousness. On January 9th his great spirit departed.

My mother thus concludes her *Memoir:*

"Thus ended one of the noblest lives of our day and generation. All that is most sterling in American character may be said to have found its embodiment in Dr. Howe. To the gift of a special and peculiar genius he added great industry and untiring perseverance, animated by a deep and comprehensive benevolence. Although ardent in temperament, he was not hasty in judgment, and was rarely deceived by the superficial aspect of things when this was at variance with their real character. Although long and thoroughly a servant of the public, he disliked publicity, and did not seek reputation, being best satisfied with the approbation of his own conscience and the regard of his friends. In the relations of private life he was faithful and affectionate, and his public services were matched by the constant acts of kindness and helpfulness which marked his familiar intercourse with his fellow-creatures.

"In what is said, to-day, concerning the motherhood of the human race, the social and spiritual aspects of this great office are not wholly overlooked. It must be remembered that there is also a fatherhood of human society, a vigilance and forethought of benevolence recognized in individuals who devote their best energies to the interests of mankind. The man to whose memory the preceding pages are dedicated is one of those who have best filled this relation to their race. Watchful of its necessities, merciful to its shortcomings, careful of its dignity, and cognizant of its capacity, may the results of his labour be handed down to future generations, and may his name and example be held in loving and lasting remembrance."

I shall be pardoned if I add to this tribute one or two others of a less intimate nature. On January 10th, the Governor of Massachusetts, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, sent the following special message to the Legislature then in session:

"I have the mournful duty of communicating to the General Court tidings of the death of a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston, for nearly half a century connected most prominently with the charitable and educational institutions of the Commonwealth.

"The services rendered by Dr. Howe to Massachusetts, to the United States, and to the whole world, by his early, energetic, and long-continued labours to educate the blind and the deaf, to reform the discipline of prisons, to instruct the idiotic, and to ameliorate the condition of the insane, and of the unfortunate of all classes, merit and call for some public tribute to his memory, now that his long and noble career of philanthropy has closed.

"At the time of his death he was still at the head of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, of which he was the Founder, and for more than forty years the Director. I am informed that his funeral rites will be performed there, in presence of the pupils whom his skill has instructed, and of whom, at his suggestion, this Commonwealth has long been the beneficent patron.

"I leave to the wisdom of the General Court the adoption of such measures as may testify the sorrow which the people of Massachusetts feel at the death of a philanthropist so illustrious, and a public servant so faithful in his high vocation."

The General Court responded to this message by the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, ever mindful of the welfare of the poor and the claims of the unfortunate among its people, recalls with gratitude the constant and efficacious service devoted by the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe to the education of the blind, the deaf, and the feeble-minded children of this Commonwealth, to the improvement

of the discipline of prisons and reform schools, to the better care of the insane, the prevention of pauperism, and, in general, to the public charities of Massachusetts, with which he has been for a whole generation officially connected.

Resolved, That especial mention ought to be made of that grand achievement of science and patient beneficence, the education by Dr. Howe of deaf, dumb, and blind children in such a manner as to restore them to that communication with their friends and with the world which others enjoy, but from which they seemed wholly debarred until his genius and benevolence found for them the key of language, accustomed it to their hands, and thus gave them freedom instead of bondage, and light for darkness.

Resolved, That the people of Massachusetts, always desirous of liberty for themselves and for others, proudly cherish the recollection of that gallant spirit which led Dr. Howe, in youth, in mature manhood, and in advancing age, to rank himself, with many or with few, among the champions of oppressed races and emancipated nationalities, emulating in this the deeds of his countrymen in the American Revolution, and the noble career of his friend and the friend of mankind — the illustrious Lafayette.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to the family of the deceased and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to them.

Shortly after my father's death a public meeting was held in Boston Music Hall in commemoration of his services to the community.

The Governor of Massachusetts presided; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read the poem with which this volume opens; the Hon. Alexander H. Bullock pronounced a eulogy, and brief addresses were made by Dr. Caswell, ex-president of Brown University, by Hon. William Gaston, Rev. F. H.

Hedge, Hon. F. W. Bird, Dr. Gallaudet, Colonel T. W. Higginson, and the Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

I have used extracts from several of these addresses as headings for some of the chapters of this volume.

They all breathe one spirit. Friend and poet, statesman and soldier, preacher and philosopher, had but the one word to say, "Now is death swallowed up in victory!"

It was a great multitude that listened to these eulogies, which were, I must believe, as sincere as they were glowing. Looking on the pale sorrow-stricken face of Laura Bridgman, to whom Dr. Edward Everett Hale alluded as "the silent orator of the occasion," many may have felt with him that through her dumb lips my father still spoke.

To some of us, he has never ceased to speak. At sight of pain or distress that calls for relief; in time of doubt or sorrow or discouragement; still more when the call sounds to effort and endurance; we have but to listen and we hear that clear voice of his bidding us go forward and faint not, neither fail, trusting as he trusted in that God in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

The work of many years, often interrupted, never wholly laid aside, is finished; and I ask myself, am I still in time, or is it too late? Thirty-two years have passed since my father ceased to live upon earth. The men and deeds of to-day crowd thick upon us; am I justified in trying to bring back to life this man of yesterday?

I trust — I believe — that I am. He died, but death cannot touch his work. The spirit that burned in him lives in every mind and guides every hand that labours to-day for the poor, the suffering, the afflicted of our land, and through the length and breadth of this land rise the schools and houses of beneficence which are his monuments. Moreover, she who in her golden youth turned from the

gay world to cast in her lot with h
of her silver age, feels him by her si
to him, still finds in the thought
rest. In her dear hands I lay this
speak the words which alone may fitl

" This was the happy warrior
Whom every man in arms sl

Finis.

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